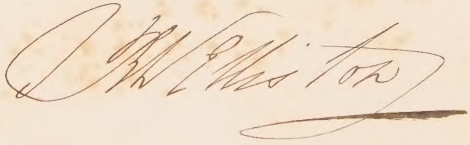
C.

H. D. Broughton



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LONDON. PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER. 1845.

AINSWORTH'S

MAGAZINE:

A MISCELLANY OF ROMANCE,

General Literature, & Art.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

ILLUSTRATED BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER, ADELAIDE STREET,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE
M DCCC XLIII.

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I. PORTRAIT OF R. W. ELLISTON.
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With numerous Illustrations on Wood, by W. Alfred Delamotte.

TO OUR READERS.

THE opening of a new volume brings with it that prefatory page, which, besides offering, as in the present instance, a medium for wishing, in the most cordial spirit, a "happy new year" to all Gentle Readers, affords the ground for a brief conference on subjects of mutual interest to them and to ourselves.

And the first point, which is indeed of deep interest to us, is also one of congratulation to them;—that they are, at this the commencement of our third volume, a more numerous race of readers than at any former period of our short but animated career.

This fact, which at once recognises and rewards every exertion of the past, renders simple and easy the slight reference we shall here make to the changes which have taken place in the execution of our original plan. Entering upon them with great confidence, yet not without some anxiety, we can refer to them now as enlargements of our design, which have found, in the entire success of the Magazine and the expressed approval of the Public, their fullest justification.

The sense of this success, gradually growing month by month, has been the inspirer and the lightener of all our labours. Nor has its kindling influence been less felt by the many distinguished writers whom we have had the honour to associate with us in

this periodical enterprise. To that animating spirit which a friendly sympathy ever infuses into a literary alliance, we unquestionably owe an obligation; yet there has been something, also, in the general impression that the new Magazine was rapidly becoming influential and prosperous, that has tended to give health and life to their endeavours. Success is the great invigorator of talent. The orator rarely addresses the few with the best effect. The actor, to be in earnest, demands that the passion he paints shall be witnessed by a large audience. Even the poet, while pretending to be satisfied with

> "——— the three or four
> Who will love his little flower,"

sees in imagination three or four millions beside, peeping at him over the shoulder of Posterity. That our friends and fellow-labourers in the happy fields of romance, essay-writing, and song, have felt, in the spirit which they have flung into their compositions, that they had attached themselves to no failing or doubtful adventure, renders its prosperity doubly gratifying.

We may be permitted to remind our old readers, and to inform such new ones as the new year may bring, of the exertions already made to fulfil our first promises. These exertions may best be estimated by a glance at the list of contributors to the volumes already published. Among the ladies, we enumerate—

Miss L. S. Costello,	Miss Pardoe,
Countess Harriette D'Orsay,	Catherine Parr,
Mrs. Gore,	Miss Skelton,
Hon. Julia Augusta Maynard,	Mrs. Stone,
Hon. Mrs. Norton,	Mrs. Ward,

in addition to others, who, like the gifted C. S., retire under the transparent shade of their initials.

The longer list comprises the names of

W. Francis Ainsworth,
Robert Bell,
Laman Blanchard,
Charles W. Brooks,
Mr. Buller, of Brazennose,
Dudley Costello,
Joseph Downes,
J. A. Heraud,
Charles Hervey,
Edward Kenealy,
G. P. R. James,
Lord William Lennox,
The late Dr. Maginn,
Captain Medwin,
Charles Moutray,
Nimrod (C. J. Apperley),
Charles Ollier,
T. J. Ouseley,
John Oxenford,
Richard Brinsley Peake,
George Raymond,
C. Kirkpatrick Sharp,
Mr. Serjeant Talfourd,
Michael Angelo Titmarsh,
Martin Farquhar Tupper,
The Author of Uncle Sam, &c.

To this list we have yet three names to add; the names of artists, who, in a different way, have zealously worked out the purposes of this periodical, and with unequalled power illustrated its pages. We simply append the names of

George Cruikshank,
Tony Johannot, and W. Alfred Delamotte.

To the high talent associated with these names; to the popularity which so many of them have obtained; above all, as an element of success, to the variety of powers thus united, much consideration is due;—but we feel that we should have done little in merely securing great and various talent, had it not been so exercised as generally to serve some moral end, as well as to gratify a desire for amusement; to administer, in many ways, to the higher as to the less ambitious objects of periodical writing; and to advance the solid and permanent, no less than the light and temporary purposes of literature. Such, at least, was our design—its partial fulfilment is before the reader.

We say its partial fulfilment, because, in what has been done, we still see but a portion of what was projected. Much of

novelty remains to be brought forward, but we now need scarcely say, that it will never be in the shape of covert slander, personal attack, or indecent frivolity. Neither in our sketches of life and manners shall we treat the world worse than we should treat an individual—rating it as a Pandemonium, because it happens not to be a Paradise. In pursuing the laughable, we shall not seek out the mere passing humours and idle events of the day, because these are so happily caught by publications more fitted to chronicle them. Again, in our literary notices—we shall go on as we began. We make no fierce war on books or authors, but seek rather to find out what is good and honest and pleasant in rivals and contemporaries, giving our readers the benefit of the discovery. In a word, we would render our work, in the best moral and literary sense, a Family Magazine.

If, on these terms, and with these promises, the said readers are inclined to go forward with us—as we have had little quarrel with anybody hitherto, we hope to have still less hereafter, and as we have enjoyed much favour, we hope to win more.

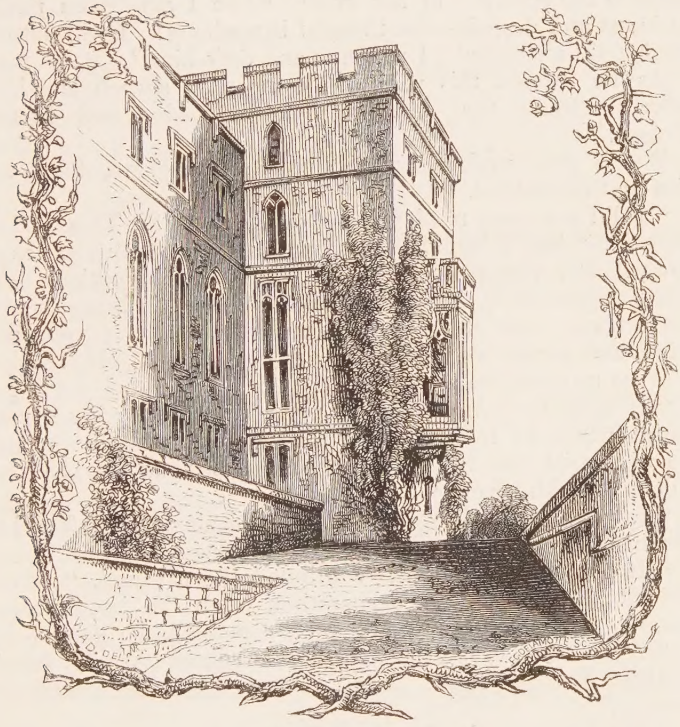
London, 28*th December*, 1842.

AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

Windsor Castle.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE VICTORIA TOWER.

Book the Second.

I.

OF THE COMPACT BETWEEN SIR THOMAS WYAT AND HERNE THE HUNTER.

On the day after his secret interview with Anne Boleyn, Sir Thomas Wyat received dispatches from the king for the court of France, coupled with orders for his immediate departure on

the mission. To his inquiries whether the king desired to see him before he set forth, the messenger who brought the dispatches replied in the negative, adding—"his majesty bade me tell you to make your preparations quickly, Sir Thomas. He cares not how soon you set forth."

"The king's pleasure shall be obeyed," rejoined Wyat.

Left alone, he remained for some time in profound and melancholy thought. Heaving a deep sigh, he then arose, and paced the chamber with rapid strides.

"Yes, it is better thus," he ejaculated; "if I remain near her, I shall do some desperate deed. Better,—far better—I should go. And yet to leave her with Henry—to know that he is ever near her—that he drinks in the music of her voice, and basks in the sunshine of her smile—while I am driven forth to darkness and despair—the thought is madness! I will not obey the hateful mandate! I will stay and defy him!"

As he uttered this wild and unguarded speech aloud, the arras screening the door was drawn aside, and revealed Wolsey.

Wyat's gaze sunk before the penetrating glance fixed upon him by the cardinal.

"I did not come to play the eaves-dropper, Sir Thomas," said Wolsey; "but I have heard enough to place your life in my power. So, you refuse to obey the king's injunctions. You refuse to proceed to Paris. You refuse to assist in bringing about the divorce, and prefer remaining here to brave your sovereign, and avenge yourself upon a fickle mistress. Ha?"

Wyat returned no answer.

"If such be your purpose," pursued Wolsey, after a pause, during which he intently scrutinized the knight's countenance, "I will assist you in it. Be ruled by me, and you shall have a deep and full revenge."

"Say on," rejoined Wyat;—his eyes blazing with infernal fire, and his hand involuntarily clutching his dagger.

"If I read you aright," continued the cardinal, "you are arrived at that pitch of desperation, when life itself becomes indifferent, and when but one object remains to be gained——"

"And that is vengeance!" interrupted Wyat, fiercely. "Right, cardinal, right. I will have vengeance—terrible vengeance!"

"But I will not deceive you," rejoined Wolsey, coldly. "You will purchase what you seek at the price of your own head."

"I care not," replied Wyat. "All sentiments of love and loyalty are swallowed up by jealousy and burning hate. Nothing but blood can allay the fever that consumes me. Shew me how to slay him!"

"*Him!*" echoed the cardinal, in alarm and horror. "Wretch! would you kill your king? God forbid I should counsel the injury of a hair of his head! I do not want you to play the

assassin, Wyat," he added, more calmly, "but the just avenger. Liberate the king from the thraldom of the capricious syren who enslaves him, and you will do a service to the whole country. A word from you—a letter—a token—will cast her from the king, and place her on the block. And what matter? The gory scaffold will be better than Henry's bed."

"I cannot harm her," cried Wyat, distractedly. "I love her still, devotedly as ever. She was in my power yesterday, and without your aid, cardinal, I could have wreaked my vengeance upon her, if I had been so minded."

"You *were* then in her chamber, as the king suspected?" cried Wolsey, with a look of exultation. "Trouble yourself no more, Sir Thomas. I will take the part of vengeance off your hands."

"My indiscretion will avail you little, cardinal," replied Wyat, sternly. "You can prove nothing from my hasty words. I will perish on the rack sooner than impeach Anne Boleyn. I am a desperate man, but not so desperate as you suppose me. A moment ago, I might have been led on, by the murtherous and traitorous impulse that prompted me to lift my hand against the king, but I never could have injured her."

"You are a madman!" cried Wolsey, impatiently; "and it is a waste of time to argue with you. I wish you good speed on your journey. On your return, you will find Anne Boleyn Queen of England."

And turning upon his heel, with a look of mingled contempt and indignation, he quitted the chamber.

Again left alone, Wyat fell into another fit of despondency, from which he roused himself with difficulty, and went forth to visit the Earl of Surrey in the Round Tower.

Some delay occurred before he could obtain access to the earl. The halberdier stationed at the entrance to the keep near the Norman Tower, refused to admit him without the order of the officer in command of the Tower, and as the latter was not in the way at the moment, Wyat had to remain without, till he made his appearance.

While thus detained, he beheld Anne Boleyn and her royal lover mount their steeds, in the upper ward, and ride forth, with their attendants, towards the forest. They were bent on a hawking expedition as was manifest from a beautiful falcon which Anne Boleyn carried on her wrist. The bird was well known to Wyat, for he himself had given it her. And there she was, all smiles, and bloom, and beauty—full of coquetry, animation, and delight—without the vestige of a cloud upon her brow, or a care on her countenance—though she must have known that he was virtually banished from her.

With increased bitterness of heart, he turned from the sight, and shrouded himself beneath the gateway of the Norman Tower.

GATEWAY OF THE NORMAN TOWER FROM THE UPPER WARD.

Soon after this, the officer appeared, and at once stated that Wyat might be admitted to the earl, inasmuch as the latter was only regarded as under restraint, and not as a regular prisoner. He was consequently not debarred from the society of his friends.

Preceding Wyat, the officer slowly scaled the long flight of stone steps which communicate with the upper part of the donjon, and are screened by an embattled and turreted structure, called the covered way to the Round Tower.

Arrived at the summit of the steps, which were then, as now, commanded by a piece of ordnance, the officer unlocked a door on the left, and ushered his companion into the prisoner's chamber.

Partaking of the circular form of the structure in which it was situated, the further part of this chamber was almost lost to view, and a number of cross-beams and wooden pillars added to its sombre and mysterious appearance. The walls were of enormous thickness, and a narrow loop-hole, terminating a deep embrasure, afforded but scanty light. Opposite the embrasure sat Surrey, at a small table covered with books and writing ma-

COVERED WAY FROM THE NORMAN TOWER TO THE ROUND TOWER.

terials. A lute lay beside him on the floor, and there were several astrological and alchemical implements within his reach.

So immersed was the youthful prisoner in study, that he was not aware, until a slight exclamation was uttered by Wyat, of the entrance of the latter. He then arose, and shook him cordially by the hand.

Nothing material passed between them as long as the officer remained in the chamber, but on his departure, Surrey observed, laughingly, to the knight—"And how doth my fair cousin, the Lady Anne Boleyn?"

"She has just ridden forth with the king, to hawk in the forest," replied Wyat, moodily. "For myself, I am ordered on a mission to France, but I could not depart without entreating your forgiveness for the jeopardy in which I have placed you. Would I could take your place."

"Do not heed me," replied Surrey—"I am well content with what has happened. Virgil and Homer, Dante and Petrarch, are the companions of my confinement. In good sooth, I am glad to be alone. Amid the distractions of the court, I could find little leisure for the Muse."

"Your situation is indeed enviable, in many respects, Surrey," replied Wyat. "Disturbed by no jealous doubts and fears, you can beguile the tedious hours in the cultivation of your poetical tastes, or in study. Still, I must needs reproach myself with being the cause of your imprisonment."

"I repeat you have done me a service," replied the earl. "I would lay down my life for my fair cousin, Anne Boleyn, and I am glad to be able to prove the sincerity of my regard for you, Wyat. I applaud the king's judgment in sending you to France, and if you will be counselled by me, you will stay there long enough to forget her who now occasions you so much uneasiness."

"Will the fair Geraldine be forgotten when the term of your imprisonment has expired, my lord?" asked Wyat.

"Of a surety, not," replied the earl.

"And yet, in less than two months, I shall return from France," rejoined Wyat.

"Our cases are not alike," said Surrey. "The Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald has plighted her troth to me."

"Anne Boleyn vowed eternal constancy to me," cried Wyat bitterly; "and you see how she has kept her oath! The absent are always in danger; and few women are proof against ambition. Vanity—vanity is the rock they split upon. May you never experience from Richmond what I have experienced from his father."

"I have no fear," replied Surrey.

As he spoke, there was a slight noise as if some one moved in that part of the chamber which was buried in darkness.

"Have we a listener here?" cried Wyat, grasping his sword.

"Not unless it be a four-legged one from the dungeons beneath," replied Surrey. "But you were speaking of Richmond. He was with me this morning, and came to relate the particulars of a mysterious adventure that occurred to him last night."

And the earl proceeded to detail what had befallen the duke on the previous night in the forest.

"A marvellous story, truly!" said Wyat, pondering over the relation. "I will seek out the demon huntsman myself—nay, I will join him, if he will give me Anne Boleyn."

Again, a noise similar to that heard a moment before, resounded from the lower part of the room. Wyat immediately drew his sword, and searched about with its point, but ineffectually.

"It could not be fancy," he said; "and yet I can find nothing."

"I do not like jesting about Herne the hunter," remarked Surrey, "after what I myself have seen. In your present frame of mind, I advise you not to seek an interview with the fiend. He has power over the desperate."

Wyat returned no answer. He seemed lost in gloomy thought, and soon afterwards took his leave.

On returning to his lodgings, he summoned his attendants, and ordered them to proceed to Kingston, where he would join them early the next morning. One of them, an old serving man,

noticing the exceeding haggardness of his looks, endeavoured to persuade him to go with them; but Wyat, with a harshness totally unlike his customary manner, which was gracious and kindly, in the extreme, peremptorily refused.

"You look very ill, Sir Thomas," said the old servant; "worse than I ever remember seeing you. Listen to my counsel, I beseech you. Plead ill health with the king in excuse of your mission to France, and retire, for some months, to recruit your strength and spirits at Allington."

"Tush! Adam Twisden—I am well enough," exclaimed Wyat, impatiently. "Go and prepare my mails."

"My dear—dear master," cried old Adam, falling on his knee before him, and pressing his hand to his lips; "something tells me that if I leave you now, I shall never see you again. There is a deadly paleness in your cheek, and an unearthly fire in your eye, such as I have never before observed in you, or in mortal man. I tremble to say it, but you look like one possessed of the fiend. Forgive my boldness, sir. I speak from affection and duty. I was serving-man to your father, good Sir Henry Wyat, before you, and I love you as a son, while I honour you as a master. I have heard that there are evil beings in the forest—nay, even within the castle—who lure men to perdition by promising to accomplish their wicked desires. I trust no such being has crossed your path."

"Make yourself easy, good Adam," replied Wyat, "no fiend has tempted me."

"Swear it, sir," cried the old man, eagerly,—"swear it by the Holy Trinity!"

"By the Holy Trinity, I swear it!" replied Wyat, firmly.

And as the words were uttered, the door behind the arras was suddenly shut with violence.

"Curses on you, villain! you have left the door open!" cried Wyat, fiercely. "Our conversation has been overheard."

"I will soon see by whom," cried Adam, springing to his feet, and rushing towards the door, which opened upon a long corridor.

"Well!" cried Wyat, as Adam returned the next moment, with cheeks almost as white as his own—"was it the cardinal?"

"It was the devil, I believe!" replied the old man. "I could see no one."

"It would not require supernatural power to retire into an adjoining chamber, fool!" replied Wyat, affecting an incredulity he did not feel.

"Your worship's adjuration was strangely interrupted," cried the old man, crossing himself devoutly. "Saint Dunstan and Saint Christopher shield us from all evil spirits!"

"A truce to your idle terrors, Adam," said Wyat. "Take these packets," he added, giving him Henry's dispatches, "and guard them as you would your life. I am going on an ex-

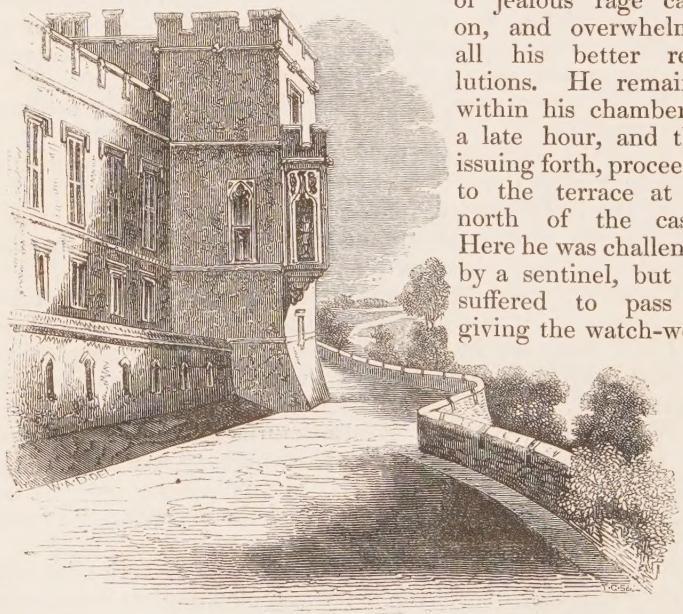
pedition of some peril to-night, and do not choose to have them about me. Bid the grooms have my steed in readiness an hour before midnight."

"I hope it is not into the forest that your worship is about to ride at that hour?" said Adam, trembling. "I was told by the stout archer, whom folks call the Duke of Shoreditch, that he and the Duke of Richmond ventured thither last night. They saw a legion of demons mounted on coal-black horses, and amongst them Mark Fytton, the butcher, who was hanged a few days ago from the Curfew Tower by the king's order, and whose body so strangely disappeared. Do not go into the forest, dear Sir Thomas!"

"No more of this!" cried Wyat, fiercely. "Do as I bid you, and if I join you not before noon to-morrow, proceed to Rochester, and there await my coming."

"I never expect to see you again, sir," groaned the old man, as he took his leave.

The anxious concern expressed in his behalf by his old and trusty servant, was not without effect on Sir Thomas Wyat, and made him hesitate in his design; but by and by, another tempest of jealous rage came on, and overwhelmed all his better resolutions. He remained within his chamber to a late hour, and then issuing forth, proceeded to the terrace at the north of the castle. Here he was challenged by a sentinel, but was suffered to pass on giving the watch-word.



GEORGE THE FOURTH'S TOWER, FROM THE TERRACE.

The night was profoundly dark, and the whole of the glorious prospect overlooked by the terrace shrouded from view. But Wyat's object in coming thither was to gaze, for the last time, at that part of the castle which inclosed Anne Boleyn, and knowing well the situation of her apartments, he fixed his eyes

in that direction; but though numerous lights streamed from other parts of the building, this portion of it was buried in obscurity.

Suddenly, however, the chamber he watched, was illumined, and he beheld Henry and Anne Boleyn enter it, preceded by a band of attendants bearing tapers. It needed not Wyat's jealously-sharpened gaze to read, even at that distance, the king's enamoured looks, or Anne Boleyn's responsive glances. He saw that one of Henry's arms encircled her waist, while the other caressed her yielding hand. They paused. Henry bent forward, and Anne half averted her head, but not so much so as to prevent the king from imprinting a long and fervid kiss upon her lips.

Terrible was the effect of that kiss upon Wyat. A serpent's sting would have been less painful. His hands convulsively clutched together; his hair stood erect upon his head; a shiver ran through his frame; and he tottered back several paces. When he recovered, Henry had bidden good night to the object of his love, and having nearly gained the door, turned and waved a tender valediction to her. As soon as he was gone, Anne looked round with a smile of ineffable pride and pleasure at her attendants, but a cloud of curtains dropping over the window, shrouded her from the view of her wretched lover.

In a state of agitation wholly indescribable, Wyat then walked towards the edge of the terrace,—it might be with the design of flinging himself from it. When within a few yards of the low parapet wall, defending its precipitous side, he perceived a tall dark figure directly in his path, and halted. Whether the object he beheld was human or not he could not determine, but it seemed of more than mortal stature. It was wrapped in a long black cloak, and wore a high conical cap on its head. Before Wyat could utter a word, the figure spoke.

"You desire to see Herne the hunter," it said, in a deep sepulchral tone. "Ride hence to the haunted beech-tree near the swamp at the further side of the forest. There you will find him."

"You are the fiend himself—I feel it," cried Wyat. "Why go into the forest? Speak now."

And as he uttered the words he stepped forward, with the intention of grasping the figure. But it eluded him, and, with a mocking laugh, melted into the darkness.

Wyat advanced to the edge of the terrace, and looked over the parapet, but he could see nothing except the tops of the tall trees springing from the side of the moat. Proceeding to the sentinel, he inquired whether any one had passed him, but the man returned an angry denial.

Terror-stricken, and yet full of wild excitement, Wyat quitted the terrace, and seeking his steed, mounted him, and galloped into the forest.

"If he be not indeed the fiend, he will scarcely outstrip me in the race," he cried, as his steed bore him at a furious pace through the long avenue.

The gloom was here awful, being increased by the dense masses of foliage beneath which he was riding. By the time, however, that he reached the summit of Spring Hill, as the eminence at the end of the avenue is now designated, the moon struggled through the clouds, and threw a wan glimmer over the scene. The deep slumber of the woods was unbroken by any sound save that of the frenzied rider bursting through them.

Well acquainted with the forest, Wyat held on a direct course. His brain seemed on fire, and the fury of his career increased his mad excitement. Heedless of all impediments, he pressed forward—now dashing beneath overhanging boughs at the risk of his neck—now skirting the edge of a glen where a false step would have been fatal.

On—on he went, his frenzy increasing each moment.

At length, he reached the woody height overlooking the deep dingle which formed the limit of his ride. Once more, the moon had withdrawn her lustre, and a huge indistinct black mass alone pointed out the position of the haunted tree. Around it wheeled a large white owl, distinguishable by its ghostly plumage through the gloom, like a sea-bird in a storm, and hooting bodingly as it winged its mystic flight. No other sound was heard, nor living object seen.

While throwing his gaze into the dreary expanse beneath him, Wyat, for the first time, since starting, experienced a sensation of doubt and dread; and the warning of his old and faithful attendant rushed to his mind. He tried to recite a prayer, but the words died away on his lips,—neither would his fingers fashion the symbol of the cross.

But even these admonitions did not restrain him. Springing from his foaming and panting steed, and taking the bridle in his hand, he descended the side of the acclivity. Ever and anon, a rustling among the grass told him that a snake, with which description of reptile the spot abounded, was gliding away from him. His horse, which had hitherto been all fire and impetuosity, now began to manifest symptoms of alarm, quivered in every limb, snorted, and required to be dragged along forcibly.

When within a few paces of the tree, its enormous rifted trunk became fully revealed to him. But no one was beside it. Wyat then stood still, and exclaimed, in a loud, commanding tone—"Spirit, I summon thee!—appear!"

As the words were uttered, a sound like a peal of thunder rolled over-head, accompanied by screeches of discordant laughter, proceeding, apparently, from many voices. Other strange and unearthly noises were heard, and amidst the din, a blue, phosphoric light issued from the yawning crevice in the tree, while a tall, gaunt figure, crested with an antlered helm,

sprang from it. At the same moment, a swarm of horribly-grotesque, swart objects, looking like imps, appeared amid the branches of the tree, and grinned and gesticulated at Wyat in a fearful manner; and though they did not shake his courage, they succeeded in scaring his steed, which, after rearing and plunging violently, broke its hold, and darted off into the swamp, where it floundered, and was lost.

"You have called me, Sir Thomas Wyat," said the demon, in a sepulchral tone; "I am here. What would you?"

"My name being known to you, spirit of darkness, my errand should be also," replied Wyat, boldly.

"Your errand *is* known to me," replied the demon. "You have lost a mistress, and would regain her?"

"I would give my soul to win her back from my kingly rival," cried Wyat.

"I accept your offer," rejoined the spirit. "Anne Boleyn shall be yours, and you mine. Your hand upon the compact."

Wyat stretched forth his hand, and grasped that of the demon. His fingers were compressed as if by a vice, and he felt himself dragged towards the tree, while a stifling and sulphureous vapour rose around him. A veil fell over his head, and was rapidly twined around his brow, in thick folds.

At the same time, amid yells of fiendish laughter, he was lifted from the ground; thrust into the hollow of the tree; and thence, as it seemed to him, conveyed into some deep subterranean recess.

II.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN CARDINAL WOLSEY AND MABEL LYNDWOOD.

Foiled in his plan of making Wyat the instrument of Anne Boleyn's overthrow, Wolsey determined to put into immediate operation the plan he had conceived of bringing forward a rival against her with the king.

If a choice had been allowed him, he would have selected some high-born dame for this purpose, but as that was out of the question—and as, indeed, Henry had proved insensible to the attractions of all the beauties that crowded his court except Anne Boleyn—he trusted to the forester's fair grand-daughter to accomplish his object.

The person from whom he had received intelligence of the admiration exhibited by Henry for Mabel Lyndwood, was his jester, Patch,—a shrewd varlet who, under the mask of folly, picked up many an important secret for his master, and was proportionately rewarded.

Before executing is scheme, Wolsey resolved to ascertain whether the damsel's beauty was as extraordinary as it had been represented; and with this view, he mounted his mule one

morning, and, accompanied by Patch and another attendant, rode towards the forest.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, and preoccupied as he was, Wolsey could not be wholly insensible to the loveliness of the scene around him. Not wishing his design to be detected, he did not take the direct course to Black Nest, where he knew the forester's dwelling was situated, but ambled leisurely beneath the trees, as if he were taking gentle exercise.

At length, he arrived at the end of a long glade, where a herd of deer were reposing by the side of a small pool of water, and where a fine view of the castle was obtained.

FOREST GLADE, AND VIEW OF THE CASTLE.

The sight of the kingly pile, looking down upon its pomp of woods, stirred high and ambitious thoughts in his breast.

"The lord of that proud structure has been for years swayed by me," he mused, "and shall the royal puppet be at last wrested from me by a woman's hand? Not if I can hold my own."

Roused by the reflection, he quickened his pace, and shaping his course towards Black Nest, reached, in a short time, the borders of a wide swamp lying between the lake, and another mere of less extent, situated in the heart of the forest. This wild and dreary swamp, the haunt of the bittern and the plover,

contrasted forcibly and disagreeably, with the rich sylvan district he had just quitted.

"I should not like to cross this marsh at night," he observed to Patch, who rode close behind him.

"Nor I, your grace," replied the buffoon. "We might chance to be led by a will-o'-the-wisp to a watery grave."

"Such treacherous fires are not confined to these regions, knave," rejoined Wolsey. "Mankind are often led, by delusive gleams of glory and power, into quagmires and deep pitfalls. Holy Virgin! whom have we here?"

The latter exclamation was occasioned by a figure that seemed to emerge from the ground, so sudden was its appearance, at a little distance on the right. Wolsey's mule swerved so much as almost to endanger his seat, and he called out, in a loud, angry tone, to the author of the annoyance, "Who are you, sirrah?—and what do you here?"

"I am a keeper of the forest, an' please your grace," replied the other, doffing his cap, and disclosing harsh features, which by no means recommended him to the cardinal, "and am named Morgan Fenwolf. I was couching among the reeds to get a shot at a fat buck, when your approach called me to my feet."

"By Saint Jude, that is the very fellow, your grace, who shot the hart-royal, the other day," cried Patch.

"And so preserved the Lady Anne Boleyn," rejoined the cardinal. "Art sure of it, knave?"

"As sure as your grace is of sainthood," replied Patch.

"You should have been well rewarded for the shot, friend—by the king's highness—or by the lady Anne?" remarked Wolsey to the keeper.

"I have been rewarded by neither," rejoined Fenwolf, sullenly.

"Hum!" exclaimed the cardinal. "Give the fellow a piece of gold, Patch."

"I have small claim on your grace's bounty," said Fenwolf, reluctantly receiving the coin.

"The very reason I bestow it upon you, fellow," cried the cardinal, knitting his brows.

"Nay, I mean no offence," replied Fenwolf; "but the rumour goes that your grace and the lady Anne are not well affected towards each other."

"The rumour is false," rejoined the cardinal—"and you can now contradict it on your own experience. Harkee, sirrah—where lies Tristram Lyndwood's hut?"

Fenwolf looked somewhat surprised and confused by the question.

"It lies on the other side of yonder rising ground, about half a mile hence," he said. "But if your grace is seeking old Tristram, you will not find him. I parted with him, half an hour ago, on Hawk's hill, and he was then on his way to the deer-pen at Bray Wood."

"If I see his grand-daughter, Mabel, it will suffice," rejoined the cardinal. "I am told she is a comely damsel. Is it so?"

"I am but an indifferent judge in such matters," replied Fenwolf, moodily.

"Lead my mule across this swamp, thou senseless Cymon," said the cardinal, "and I will give thee my blessing."

With a very ill grace, Fenwolf complied, and conducted the cardinal to the further side of the marsh.

"If your grace pursues the path over the hill," he said, "and then strikes into the first opening on the right, it will bring you to Tristram's hut."

And, without waiting for the promised blessing, he disappeared among the trees.

On reaching the top of the hill, Wolsey descried the hut through an opening in the trees, at a few hundred yards distance. It was pleasantly situated on the brink of the lake, at the point where its width was greatest, and where it was fed by a brook that flowed from a large pool of water near Sunninghill.

From the high ground where Wolsey now stood, the lake was viewed to singular advantage. For nearly a mile it stretched out its shining expanse, between banks of varied form, sometimes indented, sometimes running out in projections, but everywhere clothed with timber almost to the water's edge. Wild fowl skimmed over its glassy surface, or dipped in search of their finny prey; and here and there a heron might be detected in some shallow nook. A flight of cawing rooks were settling upon the tall trees on the right bank of the lake, and the voices of the thrush, the blackbird, and other feathered songsters, broke in redundant melody from the adjoining grove.

A verdant path, partly beneath the trees, and partly by the side of the lake, led Wolsey to the forester's hut. Constructed of wood and clay, with a thatched roof, green with moss, and half overgrown with ivy, the little building was in admirable keeping with the surrounding scenery. Opposite the door, and opening upon the lake, stood a little boat-house, and beside it, a few wooden steps, defended by a hand-rail, ran into the water. A few yards beyond the boat-house, the brook before mentioned emptied its waters into the lake.

Gazing with much internal satisfaction at the cottage, Wolsey bade Patch dismount, and ascertain whether Mabel was within. The buffoon obeyed, tried the door, and, finding it fastened, knocked, but to no purpose. No answer was returned.

After a pause of a few minutes, the cardinal was turning away in extreme disappointment, when a small skiff, rowed by a female hand, shot round an angle of the lake, and swiftly approached them. A glance from Patch would have told Wolsey, if he had required any such information, that this was the forester's grand-daughter. As she drew near, her beauty quite ravished him, and satisfied him that she would have passed with any wandering

knight, who might have chanced to behold her in the olden time, for the spirit of the lake. Features regular, exquisitely moulded, and of a joyous expression; a skin dyed like a peach by the sun, but so as to improve rather than impair its hue; eyes bright, laughing, and blue as a summer sky; ripe, ruddy lips, and pearly teeth; and hair of a light and glossy brown, constituted the sum of her attractions. Her sylph-like figure was charmingly displayed by the graceful exercise on which she was engaged, and her small hands, which seemed scarcely able to grasp an oar, impelled the skiff forward with marvellous velocity, and apparently without much exertion on her part.

Unabashed by the presence of the strangers, though Wolsey's attire could leave her in no doubt as to his high ecclesiastical dignity, she sprang ashore at the landing-place, and fastened her bark to the side of the boat-house.

"You are Mabel Lyndwood, I presume, fair maiden?" inquired the cardinal, gazing at her admiringly.

"Such is my name, your grace," she replied; "for your garb tells me I am addressing Cardinal Wolsey."

The cardinal graciously inclined his head.

"Chancing to ride in this part of the forest," he said, "and having heard of your beauty, I came to see whether the reality equals the description, and by my faith, it far transcends it."

Mabel blushed deeply, and cast down her lovely eyes.

"Would that Henry could see her now!" thought the cardinal, "Anne Boleyn's reign were nigh an end. How long have you dwelt in this cottage, fair maid?" he added, aloud.

"My grandsire, Tristram Lyndwood, has dwelt here fifty years and more," replied Mabel; "but I have only come hither within these few weeks. Before that time, I lived at Chertsey, under the care of one of the lay sisters of the monastery there—sister Anastasia."

"And your parents—where are they?" asked the cardinal, curiously.

"Alas! your grace, I have none," replied Mabel, with a sigh. —"Tristram Lyndwood is my only living relative. He used to come over once a month to see me at Chertsey—and latterly, finding his dwelling lonely, for he lost the old dame who tended it, he brought me to dwell with him. Sister Anastasia was loath to part with me—and I was grieved to leave her—but I could not refuse my grandsire."

"Certes, you could not," replied the cardinal, musingly, and gazing hard at her. "And you know nothing of your parents?"

"Little, beyond this," replied Mabel: "My father was a keeper of the forest, and being unhappily gored by a stag, perished of the wound—for a wound from a hart's horn, as your grace knows, is certain death—and my mother pined after him, and speedily followed him to the grave. I was then placed by my grandsire with Sister Anastasia, as I have just related—and this is all my history."

"A simple one, yet curious withal," said Wolsey, still musing. "You are the fairest maid of low degree I ever beheld. You saw the king at the chase the other day, Mabel?"

"Truly, did I, your grace," she replied, her eyes brightening—"and a right noble king he is."

"And as gentle and winning as he is goodly to look upon," said Wolsey, smiling.

"Report says otherwise," rejoined Mabel.

"Report speaks falsely," cried Wolsey; "I know him well—and he is what I describe him."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Mabel; "and I must own I formed the same opinion myself — for the smile he threw upon me was one of the sweetest and kindliest I ever beheld."

"Since you have confessed so much, fair maiden," rejoined Wolsey; "I will be equally frank, and tell you it was from the king's own lips I heard of your beauty. You may be proud, Mabel—you have a royal admirer!"

"Your grace!" she exclaimed.

"Well, well," said Wolsey; "if the king is bewitched, I cannot wonder at it. And now, good day, fair maiden. You will hear more of me."

"Your grace will not refuse me your blessing?" asked Mabel.

"Assuredly not, my child," replied Wolsey, extending his hands over her. "All good angels and saints bless you, and have you in their keeping. Mark my words—a great destiny awaits you. But in all changes, rest assured you will find a friend in Cardinal Wolsey."

"You overwhelm me with kindness," cried Mabel; "nor can I conceive how I have found an interest in your eyes—unless sister Anastasia or father Anselm, of Chertsey Abbey, may have mentioned me to your grace."

"You have found a more potent advocate with me than either sister Anastasia or father Anselm," replied Wolsey; "and now, farewell."

And turning the head of his mule, he rode slowly away.

On that same day, there was a grand banquet in the castle, and, as usual, Wolsey took his station on the right of the sovereign, while the papal legate occupied a place on the left. Watching a favourable opportunity for the remark, Wolsey observed to Henry, that he had been riding that morning in the forest, and had seen the loveliest damsel that ever eyes fell upon.

"Ah! by our Lady! and who may she be?" asked the king, curiously.

"She can boast little in regard to birth, being grandchild to an old forester," replied Wolsey. "But your majesty saw her at the hunting-party the other day."

"Ah, now I bethink me of her," said Henry, "A very comely damsel, in good sooth."

"I know not where her match is to be found," cried the cardinal. "Would your majesty had seen her skim over the

lake in a fairy boat managed by herself, as I beheld her this morning. You would have taken her for a water-nymph, except that no water-nymph was ever half so beautiful."

"You speak in raptures, cardinal," cried Henry. "I must see this damsel again. Where does she dwell? I have heard,—but it hath slipped my memory."

"In a cottage at Black Nest, near the great lake," replied Wolsey. "There is some mystery attached to her birth, which I have not yet fathomed."

"Leave me to unriddle it," replied the king, laughingly.

And he turned to talk on other subjects to Campeggio, but Wolsey felt satisfied that the device was successful.

Nor was he mistaken. As Henry retired from the banquet, he motioned the Duke of Suffolk towards him, and said, in an under-tone—

"I shall go forth at dusk to-morrow even, in disguise, and shall require your attendance."

"On a love affair?" asked the duke, in the same tone.

"Perchance," replied Henry; "but I will explain myself more fully anon."

This muttered colloquy was overheard by Patch, and faithfully reported to the cardinal.

III.

THE VISIT TO THE FORESTER'S COTTAGE.

Tristram Lyndwood did not return home till late in the evening, and when informed of the cardinal's visit, he shook his head, gravely.

"I am sorry we went to the hunting-party," he observed. "Valentine Hagthorne said mischief would come of it, and I wish I had attended to his advice."

"I see no mischief that has happened, grandsire," cried Mabel. "On the contrary, I think I have met with excellent fortune. The good cardinal promises me a high destiny, and says the king himself noticed me."

"Would his regards had fallen anywhere else than on you, child," rejoined Tristram. "But I warrant me, you told the cardinal your history—all you know of it, at least."

"Of a truth I did," she replied—"nor did I know there was any harm in doing so."

"Answer no such inquiries in future," said Tristram, angrily.

"But, grandfather, I could not refuse to answer the cardinal," she replied, in a deprecating voice.

"Well,—well, no more of this," said Tristram. "Have you seen Morgan Fenwolf to-day?"

"Not I, and I care not if I never see him again," she replied, pettishly.

"You dislike him strangely, Mab," rejoined her grandfather;

—"he is the best keeper in the forest, and makes no secret of his admiration of you."

"That is why I dislike him," she returned.

"By the same rule, if what the cardinal stated be true,—though, trust me, he was but jesting,—you ought to dislike the king. But get me my supper. I have need of it, for I have fasted long."

Mabel hastened to obey, and set a mess of hot pottage and other viands before him. Little more conversation passed between them, for the old man was weary, and sought his couch early.

That night, Mabel did nothing but dream of the king—of stately chambers, rich apparel, and countless attendants. She awoke, and finding herself in a lowly cottage, and without a single attendant, was, like other dreamers, greatly discontented.

The next morning, her grandfather went again to Bray Wood, and she was left to muse upon the event of the previous day. While busied about some trifling occupations, the door suddenly opened, and Morgan Fenwolf entered the cottage. He was followed by a tall man, with a countenance of extreme paleness, but a noble and commanding figure. There was something so striking in the appearance of the latter person, that it riveted the attention of Mabel. But no corresponding effect was produced on the stranger, for he scarcely bestowed a look upon her.

Morgan Fenwolf hastily asked whether her grandsire was at home, or near at hand, and being answered in the negative, appeared much disappointed.

Whispering a few words to his companion, he said that he must borrow the skiff for a short while, as he wished to visit some nets on the lake. Mabel readily assented, and the stranger quitted the house, while Fenwolf lingered to offer some attention to Mabel, which was so ill-received that he was fain to hurry forth to the boat-house. He then embarked, with his companion, and as soon as the plash of oars announced their departure, Mabel went forth to watch them. The stranger, who was seated in the stern of the boat, for the first time, fixed his large melancholy eyes full upon her, and did not withdraw his gaze till the boat turned the corner of the lake, and disappeared.

Marvelling who he could be, and reproaching herself with not having questioned Fenwolf about him, Mabel resolved to repair the error when the skiff was brought back. But the opportunity did not speedily occur. Hours flew by; the shades of evening drew on; but neither Fenwolf nor the stranger returned.

Soon after dusk, her grandfather came home. He did not express the least astonishment at Fenwolf's prolonged absence, but said he was sure to be back in the course of the evening, and the skiff was not wanted.

"He will bring us a fine jack, or a carp for dinner to-morrow, I'll warrant me," he said. "If he had returned in time, we might have had fish for supper. No matter. I must make shift with the mutton pie and a rasher of bacon. Morgan did not mention the name of his companion, you say?"

"He did not," replied Mabel; "but I hope he will bring him with him. He is the goodliest gentleman I ever beheld."

"What! handsomer than the king?" cried Tristram.

"Nay, they should not be compared," replied Mabel: "the one is stout and burly; the other, slight, long-visaged, and pale, but handsome withal,—very handsome."

"Well, I dare say I shall see him anon," said Tristram; "and now for supper, for I am as sharp-set as a hunter."

Mabel placed the better part of a huge pie before him, which the old forester attacked with great zeal. He then fell to work upon some slices of bacon toasted over the embers by his grand-daughter, and having washed them down with a jug of mead, declared he had supped famously. While taking care of himself, he did not forget his hound. From time to time, he threw him morsels of the pie, and when he had done, he gave him a platter-full of broken meat.

"Old Hubert has served me faithfully nigh twenty years," he said, patting the hound's shaggy neck, "and must not be neglected."

Throwing a log of wood on the fire, he drew his chair into the ingle nook, and disposed himself to slumber. Meanwhile Mabel busied herself about her household concerns, and was singing a lulling melody to her grandfather, in a voice of exquisite sweetness, when a loud tap was heard at the door. Tristram roused himself from his dose, and old Hubert uttered a low growl.

"Quiet, Hubert, quiet!" cried Tristram. "It cannot be Morgan Fenwolf," he added. "He would never knock thus. Come in, friend, whoever thou art."

At this invitation, two persons darkened the doorway. The foremost was a man of bulky frame, and burly demeanour. He was attired in a buff jerkin, over which he wore a loose brown surcoat; had a flat velvet cap on his head; and carried a stout staff in his hand. His face was broad and handsome, though his features could scarcely be discerned in the doubtful light to which he was exposed. A reddish-coloured beard clothed his chin. His companion, who appeared a trifle the taller of the two, and equally robust, was wrapped in a cloak of green cloth.

"Good even to you, friend," said the foremost stranger to the forester. "We are belated travellers, on our way from Guildford to Windsor, and, seeing your cottage, we have called to obtain some refreshment before we cross the forest. We do not ask you to bestow a meal upon us, but will gladly pay for the best your cottage affords."

"You shall have it, and welcome, my masters," replied Tristram; "but I am afraid my humble fare will scarcely suit you."

"Fear nothing," replied the other; "we have good appetites, and are not over dainty. Beshrew me, friend," he added, regarding Mabel, "you have a comely daughter."

"She is my grand-daughter, sir," replied Tristram.

"Well, your grand-daughter, then," said the other; "by the mass, a lovelier maiden I never set eyes on. We have none such

in Guildford, and I doubt if the king hath such in Windsor. What say you, Charles Brandon?"

"It were treason to agree with you, Harry Le Roy," replied Brandon, laughing; "for they say the king visits with the halter all those who disparage the charms of the lady Anne Boleyn. But certes, this damsel is very fair."

"You will discompose her, my masters, if you praise her thus to her face," said Tristram, somewhat testily. "Here, Mabel, bring forth all my scanty larder affords, and put some rashers of bacon on the fire."

"Cold meat and bread will suffice for us," said Harry; "we will not trouble the damsel to play the cook for us."

With this, Mabel, who appeared greatly embarrassed by the presence of the strangers, spread a cloth of snow-white linen on the little table, and placed the remains of the pie and a large loaf before them. The new comers sate down, and ate heartily of the humble viands,—he who had been named Harry frequently stopping, in the course of his repast, to compliment his fair attendant.

"By our lady, I have never been so waited on before," he added, rising, and removing his stool towards the fire, while his companion took up a position, with his back against the wall, near the fire-place. "And now, my pretty Mabel, have you never a cup of ale to wash down the pie?"

"I can offer you a draught of right good mead, sir," said Tristram; "and that is the only liquor my cottage can furnish."

"Nothing can be better," replied Harry. "Let us have it."

While Mabel went to draw the liquor, Tristram fixed his eyes on Harry, whose features were now fully revealed by the light of the fire.

"Why do you look at me so hard, friend?" demanded Harry, somewhat sternly.

"I have seen some one very like you, master," replied Tristram; "and one it is no light honour to resemble."

"You mean the king," returned Harry, laughing. "You are not the first person who has thought me like him."

"You are vain of the likeness, I see, master," replied Tristram, joining in the laugh. "How say you, Mab?" he added to his granddaughter, who at that moment returned with a jug and a couple of drinking-horns. "Whom does this gentleman resemble?"

"The king," returned Mabel, without raising her eyes.

"Nay, look me full in the face while you say so, sweetheart," rejoined Harry. "Marry, if I were the royal Henry instead of what I am, a plain Guildford merchant, I should prefer you to Anne Boleyn."

"Is that said in good sooth, sir?" asked Mabel, slightly raising her eyes, and instantly dropping them before the ardent gaze of the self-styled merchant.

"In good sooth, and sober truth," replied Harry, rounding his arm, and placing his hand on his lusty thigh, in true royal fashion.

"Were you the royal Henry instead of him you are, I should not care for your preference," said Mabel, more confidently.

George Cruikshank

The visit to Tristram Lyndwoods cottage.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER, 1853.

"My grandsire says the king changes his love as often as the moon changes, and oftener."

"God's death!—your grandsire is a false knave to say so!" cried Harry.

"Heaven help us! you swear the king's oaths," said Mabel.

"And wherefore not, sweetheart?" said Harry, checking himself. "It is enough to make one swear, and in royal style, too, to hear one's liege lord unjustly accused. I have ever heard the king styled a mirror of constancy. How say you, Charles Brandon?—can you not give him a good character?"

"Oh! an excellent character," said Brandon. "He is constancy itself—while the fit lasts," he added, aside.

"You hear what my friend says, sweetheart," observed Harry; "and I assure you he has the best opportunities of judging. But I'll be sworn you did not believe your grandfather when he thus maligned the king."

"She contradicted me flatly," said Tristram; "but pour out the mead, girl. Our guests are waiting for it."

While Mabel, in compliance with her grandsire's injunctions, filled the horn, the door of the cottage was noiselessly opened by Morgan Fenwolf, who stepped in, followed by his hound, Bawsey. He started on beholding the strangers, but both were so much occupied by the damsel that he remained unnoticed. A sign from the old forester told him he had better retire. Jealous curiosity, however, detained him; and he tarried till Harry had received the cup from Mabel, and drained it to her health. He then drew back, closed the door, and joined a dark and mysterious figure, with hideous lineaments and an antlered helm upon its head, standing outside the cottage.

"It is the king, and unattended, except by one person," he whispered to this figure. "His life is in our hands. Let us watch him."

And they stationed themselves at the window.

Meanwhile, a cup of mead having been handed to Brandon, he observed to his companion, "We must now be setting forth on our journey. Night is advancing, and we have five long miles to traverse across the forest."

"I would stay where I am," rejoined Harry, "and make a bench near the fire serve me in lieu of a couch, but that business requires our presence at the castle to-night. There is a mark in payment of our meal, friend," he added to Tristram, "and as we shall probably return to-morrow night, we will call and have another supper with you. Provide us a capon, and some fish from the lake."

"You had better rest here, sir," said Mabel. "They say there are robbers and evil spirits in the forest."

"I have no fear of any such, sweetheart," replied Harry; "I have a strong arm to defend myself, and so has my friend Charles Brandon. And as to evil spirits, a kiss from your sweet lips will shield me from all ill."

And as he spoke, he drew her towards him, and clasping her in his arms imprinted a score of rapid kisses on her lips.

"Hold! hold, master!" cried Tristram, rising angrily; "this may not be. 'Tis an arrant abuse of hospitality."

"Nay, be not angry, good friend," replied Harry, laughing, "I am on the look-out for a wife, and I know not but I may take your grand-daughter with me to Guildford."

"She is not to be so lightly won," cried Tristram, "for though I am but a poor forester, I rate her as highly as the haughtiest noble can rate his child."

"And with reason," said Harry. "Good night, sweetheart!" "By my crown! Suffolk," he exclaimed to his companion, as he quitted the cottage, "she is an angel, and shall be mine."

"Not if my arm serves me truly," muttered Fenwolf, who overheard the exclamation. "And now to intercept them before they reach their horses."

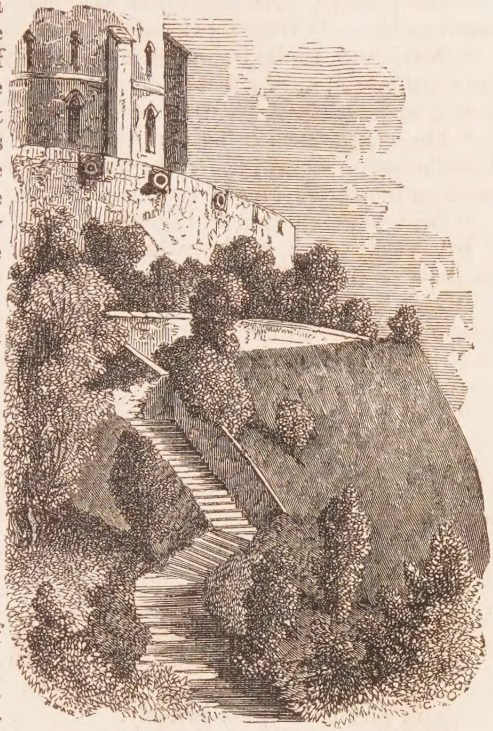
IV.

HOW HERNE THE HUNTER SHEWED THE EARL OF SURREY THE FAIR GERALDINE IN A VISION.

On the third day after Surrey's imprisonment in the keep, he was removed to the Norman Tower. The chamber allotted him

THE NORMAN TOWER, FROM THE MIDDLE WARD.

was square, tolerably lofty, and had two narrow pointed windows, looking towards the middle ward. Not only was he permitted to pass a portion of his time on the battlements of the Round Tower, the magnificent prospect from which always recreated him; but he was allowed to take exercise in the dry moat surrounding the keep.



PART OF THE ROUND TOWER FROM THE MOAT.

The fair Geraldine, he was informed, had been sent to the palace at Greenwich; but her absence occasioned him no disquietude, because he knew, if she had been suffered to remain at Windsor, he could not have seen her.

About the time of Surrey's removal to the Norman Tower, the Duke of Richmond quitted the castle without assigning any motive for his departure, or even taking leave of his friend. At first, some jealous mistrust that he might be gone to renew his suit to the fair Geraldine troubled the earl; but he strongly combated the feeling, as calculated, if indulged, to destroy his tranquillity, and by fixing his thoughts sedulously on other subjects, he succeeded in overcoming it.

One night, while occupied in translating the Æneid of Virgil, which he had commenced, he remained at his task to a late hour. The midnight bell had tolled, when, looking up, he was startled by perceiving a tall dark figure standing silent and motionless beside him.

Independently of the difficulty of accounting for its presence, the appearance of the figure was, in itself, sufficiently appalling. Above the ordinary stature, it was enveloped in a long black cloak, while a tall, conical black cap, which added to its height, and increased the hideousness of its features, crowned its head.

For a few minutes, Surrey remained gazing at the figure in mute astonishment, during which it maintained the same motionless posture. At length, he was able to murmur forth the interrogation—"Who art thou?"

"A friend," replied the figure, in a sepulchral tone.

"Are you man or spirit?" demanded Surrey.

"It matters not,—I am a friend," rejoined the figure.

"On what errand come you here?" asked Surrey.

"To serve you," replied the figure; "to liberate you. You shall go hence with me if you choose."

"On what condition?" rejoined Surrey.

"We will speak of that when we are out of the castle, and on the free sod of the forest," returned the figure.

"You tempt in vain," cried Surrey. "I will not go with you. I recognise in you the demon hunter Herne."

The figure laughed hollowly—so hollowly—that Surrey's flesh crept upon his bones.

"You are right, lord of Surrey," he said; "I *am* Herne the hunter. You must join me. Sir Thomas Wyat is already one of my band."

"You lie, false fiend!" rejoined Surrey. "Sir Thomas Wyat is in France."

"It is you who lie, lord of Surrey," replied Herne; "Sir Thomas Wyat is now in Windsor Forest. You shall see him in a few minutes, if you will come with me."

"I disbelieve you, tempter!" cried Surrey, indignantly. "Wyat is too good a Christian, and too worthy a knight to league with a demon."

Again Herne laughed bitterly.

"Sir Thomas Wyat told you he would join me if I would give him Anne Boleyn," said the demon. "I heard the offer, and accepted it."

"But you have no power over her, demon?" cried Surrey, shuddering.

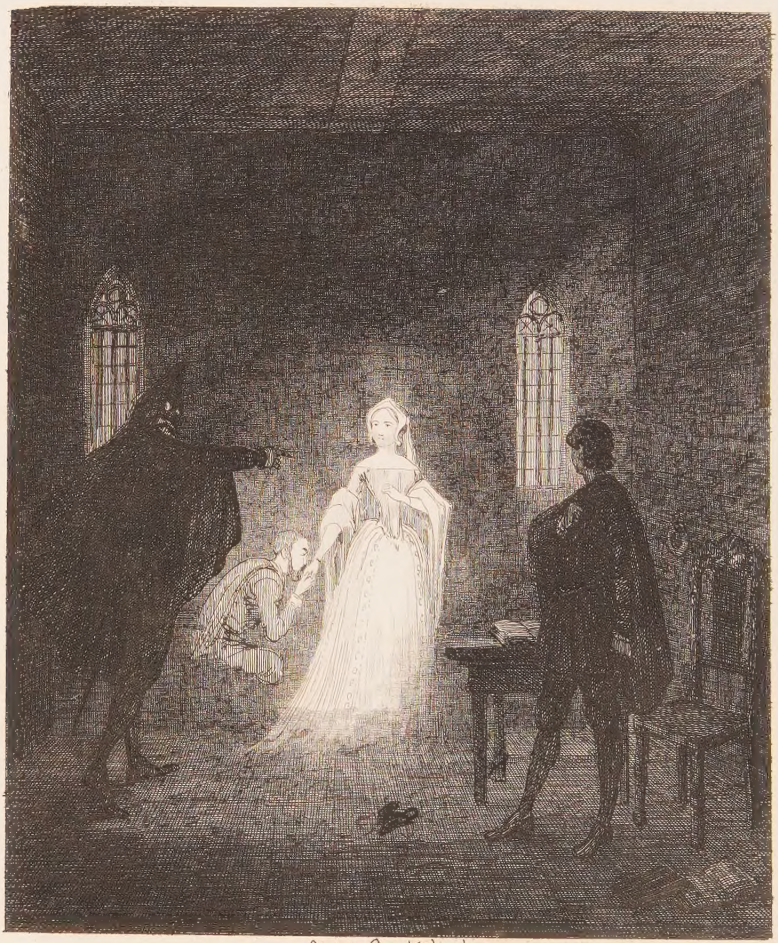
"You will learn whether I have or not, in due time," said Herne. "Do you refuse to go with me?"

"I refuse to deliver myself to perdition," rejoined the earl.

"An idle fear," rejoined Herne. "I care not for your soul—you will ruin that without my aid. I have need of you. You shall be back again in this chamber before the officer visits it in the morning, and no one shall be aware of your absence. Come, or I will bear you hence."

"You dare not touch me," replied Surrey, placing his hand upon his breast; "I am armed with a holy relic."

"I know it," said Herne; "and I feel its power, or I would not have trifled with you thus long. But it cannot shield you from a rival. You believe the fair Geraldine constant—ha!"



The vision of the Fair Geraldine.

LONDON. PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER 1843.

"I know her to be so," said Surrey.

A derisive laugh broke from Herne.

"Peace, mocking fiend!" cried Surrey, furiously.

"I laugh to think how you are deceived," said Herne. "Would you behold your mistress now?—would you see how she conducts herself during your absence?"

"If you choose to try me, I will not oppose the attempt;" replied Surrey, "but it will be futile."

"Remove the relic from your person," rejoined Herne. "Place it upon the table, within your grasp, and you shall see her."

Surrey hesitated.

"No harm can result from it," he cried, at length, detaching the relic from his neck, and laying it on the table.

A low laugh from the demon almost made him repent what he had done.

"Extinguish the light," cried Herne, in a commanding voice.

Surrey instantly sprang to his feet, and dashed the lamp off the table.

"Behold!" cried the demon.

And instantly a vision, representing the form and lineaments of the fair Geraldine to the life, shone forth against the opposite wall of the chamber. At the feet of the visionary damsel knelt a shape resembling the Duke of Richmond. He was pressing the hand extended to him by the fair Geraldine to his lips, and a smile of triumph irradiated his features.

"Such is man's friendship—such woman's constancy," cried Herne. "Are you now satisfied?"

"I am, that you have deceived me, false spirit," cried the earl. "I would not believe the fair Geraldine inconstant, though all hell told me so."

A terrible laugh broke from the demon, and the vision faded away. All became perfect darkness, and for a few moments, the earl remained silent. He then called to the demon, but receiving no answer, put forth his hand towards the spot where he had stood. He was gone. Confounded, Surrey returned to the table, and searched for the relic, but, with a feeling of indescribable anguish and self-reproach, found that it had likewise disappeared.

THE SHEPHERD PARIS.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

LONELY on the vernant side
Of the crystal-springing Ide,
Gazing on the towers of Troy,
Lay the princely shepherd-boy.

On a bank with flowers o'ergrown
Carelessly his pipe was thrown,
Like a singing-bird asleep,
When the stars their vigils keep.

Though around him sunshine lay,
Little heeded he the ray,
Or the fragrance of the rose,
On whose lips the bees repose.

Though a fountain murmur'd near,
With a music soft and clear,
Little reck'd he its sweet sound,
Buried in his thoughts profound.

Love alone was in his dreams,
Tincturing with Elysian gleams
All the fancies fair that roll
Through the am'rous shepherd's soul.

While thus rapt in golden thought,
On a beam of sunshine wrought,
Four Immortals from the skies
Wafted were before his eyes.

On the flowers descended there
Juno, Pallas, Venus fair,
Stately all, and bright of blee
Each a very galaxy.

Hermes fourth was in the band,
Bearing in his godlike hand
A gold apple—the bequest
Destined for the loveliest.

From the green and dewy lawn,
Like a startled forest fawn,
Jump'd the boy in mute amaze,
Dazzled by the heavenly blaze.

But before a word he spoke,
Wingéd Hermes silence broke—
"From our own Olympian home,
Shepherd, to thy fields we come.

"Zeus has sent us unto thee
Beauty's happy judge to be;
From this gentle choir select,
As thine eye and taste direct.

"This fair gift of brightest gold
For the loveliest behold—
Take it, and bestow it where
Centre charms beyond compare."

Thus he said, and vanish'd straight,
Like the stars when Morning's gate
Opes, and young Apollo speeds
On with lightning-footed steeds.

Then the goddesses prepared,
Each with snowy bosom bared,
By the longing youth to pass,
As he stretch'd upon the grass.

First came Juno, Heaven's queen,
Rivalling the sun in sheen;
In her eyes was Power enshrined,
On her brow imperial Mind.

"Thrones and empires shall be thine,
If thou mak'st this apple mine"—
Speaking thus, along she pass'd,
Like a trumpet's mighty blast.

Next Athenè came, blue-eyed,
With that mild and gentle pride
Which on Wisdom always tends,
Elevates, yet ne'er offends.

"Knowledge, which is Power," she cries.
"Shall be thine, if mine the prize!"
Like some old delicious song,
Gracefully she moved along.

Lastly Aphroditè came,
With an eye of sapphire flame,
With a cheek which rosy hues
Lovelier than the Morn suffuse.

With a breast more lustrous far
Than the glittering Evening star,
And a form than snow more white
Sleeping in the cold moonlight.

"At my feet the apple throw,
I'll on thee a Nymph bestow,
Whom all hearts confess to be
Only less divine than me."

Gaily on the Goddess moved,
In her hand the prize beloved;—
Who would not for Beauty bright
Crowns and Wisdom gladly slight?

ASTROLOGY AND ALCHEMY.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."—SHAKSPEARE.

SPEAK gently of those two wild dreams, nor curl the lip with scorn,
That ever, wearing human shape, such dreaming fools were born,
As they whose gorgeous errors shook the steadfast thrones of kings,
And shadow'd long the mental world with their outspreading wings.
It was an age of darkness—yea, the mighty mind of man
Was struggling 'mid the brambles, which its pathway over-ran;
And feebly shone the star of Truth, which rises as we gaze,
Until at last we fain must hope 'twill shed meridian blaze:
But only near the horizon did it glimmer to the view
Of the earnest ones of olden time—the seekers of the True!

Speak gently of those parents old, who, dying at the birth,
Brought forth their marvellous offspring, to shed upon the earth
The truth-enkindled, living light, which never shall be lost.
ASTRONOMY and CHEMISTRY!—oh, where can Science boast
Such peerless daughters as the two that time hath won at last
From travail of the teeming mind, through darksome ages past?
It was a dazzling meteor, that well might lead astray
The bounding heart, which fain would soar above its home of clay,
To think the whirling stars, that watch with their unslumb'ring eyes,
Had power unseen to guide the reins of human destinies.
Oh! surely 'twas no grovelling soul that first the thought did own,
Which link'd his being to the stars, upon their purple throne,
And mounting on the pinions strong, which only Faith can spread,
Disdain'd sometimes the rugged path that Reason loves to tread;
And yet, methinks, with wounded wing, Faith often in the race
Did turn where Reason's finger shew'd anon a resting-place.
It might be such indeed were few, and yet the daughter fair,
ASTRONOMY, that mounts the path, and doth its steepness dare,
Reveals the things and thoughts that ask of man more ample mind
Than in her old dead parent's dream were ever found entwined.

But see, the yet more duteous child advances proudly now,
To twine a laurel-wreath around her ancient parent's brow,
And tell it was no baseless hope, by knaves and fools begot,
To merit but the passing sneer, or dull oblivion's lot,
Which lured the gray-beards on to strive, though terrors round them furl'd,
To form of meaner elements the Thing that rules the world!
The soulless—bless'd—accurséd Gold, which in life's tangled web
Must weave its strange controlling thread till life itself shall ebb.
But CHEMISTRY, that boldly speaks in Wisdom's garb array'd,
And wrests from Nature secrets hid since first the world was made,
Who can detect the subtle part the radiant diamond hath,
And moves with steady, rapid march, in her extending path
Proclaims—so spake the great high priest* who trod behind the veil
Of her pure temple—that the thing at which the thoughtless rail
May prove among her triumphs mean, in those advancing years,
Whose herald-shadow now, methinks, upon the earth appears:
A triumph mean, if not in vain, that cherish'd dream of old—
Compared with knowledge, that outweighs the earth's whole store of gold

* Sir H. Davy, in one of his lectures, asserts not only the possibility of the transmutation of metals, but the probability that such a discovery will be made. He adds, however, "it would of course be useless."

MY DREAM AT HOP-LODGE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

When I was in Kent, last spring, on a visit to the friendly owner of Hop-lodge, in that county, I remarked that all the ladies of the family devoted their leisure hours to the same occupation. In a spirit of unanimity never before seen, except on the stage, all entered with enthusiasm into the same amusement;—it was *not* scandal.

My friend's lively, warm-hearted wife—her sister and his sister—together with the little bright-eyed daughter not sixteen, and an ancient dame, distantly related to all the rest—nay, even the governess, at intervals—seemed to take a placid delight, hour by hour, in tearing up old letters, notes, envelopes, and other remnants of manuscript into small pieces, not much larger than a silver penny, and dropping them, by little handfuls, into little baskets beside them.

Every dull morning after breakfast, and every danceless evening after tea, the conversation was carried on to the monotonous accompaniment of a sharp, quick, rustling sound, produced by the continual tearing up of writing paper, of many qualities and sizes—some so crisp and so substantial that simply unfolding it would elicit a crackling noise, while reducing it to fragments caused a sound equal to that of a fine saw. So loud was it, at times, that the very postman's knock, announcing the arrival of a fresh supply of epistles, to be condemned, in due season, could hardly have been heard.

Enter the ordinary sitting-room when one would, there sate the lady of the house, emulating upon sheets of paper the experiments of M'Adam upon blocks of granite—the M'Eve, we may designate her, of foolscap and demy. With hands almost as white as the material they demolished, she pleasantly pursued her task of destruction, letting fall into the basket a tiny handful of little pieces every minute. She looked, in her gaiety and beauty, like a laughing Juno, who had resolved to possess herself of a silver shower to match Jove's golden one.

Chariest of the chary in all matters which relate to ladies, married or single, I should as soon have thought of asking them to let me read one of the letters they were tearing up, as of questioning them as to the intended appropriation of those epistolary particles. So I watched the white hands plying their trade, I listened to the crumpling and crushing of paper day by day, but uttered not a word of inquiry. "It was," as Mr. Pepys remarks, "pretty to see."

One cannot interrogate a lady as to the destination of that thirty-second bead bag, which she is slowly manufacturing; nor ask the name of the gentleman for whom she is, with heroic fortitude, knitting that extremely protracted purse; nor wonder to her face why on earth she gives herself the trouble of spoiling that velvet by covering it with such crowds of coloured disfigurements. As little could one ask her, when intently and constantly occupied, what she meant to do with those multitudinous scraps of paper. I could, with equal delicacy, have inquired whom the letters came from!

It was enough that the occupation or the amusement seemed intellectually analogous to the more current performances with garnets and gold thread, in satin-stitch and water-colours, or upon lace-collars and fancy-bags;—idle labours often, and most forlorn recreations,

which make so many ladies' lives like unto a gay, light, loosely-knitted silken purse, without any money in it!

Of course I had my private speculations concerning the ends for which those myriads of minute fragments were provided. I conjectured that some wise man, justly abhorring long epistles, might have devised a plan of administering homœopathic letters, inditing notes infinitesimally. Again, I had a notion that the drama of the "Exiles of Siberia" was about to be revived, and that the young ladies, great admirers of Mr. Macready, were anxious to make that gentleman a present of a severe snow-storm on the occasion.

On taking my departure, the most elderly of the ladies pleaded for the rest—"Had I any waste sheets of writing paper, outside scraps, useless business-letters, lithographed circulars, fly-leaves of notes, or old envelopes? their stock was running low, and before the fine weather had quite set in, they should be left with nothing in the world to do." Nothing in the world to do but to tear up writing-paper into fragments no larger than silver pennies! Still it remained a question whether the fancy for destroying letters in that way might not be both wiser and pleasanter than a passion for writing them; and as I had recently contributed a large packet of old postage-stamps in aid of the funds for building a new church,* so I resolved to let a huge pile of the letters themselves follow—for which I received a profusion of thanks, and another invitation to Hop-lodge.

It was in the autumn that I paid my second visit; and arriving at night, after riding some miles, jaded and sleepy, I was truly glad to retire at the earliest moment to rest. Had my pillow been a pillow of flints, the hardness would have been totally unfelt, for both eyes were close-sealed before I could fairly lie down.

It would be more correct to say that my lids, rather than their tenants, were close-sealed; for the eyes themselves began now to see extremely well—rolling inwardly about in quest of things visionary. Perhaps I was a little too tired for sound and dreamless slumber; my legs, cramped and weary as they were, would be still in motion; and so, like a man upon his oath, I could not lie with any comfort.

Still I was asleep; but how long sleep's reign, disturbed or not, had lasted, is very doubtful, when I heard, "in my dreaming ear"—the one next the pillow—a little crackling, rustling sound, as of the rending or rumpling of paper, considerably firmer in its texture and substance than bank-notes. Yes, those peculiar noises, whether born in the brain, or having their existence actually within the pillow, as they appeared to have, resembled nothing else out of fairy-land. Millions of full-sized letters, oblong, and swarms of civil little notes, three-cornered, seemed heaped, by supernatural hands, under my head, in pieces equally countless and minute.

Perfectly still, I lay and listened. My downward ear seemed to draw in the sounds from the very interior of the pillow on which my head was now throbbing with surprise; and at every movement I made, there was an increased rustle; not so sharp, by a thousand degrees, yet in tone not unlike the crashing of tender forest-branches, or the clatter of little shells and pebbles washed upon the beach.

Was the magic noise engendered in the air? Was it a most novel

* Vide newspapers.

and untuneful singing in my own head? Or had the down, wherewith my pillow was filled, acquired that faculty of voice which the birds, from whom it had been plucked, had forfeited? Assuredly I could not have been more startled, had forty flocks of plucked geese come cackling round my bed, crying, "Give us back our feathers!"

Again, I suspended my breathing, and hushed myself into an intense fit of listening. There, still, were the small crisp noises just under my ear, oozing apparently upward from the pillow as clearly as drops of water would have trickled through it. And it was still a sound as of the tearing and crumpling of many quires of paper. A bank clerk, pulling, pinching, and whisking about piles of notes, from nine to five daily, would make less noise in a week.

I began to suspect that the fairies were playing pranks under my head; that Oberon and Titania had been tearing up all the letters which had passed between them during their last quarrel, and that their small-fingered subjects were scrambling for the tiniest pieces, to fold up, three-corner-wise, and send as love-notes or challenges to one another.

Perplexed past endurance, and finding, upon repeated trials, that either ear, the instant it was placed to the pillow, caught sounds as audibly, as it would through the keyhole of a quiet family's nursery, I changed my position, and dreaming that I was wide awake (perhaps I was), looked desperately upward through the darkness at the invisible ceiling of the room; when what was my amazement to behold, in less than the sixtieth part of an instant, a thick shower of very little bits of paper descending on every side: some of a creamy hue, some bluish, some rather pinky—wire-wove, or glazed, gilt-edged or sable-bordered—but all falling about me like snow-flakes, or hovering over me like white feathers, which rather floated than fell.

"Did I ever?" was the question which I silently asked myself in my dream.

My eyes, at this strange spectacle, started far out of my head, and glowed with an unnatural light; by the aid of which, as by that of a pair of long fours, I was indeed enabled to view the scene. Nor was the fire that burned in them useless, for, as the fragments of paper descended, the more I gazed at them, the plainer I could see that they were all written upon, possibly by that process which requires warmth to give legible effect to it. They were bits of letters—every one; indited by many hands, and addressed to many persons, on subjects without number.

Fast and faster yet they fell—each one bearing its little word or syllable, or at least the tail of a *g*, or an *i*'s dot—until presently the room began to fill, and the fragments crowded together seemed to attach themselves to one another. In a few minutes, perhaps fifty of them would have adhered, and formed a sort of sheet; and then another flock of flakes, descending from various points, would get into companionship, and so unite: and thus they floated above me, as I gazed upwards, like fleecy clouds, of a rather square and formal pattern it is true, and scribbled mysteriously all over.

I could now plainly discern, as they hovered near me, that the mingled multitude of scraps, the tattered and scattered remains of so much correspondence, had again formed themselves into letters—yes, into readable epistles; though they had certainly not re-assumed their

original shapes, or revived themselves *verbatim et literatim*. As on a field of battle, where a gallant soldier's body is apt to be buried with another gallant soldier's head—or, should his legs have been carried away, he is interred haply with the lower extremities of a veteran who belonged to a different regiment, so here I could perceive that many of the fragments had fallen into strange company, and attached themselves to pieces to which they bore no epistolary relation.

Thus, on one sheet which descended into my hand, I saw that the writing was throughout the same, but the beginning and the end had been written at different periods : the first sentences seemed traced with a quill whose ink was as generous wine to communicate joy ; but the latter part had been scrawled with a steel pen dipped in gall. It began with overflowing friendship, wondering what the writer would not gladly sacrifice for him whom he addressed; but it terminated with civil regrets for altered circumstances, and a formal "I have the honour to remain."

I caught the first lines of a love-letter—they were rapturous. Love was life ; it included all of happiness the world contains,—and every word expressed the writer's conviction that wealth is dross, and parental consent a superfluity ; but a discrepancy ensued, for there was something at the close about the necessity of an ample fortune, the charm of filial obedience, and the proud duty imposed upon young hearts of tearing themselves asunder, and seeking happiness somewhere else, "remaining ever, &c."

Here the right persons were associated in the rejoined letters, but with the terrible disadvantage of wrong dates. In other cases, I detected mutilated notes in one hand-writing—a lady's, but evidently addressed to two different persons, thus:—

"My dearest Jemima,—let nothing prevent you from coming ; remember, it is my birthday, and without *you* what felicity could be mine! How exquisite is a pure sympathy between minds such as ours. Come in your blue lutestring; nothing becomes you half so much. You must forgive me for asking that treacherous thing, Julia—I can't help it. . . . . All will go wrong without *you*, and so I rely. But how should I hesitate at any time to confide in heavenly truth like yours; the worst of it is, that odious Jemima will, I fear, be with us, flirting in her horrid blue lutestring. But let the joy of a friendship like ours be unclouded by a thought of such intrusions. Ever, my dearest Julia, &c."

There was one at which, as it caught my eye, I laughed so loudly, as to be in great fear of waking myself. What added to the oddity of it was, that it was addressed to a particular friend of my own, but in two different hands; and thus it ran :—

"My dear sir, will you give us the pleasure of your company at dinner,—or proceedings will be taken against you without further notice. Yours, &c., Rasp and Clerk."

The next epistle came fluttering by, as if half ashamed of itself; yet it was full of virtuous sentiments, clad in the best Latin of the best authors, and painted the youthful writer's studious, respectable, and devout college life to the eyes of a liberal, but grave and dignified uncle. It was clear, however, that a wrong postscript had affixed itself to this letter to the tune of—"P.S. Come down, Jack, and blow

a cloud with us. I've a case or two of good things, and lots o' tin from Uncle Starch; but come at once, my Flanders brick, for these infernal duns are grabbing at it like blazes."

A lady's hand-writing again attracted my gaze, but here there was an anomaly relative to dates. "*July 20th*—As for Adolphus, as you call him, he is detestable. Was there ever such a conceited fright! I would not have him if there were not another man in the world. . . For I must frankly confess that my whole heart is in this engagement, and that without Adolphus existence would be a blank—*August 21st.*"

Among the thousands floating about, I caught one in a schoolboy's hand; the first portion written like copper-plate, the latter upon the pothook plan—but the whole addressed to a revered parent:—

"Honoured father,—The happy season has returned when filial affection finds its proudest gratification in reporting to beloved parents the progress of those intellectual, moral, and religious studies, which it is the blessed privilege of your son to enjoy at Birch-grove. For the bodily as well as mental improvement, which I trust on my return at Christmas you will be able to recognise, I am indebted to that judicious kindness which placed me under the tender and enlightened care of my present preceptor. . . . Aunt will giv you this she sez, and i wish you may git it, for I want some more Marmalaid and also a cake, for thay keep me so Hungrey I cant lern nothing, also a large piece of tinn to put at the back of my Westcot, for I dont like the jolly wackings thats going on here—and I dont mean to come Back I can tell you, and Aunt says I sharnt, but as I have got sum Curran jam I shall conclude, so good by, dear papa, your affectionate son Nixy, short for Nicholas."

I had another fit of laughter, which nearly woke me, on solving another riddle—a note, commencing with expressions of the most delicate and idolatrous love, suddenly turning into cold business matters, and ending with "now don't make a fool of yourself by sitting up again, for I shall be late." The last lines were part of a letter written after marriage—the first were not. Specimens of this class were plentiful.

I was also tickled with the absurdity of an aristocratic order to a tradesman to send in his account without delay, terminating with "assurances of most distinguished consideration;" and a note to Mr. Buckstone, requesting orders for the theatre, might be seen gravely commencing with "Reverend sir."

Of the countless quires of paper which, in separate sheets, fluttered and fell around me, there was not a note without its grave or ridiculous contradiction. Some false fragments had engrafted themselves even on the truest stock, while in others some few scraps were wanting, leaving little holes in the epistle where the sincerity seemed to have dropped out. Here an affecting lecture on the solemn duties and flimsy vanities of life was cut up by an intruding inquiry, "Where the very best green silk twist is to be got," as the writer would "give the world to know;" and two or three lively notes, containing the particulars of a wedding, had been eked out with pieces bearing a mourning border—which possibly might not be altogether misplaced after all.

Here and there, I perceived a letter, in which the stray scraps and remnants had met together without any order or ceremony, so that

there was not the slightest pretension to meaning in the entire document. Yet it did not appear to be much inferior in style to many letters which are daily marked "confidential" or "immediate" by charming correspondents.

A terrible exposure was going on around me. Every sheet was a witness against somebody. Here Pride was unmasked, by the union of two halves of letters, one dated from a hovel, the other from a hall; there, Honesty was proved a scamp, by confessing in a postscript what the letter denied. Here Sincerity was stamped hypocrite, by the junction of praise and censure under its own hand; and there, Benevolence was convicted of subscribing to a public fund, and having "nothing to give away" in private. In each and all lurked some anomaly —harmless or criminal.

The confusion at length totally obscured my senses; and I could read no more. The letters broke up again into flakes, the flakes melted into the darkness like snow, and I slept in serene unconsciousness till ten. The secret came out at breakfast in much tender concern about my night's rest. Had I slept? Could I forgive such forgetfulness?

"The ladies here," said my friend, in explanation, "fear that you may have quarrelled with your pillow. They are fond of making *paper pillows* for the poor and the invalided; and one of these being placed in readiness upon your bed, nobody remembered it until you were fast asleep."

A Paper Pillow! And I had been dreaming the family-secrets—reading, in my sleep, the family-correspondence! There was a slumbering indelicacy in the very idea! I uttered no remonstrance against the cheap and charitable invention; but however cool and soothing may be the paper-pillow to some, I reflected, for my own part, that there was much practical wisdom, and a most exact and admirable simile in that pretty saying of King Once-upon-a-time—

"I'll to my couch; *like me, a downy one!*"

ON OUR LATE SUCCESS IN INDIA.

BY M. Y. W.

THE heavy tidings of defeat
Were scarce more sad than strange,
But now th' accustomed sounds we greet
Of Victory and Revenge.

That proud success which seems our right
Has turn'd to us again,
For they are ever strong in fight
Whose arms avenge the slain.

This thought our soldiers' hearts could nerve
Who hoped but little gain,
And knew their triumph could but serve
To wipe away a stain.

Yet, while our errors we must own,
And blush for our disgrace,
And mourn the slain whose bones have strown
The dreary mountain-pass,

We bless *their* names the more who've made
Our trampled laurels bloom,
Whose conquering hands have proudly led
The long-lost captives home.

May our defenders thus succeed
Through every chance and change;
But never more may England need
Such Victory, such Revenge!

A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.*

Some travellers, attracted by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and induced by the fatigue attendant on a long tour, decided to rest for awhile at the comfortable hotel to be found at St. Maurice. In their walks they observed notices of a chateau to be let, furnished, in the immediate neighbourhood; and more and more enchanted with the drives and views, abounding in fine landscape scenery, they resolved to make inquiries about it, with a view of possibly becoming its tenants for the remainder of the summer and autumn months.

Their first business was to see the agent referred to by the notices, who gave every encouragement to their project by his florid description of its beauties and local advantages. It was evident that he remarked their surprise at the smallness of the rent required, as he quickly observed—"Monsieur le Marquis is anxious the chateau should be tenanted—the amount of rent is not so much his object."

The next morning they set off to visit this abode; but on directing the driver of the char-à-banc, hired for the occasion, to the Chateau de le Guimandier, they perceived a reluctance in his manner, and were surprised to find him remain stationary and cross himself, as he repeated—"To the Chateau de le Guimandier! Is Monsieur quite sure that it is to the Chateau de le Guimandier he wishes to go?" On being answered in the affirmative, he shrugged his shoulders and proceeded, but at so slow a pace that the agent was impatiently pacing the avenue in front of the chateau, awaiting their arrival. They found the Chateau de le Guimandier a low structure, occupying a large site, its turretted angles giving it a castellated appearance. Its broad terrace, which ran along the whole of the back front, commanded one of the finest views in the country, while, like many French chateaux, its approach was by an avenue of chestnut-trees. The house was but partially furnished, and the articles of furniture were evidently very ancient, but not devoid of comfort; and the party were so well pleased with all they beheld, that on quitting it they directed the agent to call on them the following morning, to conclude the arrangements necessary for giving them possession. They had been frequently forced, on their approach to the chateau, to urge the driver to quicken his pace, but on quitting it, they had to caution him to be careful in the descent, so rapidly did he drive. On entering St. Maurice, they perceived their courier looking wild, and running towards them, as if he had been anxiously expecting them: ere he reached the char-à-banc, he was breathless; and though he fixed a look of terrified inquiry on them, he appeared unable to give utterance to his feelings. At length, on being pressed to tell what ailed him, he said, in a faltering voice, and trembling from head to foot—"Mon Dieu! seigneur! the cat—did it appear?" This interrogation, and the man's wildness of manner, excited the curiosity of the party, especially as, on mention being made of the cat, they perceived the driver again signing himself with the cross, and listening intently for their answer; and they became almost alarmed, when, on arriving at the hotel, they found the landlady looking for them with nearly the same appearance of terror as their courier

* A splendid and seasonable little gift-book, entitled the "Prism of Thought," by the accomplished Baroness, has just issued from the press, to which we beg to direct attention."—Ed.

had done—for on seeing them descend from the char-à-banc uninjured, he began to recover himself, and in a short time was able to explain that his terror had been caused by a story the landlady had related to him, on hearing his employers were gone to look at the Chateau de le Guimandier, with an idea of inhabiting it; and being desired to repeat what he had heard, he thus began:—

"In the year 1613, the Chateau de le Guimandier became the property of a young and lovely lady, the only child of the deceased Marquis de ——. Her beauty was the theme of the whole neighbourhood; her large possessions rendered her an object for all the great families in that part of the country to seek in marriage, while her gentle manners and faultless conduct ensured the admiration and esteem of all who knew her.

"Numberless suitors presented themselves, but she rejected them all, till the idea became prevalent that the Lady Rosalie would never wed; and proportionably great was the surprise of all when it was announced that she was about to return to her chateau from Paris, whither she had gone to pass her winter, accompanied by the husband of her choice. It was on a beautiful evening in the early spring that the newly married couple entered the rich domain of the bride, where the inhabitants of all the neighbouring hamlets were assembled to bid them welcome.

"It was soon bruited about that the bridegroom was not of the same religious faith as his bride, and that their marriage had been solemnized in the Lutheran as well as the Roman-catholic church. Many of the aged in the village saw in this circumstance an omen of future sorrow, but their young lady was still so kind, so benevolent, and such a strict observer of her own religious duties, that every soul of them prayed devoutly that on her head the curse might not fall; while the younger and lighter-hearted saw in his manly beauty, his frankness of demeanour, and his boundless liberality, almost an excuse for her choice of a heretic! To the old father confessor, the friend of her family, the preceptor of her youth, the blow had been severe; but through the mutual affection which appeared to exist between the object of his tenderness (and now of his fears) and the husband she had chosen, he trusted a work would, in time, be wrought, which would bring another soul within the pale of salvation; and from the hour of the Lady Rosalie's return, he used every argument and prayer to induce her to undertake her husband's conversion.

"The young wife's natural timidity, blended with the love she bore her husband, induced her to stay the good father's impatience, though she promised to follow his directions as earnestly and as quickly as her sense of duty would allow; but in the fulfilment of this promise, her own peace was sadly wounded by finding that the being she idolized was without any distinct faith or religious principle; and this discovery, which she carefully concealed, did more to increase her endeavours than the commands of her confessor.

"She at length succeeded in obtaining her husband's promise to accompany her to hear mass celebrated in their parish church; and to her mind, attuned as it was to early piety and trusting faith, this promise seemed almost a pledge of his intention to become a Roman Catholic.

"As each succeeding occasion approached, some pretext was always found by him for evading it, which her gentleness inclined her to excuse. Not so the priest; who, from the knowledge he had obtained of her likelihood to become a mother, held this to be the moment

when her influence over him would be the greatest, and used it with her as an additional obligation for the performances of her duty. By his perpetual urgings, he at last persuaded her to make her husband's attendance at the *messe de minuit* (a ceremony near at hand) the test of his affection for her. Her entreaties were irresistible, and he solemnly promised to attend her on the occasion mentioned; and it was not till the preparations were nearly concluded for the departure of the whole family, to attend on this solemn rite, that she had any reason to doubt his sincerity. Her distress and mortification were excessive, on hearing him again form some frivolous excuse for not accompanying her; and losing for a moment her gentle tone, she besought him, with an earnestness and vehemence so foreign to her character, that it appeared to his conscience-stricken mind like reproach, and as in most cases where reason is silenced, passion obtained the mastery; he gave way to anger, and turning hastily from her, exclaimed, that now nothing should induce him to go, were he even sure the foul fiend would roast him alive in her absence!

"The unhappy wife would fain have remained, to soothe the troubled spirit she had so unfortunately called forth, but the reflection, that by neglecting her own duties she could not repair his fault, she departed with her confessor and the rest of her household to the parish church. The key of the house was taken by one of the domestics, after carefully locking the door—all the other fastenings of the house having been previously secured.

"The Lady Rosalie walked in silence by the side of her aged friend, who forbore to add to her evident distress by any remark on the failure of their hopes; and on entering the church, many a prayer did the anxious wife pour forth for the soul of that husband whose voice she had fondly hoped would that night have mingled with her own in that sacred service.

"The mass was concluded, and the whole party were slowly returning to the chateau, when their alarm was greatly excited on beholding, as soon as it became in view, that all the windows appeared illuminated, while a dense volume of smoke was proceeding from the kitchen chimney. Some of the domestics ran forward, and on opening the door, which they found still locked, were nearly blinded by the preternatural light which seemed to fill the whole space of the apartments. All was bright, though nothing seemed to be burning, as they ran bewildered from room to room, till, at length, their footsteps were directed to the kitchen by a shriek from their lady, whom they found lifeless on the stones. In the capacious chimney, a raging fire was burning, and on the spit were the fragments and cinders of a human body. The spit was still turning rapidly round—its motion impelled not by the usual canine turnspit, but by that which had the likeness of a cat in form—its coat of the blackest dye, and its eyes glaring with flames of fire!

"The terrified domestics quickly fled from the spot, bearing with them the dead body of the Lady Rosalie, whose tomb may be seen in the parish church, where masses are still said for the repose of her soul.

"Several attempts have been made by the subsequent inheritors to get the chateau inhabited by strangers, but each family have been terrified into leaving it by the appalling appearance of the same black cat."

The courier paused.—How much credence the party on whom he was in attendance might give to the tale is unknown, but they relinquished their intention of renting the Chateau de le Guimandier.

"WORKING UP JUNK!"

BY JOHN BARROW.

"Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep."

"WORKING UP JUNK" is an occupation well understood by seafaring men; to others it may be as well to explain that it means spinning yarns obtained from old cordage, cables, &c., for various purposes on shipboard, forming one of Jack's favourite and useful occupations on a long voyage. The following is an attempt to "spin a yarn" upon nautical matters, by "working up chronicles of the olden time—having recourse also to other documents easy of access; and first,—to the report of the commissioners who were appointed to revise the civil affairs of the navy in 1805. They commence by stating that the whole of our naval history may be divided into three periods:—the first, comprehending all that preceded the reign of Henry VIII.; the second, ending with the restoration of Charles II.; and the third, coming down from the Restoration to the present day.

"During the *first* period," remark the commissioners, "our kings had neither arsenals nor dockyards; their only permanent naval force consisted of fifty-seven vessels, each carrying twenty-one men and a boy, well armed and fitted for war. When, in case of war, a greater force was required, ships were hired or fitted out by private adventurers, who shared in the advantages acquired. Trading vessels, having no protection from ships of war, were necessarily armed for their own defence.

"In the *second* period, the foundation of the navy of England was laid by Henry VIII. He constituted the Admiralty and the Navy Board; and during his reign the Trinity House, and the Dockyards at Deptford, Woolwich, and Portsmouth, were formed. Ships belonging to the crown formed only a part of the naval force employed in time of war. In the fleet by which the Spanish armada was defeated there were a hundred and seventy-six ships, of which only thirty-four belonged to the crown. This mode of adding to the naval force by hired ships appears to have continued down to the end of the seventeenth century.

"In the *third* period," continues the report, "on the restoration of Charles II., the Duke of York was appointed lord high admiral, and Mr. Pepys then held the situation of secretary of the Admiralty—a man of extraordinary knowledge in all that related to the business of that department, of great talents, and most indefatigable industry. All the proceedings of the Duke of York in the management of the navy, when he was lord high admiral, are minutely detailed in a great number of manuscript volumes in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. The Duke remained lord high admiral till 1673."

In the year 1701, Thomas, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, was appointed lord high admiral. The patent appointing him is of great length, and contains some curious passages. Amongst the several rights, customs, perquisites, &c., attached to his office are enumerated—"Anchorage by the sea, or ports, or publick rivers, or the shores and promontories of any of them, for the use of ships: and also fishes royal—to wit, sturgeons, whales, porpoises, dolphins, riggs, and grampuses, and also generally all other fishes whatsoever which are of a

great or very large bulk or fatness, to the said office of our high admiral of England and the other kingdoms and places aforesaid, anciently by right or custom appertaining or belonging, or by any means used."*

From 1702 till 1708, Prince George of Denmark was lord high admiral, which office was not again filled till 1827, when his late Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, was appointed thereto. The highest post in the navy in former times appears to have been "admiral of the north, from the mouth of the river Thames northward," and "admiral of the west, from the mouth of the river Thames westward;" and these two appointments were occasionally held by one person. Thus we find, in the twenty-first year of the reign of Richard the Second, John Beaufort, Marquis of Dorset and Earl of Somerset, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was appointed "admiral of the north and west."

"Before the comming of the Romans," says Holinshed, in his Chronicles of England, "I doo not read that we had anie ships at all, except a few made of wicker, and couered with buffle hides;" and speaking of the art of navigation, he calls it "a thing ordeined of God, and time out of mind used amongst men, as may appeere by the words of the Prophet Dauid—'They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupie their businesse in great waters: these men see the works of the Lord and his woonders in the deepe.' But to end with him" (Sir Francis Drake) "of whome this present note tooke beginning, it were to be wished, that in memory of this gentleman's incomparable atchievement some monument might remaine to succeeding ages; and none fitter than the brittle barke wherein he arrived safe and sound, which a knight, of good account and rarelie qualified, thought meet to be fixed upon the stump of Paule's steeple in lieu of the spire, that being discerned farre and neere it might be noted and pointed at of people with these true terms—Yonder is the barke that has sailed round about the world."

The names of Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh cast a bright lustre on the maritime affairs of England in the reign of Elizabeth. Of Sir Walter Raleigh, Holinshed observes, that "in this yeár (1584), Maister Walter Raleigh, Esquier, a gentleman from his infancie brought up and trained in martiall discipline both by land and sea, and well inclined to all virtuous and honorable aduentures, hauing built a ship and a pinesse, set them to the sea furnished with all prouisions necessaire for a long viage, and committed the charge of them to two gentlemen, (his own seruants)—the one called Philip Amadis, the other Arthur Barlow, with direction to discouer that land which lieth betweene Norembega and Florida, in the West Indies; who, according to their commission, made as sufficient a discouerie thereof as so short a time would permit, for they returned in August next following, and brought with them two sauage men of that countrie, with soundrie other things that did assure their maister of the goodnesse of the soile, and of great commodities that would arise to the realme of England by

* As regards the sturgeon, it is still a royal fish. When caught in the Thames, says Mr. Yarrell, within the jurisdiction of the lord mayor, it is considered a royal fish, the term being intended to imply that it ought to be sent to the king; and it is said that the sturgeon was exclusively reserved for the table of Henry the First of England.

traffique, if that the English had anie habitation and were planted to liue there. Whereupon he immediatlie prepared for a second viage, which with all expedition (nothing at all regarding the charges that it would amount unto) did presentlie set in hand."

This, indeed, was the very age of enterprise and discovery in all parts of the globe, and Sir Walter Raleigh stood conspicuously forward as the chief promoter of geographical science. The great question of the north-west, or Polar passage, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, occupied no small share of his attention, and many a name was now added, as Byron says—

> " To the glorious roll
> Of those who search the storm-surrounded pole,"—

Sir Hugh Willoughby, who perished in the ice; Martin Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, &c. That Sir Walter contributed largely to some of these expeditions, is a well-known fact. In Hackluyt's voyages a translation is given of a letter addressed to Sir Walter Raleigh, in the French language, dated 1587, of which the following is an extract:—

" Now if the greatness of the Maine of Virginia, and the large extension thereof, especially to the west, should make you thinke that the subduing of it were a matter of more difficultie than the conquest of Ireland, then I answer, that as the late expeditions of that skilful pilote and captaine, Mr. John Davis, to the north-west, (*towards which his discouerie yourselfe haue thrise contributed with the forwardest,*) hath shew'd a great part to be maine sea which before was thought to be maine land; so for my part I am fully perswaded that the land in the back part of Virginia extends nothing so far westward as is put down in the maps of these parts."

The greatest attention was also paid to the construction of ships, and every exertion made to increase the list of the royal navy.

" Neither are the moulds," says Holinshed, " of anie forren barkes so conuenientlie made to brooke so well one sea, as another lieing upon the shore in anie part of the Continent, as those of England. And therefore the common reports that strangers make of our ships amongst themselves is dailie confirmed to be true, which is that for strength, assurance, nimblenesse, and swiftnesse of sailing, there are no vessels in the world to be compared with ours.

" The queene's highnesse hath at this present (which is the foure and twentieth of hir reigne) alreadie made and furnished to the number of foure or five and twentie great ships, which lie for the most part in Gillingham rode, beside three gallies, of whose particular names and furnitures (so far foorth as I can come by them) it shall not be amisse to make report at this time. The names of so manie ships of hir maiestie as I could come by at this present:—The Bonaduenture, Elizabeth Jonas, White Beare, Philip and Marie, Triumph, Bull, Foresight, Swiftsure, Aid, Handmaid, Dreadnought, Swallow, Tiger, Antlope, Hope, Lion, Victorie, Marie Rose, Genet, Barke of Bullen, Achates, Falcon, George, and Revenge."

It is somewhat curious to compare our present list of ships of the royal navy, of which, take one with another, there are not fewer than six hundred and seventy, and of these about a hundred are steam-vessels; but this includes steamers of *all* sorts, many of which are packets. A comparison of the list of officers of former times is far more striking. The oldest navy list on record is dated 1st July, 1700, and gives " a list of the names of such lieutenants who served in his

majesty's fleet during the late war, one hundred whereof will, from time to time, be entitled to half-pay during their being out of employment a-shoar, according to their seniorities and his majesty's establishment in that behalf." This list contains the names of three hundred officers. The list of lieutenants of the present day amounts to no less than two thousand seven hundred! *all* of whom are entitled to half-pay "during the period of their being out of employment a-shoar," which a vast proportion have been ever since the peace of 1815. And so for the present concludes this *yarn*, "WORKED UP from OLD JUNK."

THE CONSECRATION OF KING HENRY'S WEAPONS.

(From the German of Gustav Schwab.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE young King Henry lay asleep,
At Goslau, in the chamber deep.
The doors were fast, no living sound
Through the long hall its passage found,
No whisp'ring breath of man might creep;—
The young King Henry lay asleep.

Commands of silence are but weak
When God the Lord in heaven would speak.
The wind is whistling through the halls;
The rain against the window falls;
The sultry day its weight, at last,
In pealing thunder-claps has cast.

On tiptoe all the servants creep—
They will not venture yet to peep.
"Will not the storm his slumbers break?"
'Tis not for them their king to wake,
Till through the house the thunder peals,
And with its crash the chamber fills.

The monarch's danger stirs the throng,
The pallid servants flock along.
The noise of rain is heard no more,
No more is heard the thunder's roar.
No other sound the ear can meet
Than clang of mail and tramp of feet.

The folding-door they ope with fear,
Fast closed has been their monarch's ear.
His eye is shut, with slumber drunk;*
As when first on the pillow sunk,
Is laid in peace his youthful head;
His yellow locks are o'er it spread.

Above his bed the shield and sword
The ravage of the storm record.
As in a furnace melts the blade,
A shapeless mass the shield is made.
Through sheath and steel the lightning's force,
Darting, had mark'd its burning course.

The servants stare—the king awakes,
And through the mist of slumber breaks.
Scarce at his weapons has he gazed—
He sees their alter'd form, amazed.
But soon the cause he can divine:
"Great God!" he says, "the work was thine!

"I thought that I could hear thy song,
Great Armorer!—thy hammer strong—
That I could see the leather tann'd†
The iron temper'd by thy hand—
Within thine armory I seem'd
To stand—so boldly have I dream'd!"

Quick from his couch the monarch sprung,
His hammer in his hand he swung;
With mighty din the sword he beat—
What God begun he would complete.
The blade he fashion'd while 'twas warm,
And to the shield restored its form.

For many years the crown he bore,
And many were the robes he wore,
And many helms his forehead press'd,
And many plates bedeck'd his breast,
Yet ne'er he changed that shield or sword,
Given in the storm by God the Lord.

Still in the sixty-second fight,
The sword is with the lightning bright,
Still on the sixty-second field,
Guards him the lightning-temper'd shield;
The sword and shield still flame as new,
The sword and shield are ever true.

By thunder dubb'd, the knight was made.
When in his coffin he was laid,
Upon the bier, his kingly crown
Seem'd pallid as his air had grown;
Yet sword and shield like sunshine gleam'd—
The image of his youth they beam'd.

* Schlummertrunken.—J. O.

† The leather for the sword-sheath. The reader must not be offended at the occasional homeliness of the legend, which is in perfect accordance with the naïve spirit prevailing throughout. —J. O.

A VENETIAN ROMANCE.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

PART II.

"Listen!—ye know that I am mad,
And ye will listen!—wizard dreams
Were with me!—all is true that seems!—
From dreams alone can truth be had—
In dreams divinest lore is taught.
* * * * *
For thoughts and things which daylight brings
Come to the spirit sad and single,
But verse and prose and joys and woes
Inextricably mingle
When the hush'd frame is silent in repose!
Twilight and moonlight, mist and storm,
Black night and fire-ey'd hurricane." MAGINN.

I LOVED Inez—but it was with a libertine love. With what other could I deal? What wanted the man of books, and science, and abstruse mysteries, and the midnight converse with the heavens, and space, and all its winged habitants, to do with a wife? The supposition seemed ridiculous, and I discarded it for ever in the very instant of its birth. I resolved to pursue and gratify my wishes, no matter in what ruin they involved either her or myself. She was the load-star of my soul; she drew me onward to the consummation, whether I would or not. With all the art of which I was master—with every aid from science or from herb, that my universal knowledge had given to me, I wooed her, and at length was delighted to find the vivid impression I had made on her young heart. Nor is it to be wondered that I, who had subdued immortal spirits to my will, should, by subtlety and skill, triumph over one of earth. I had, then, won her heart; she owned her love to me so bewitchingly, and yet with so rosy a pudency, that if aught of female mould could have touched my bosom to the quick, she it must have been; she failing, not a world of attractions could succeed. And once assured that the love between us was reciprocally strong—reciprocally pure—her bliss knew no bounds; and I believe she was as perfectly happy as it is possible for worm-doomed flesh to be. How full of exquisite enchantment were our wanderings on the land, in the delicious evenings of Venice and its picturesque suburbs—our sail upon the blue waters of the Adriatic, or upon the unbroken bosoms of the canals! How sweet the luxury to recline in my gondola, with her soft cheek pillowed on my heart! how exquisite to listen to her words of love, and read in her fount-like eyes how deeply I was adored! The hours we passed on the waters, amid song, and sunlight, and music!—never shall they pass away from my recollection. O, bright and peerless soul! whither hast thou gone? Art thou playing about me in the sunbeam?—revisitest thou me in the stellar rays of night? Is thy throne on roses in heaven? or art thou doomed to wretchedness for thy devotion unto me? Or am I—Inez, beautiful spirit! tell me—am I indeed the object of thy hate? Now thou dost know the false delusions of philosophy which led me astray, filling me with haughtiness, and, alas! rending me eternally from thee. Or shall we ever meet again, and know and love, as if nothing had happened to mar our Eden bliss? O thought of ecstasy!

Many and many a time, in my lonely midnight watchings amid the eternal Alps, have I thought of summoning her soul from the cerements of the tomb, and adjuring her, by the name which she dare not resist, to tell me of her present condition. Often have I started up, the spell half muttered on my lips, my whole being trembling with madness—passion—curiosity—what you will; but lo! an uncontrollable power always pulled me back, and the fragrant air of morn has been round about me when I wakened from my swoon, half-conscious, half-sceptical of my wild, unhallowed resolution. And so I live on, still unsatisfied, still miserable. Many a shape of splendour I behold interwoven with my dreams—but she cometh not to brighten them. From the deep caverns of the ocean I have seen them ascend in countless multitudes—figures of enchanting loveliness, with eyes of fire and snow-white wings, but she is not of them. The green forests I have watched peopled with aerial forms, who shun me, even while they appear to court, and speak to me with their eloquent looks, but still no Inez do I see flashing amid that ethereal crowd. And yet I feel, methinks, as if she were always near me now, but never have I been able to pierce the veil around, and discover my companion. Why else, my friend, am I absorbed in thoughts of her? How else am I distracted from the golden words of wisdom or poesy which my books unfold? Alone, or in a crowd, of her still I dream. Solitude cannot keep away the thought, nor busy multitudes arouse my mind from its meditations. Who is he that dares to talk to me of the soul's annihilation? I tell thee I have met such men—say rather fools—but never deigned to argue with them on their mad fantasy. Who is he that dares to talk to me of the annihilation of *her?* Shew him to me and I will not argue with him, but act. Sooner shall I believe that the morning star shineth not. Was this broad and beautiful earth made, then, for brutes? Was it adorned with flowers, and enriched with fruits, decorated with every attraction to fascinate the eye, with lake and landscape, with forests and valleys, merely that a perishing beast called man should tread upon it, and enjoy it for a little while? Was the glorious sun made to light it, and the moon and stars to watch it in the night, and the golden cope of heaven drawn around it, and the million constellations that glitter in the zodiac, put there to serve and to gratify a spiritless mass of flesh, who claimed kindred with the earth alone, and not with all those fair and divine creations? Out upon the men who say these things! I tell thee that such have never loved—have never lost one in whom their heart's affection was treasured. How know I but that I, too, might have been fooled by this incredible creed of annihilation, if I had not known her? Would the Intelligence I possess have saved me from it? Alas! may it not be his interest to deceive? But I am digressing—my brain wanders. Let me pause for a moment—but a moment. The pang is gone!

And had the attendant Spirit given me by the Fates been idle or indifferent all this while? Had he in any way assisted my desires—promoted my wishes—advanced my suit? Yes. To him I had from the beginning entrusted its chief management, and by him it was materially served. In almost every possible earthly shape, the Spirit had thrown himself in the way of Inez, and in all made me the theme of his praise. Now as a young girl of some neighbouring hamlet would

he sigh into the ear of Inez that he wished fate had given him a lover such as it had allotted to her. Now as an old priest he counselled herself and her mother to neglect not so favourable an opportunity of securing the unbounded wealth which all knew I possessed. In a word, there was not a single character or device by which my passion could be materially welded with her very soul which the Spirit did not adopt; and to his management I attributed the fascinating power I possessed over her. So matters proceeded for the first month, but at the end of that period I observed a remarkable change come over his manner. He no longer flew to execute my commands with the lightning speed which he was wont to exhibit. It was with the most sad and indeed harrowing cast of features that he went to perform my missions to Inez. Disobey he could not—thwart me he dared not; but there was an evident reluctance in all he did that awakened my suspicion; yet as I had never made him acquainted with my ultimate intentions with respect to Inez, I cared little for the sentiments of my servitor, and fondly dreamed that I had blinded him both as to my passions and designs. But knowing full well the privilege he possessed, I resolved to put it completely out of his power to baffle my undertaking, and to effect by fraud what I might not be able to compass by force. For this purpose I gave him the most harassing duties to perform—duties that might have roused the tamest into fierceness; and this I did under the expectation that he would assume his privileged hour, and refuse to execute the degrading offices I had ordered. But my art was vain. Either he perceived my drift, and was determined to balk it; or else it was in the Fates that the catastrophe should close as it did. Fully wearied out by all these machinations, I desisted for awhile; bent as the time drew near to put it effectually out of his power to stand in the path of my passions.

All this time my dreams were wild and fierce. I contemplated my heart, and felt like one, who, uplifting some silken veil expecting to find a flowery garland underneath, beholds a nest of young and fiery dragons. I knew and cursed the passion that led me thus astray, but it was not in my nature to stoop to the control even of my own reason. From boyhood until the present instant, I had had the mastery in whatever I had attempted. Never once had I been foiled. Should I submit now?—and to what?—a shadow called virtue—a name—a folly! So I thought, and pronounced it. Why had I achieved knowledge and power but to rule? Thus I argued within myself, as stretched at full length in my boat I contemplated the silent, starry sky, and fixed the next evening for my enterprise. Suddenly, methought, the sky opened, and I beheld the vision which I relate.

A young and laughing child went bounding through a garden of roses. Happiness was displayed in every movement of the infant, and it ran playfully through the aromatic plants, like a little hind. A rustic cottage was near, and by its door sat two, a man and a woman, the father and mother of the child, and the eyes of both were filled with the bliss of their babe's presence in health and beauty and innocence. And the child turned at times to its parents, and laughed a laugh the essence of enjoyment. But in the corner, unseen by the three, was a huge black viper, which coiled itself under a rose, and darted about its round emerald eyes in every direction, as if looking for a victim. Suddenly the little child came near, and sought to pluck that

very rose, for it was one of the finest in the garden. I tried to scream, to warn the infant or its parents of the danger, but I could not move my lips, and the father and mother still looked on and smiled. Then the child went nearer and caught the flower; but in a minute fell dead, so venomous was the sting of the serpent. Then I cursed him, and the scene vanished from the firmament.

And the second vision that I saw was this—

A fair virgin sat beside her mother, and sung to her an old household melody, while the mother spun. It was a scene of beauty, and trees, and purple shrubs. Upon the mother's neck hung a picture of a soldier, and it was set in gold. Suddenly, the daughter snatched it playfully away, and ran down the garden laughing with her prize. But from behind a tree a man sprung, and he had a dagger in his hand. He plunged it into the girl's heart, and went away exulting with that little picture bathed in blood. The gold he tore away, and flung the picture to the winds. And the mother sat there expecting her child, but she came not. And thereupon I cursed the murderer. But as the scene closed, I heard a voice that said, "*These two—the serpent and the assassin—have destroyed the body only, but thou wouldst ruin the soul.*" And I heeded it not, nor either of the two visions. "What an absurd dream I have had!" said I, starting up and laughing.

It was the evening of the first day of the Carnival. We were alone upon the waters—Inez and I. She had that day revealed her whole soul to me with an affectionate freedom that, had I then possessed any of thy spirit, O divine wisdom! might have saved me from the folly into which I was plunging. But it was otherwise in the book of Destiny—and Ruin, with his red eyes, even then brooded over us. How full of life and beauty she appeared!—all her soul sparkled in her eye as I poured forth, in wild impassioned eloquence at her feet, the absorbing passion that burned within me. Anon she took her lute, and played again that soft, sweet strain, which had first awakened my attention, until my whole soul trembled all over with excess of bliss. Then sang she to its silver strings a passage from the enchanting Tasso, in which love—passionate, almighty, and eternal love—was interwoven; and this she breathed with so syrenic a sweetness, that every nerve vibrated in my body, and I was scarcely like one who liveth. We were, as I said, alone. The Spirit had departed, at my command, on an errand which I had marked out specially for that day, and which I resolved should occupy his time so completely that he could offer no disturbance to my desires. And then it was, even in that very moment when she most loved and idolized me, that I made the proposal to her at which my whole being now shudders. I asked her to fly with me for ever—from land, from home, from kindred, and from Heaven, to abide with me by an unholy tie. Accursed infatuation!—to dream that one who loved like her was made to be a spoil, a plaything for the passions. I asked her to forget all the vows I had made—to trample and despise them, and become—what? I did not dare to proceed. Had the whole host of God stood before me, I could not have been more abashed than I felt when, ere I had half proceeded in my declarations, she laid her hand on me, and looked at me steadfastly.

I have heard that when a serpent gazes on the emerald, the brightness of the gem blinds his eyelids, and he turns away in terror from its

beam. And it was even so with me at that moment, looking on that jewel of exceeding rareness. Yet the expression on her countenance was not anger or indignation, so much as unutterable sorrow that she should have been deceived in *me*. And over her brow flitted a smile—a sad, sad, moonlike smile, which I shall never forget. Alas! it is even now fixed in the mirror of mine eyes, and it eateth like a poisoned dagger into my heart's heart. No word spoke she—even her eyes, those eloquent orbs, in which you could have read every thought of her bosom—even they were dumb, and mute, and motionless as marble. No word spoke she, but looked as if her heart was broken within by the few words I had just said. Yet I did not withdraw—I did not repent one syllable of what I had advanced, but urged my words by my looks also. Passion had so complete a mastery of me that I knew nothing, cared for nothing, but one object only; and that I was resolved to compass, though Heaven itself stood before me, and cried "Stop!"

"Thou art now," said I, "in my power, on the lonely waters; thy mother's house shall never again see thee. Fly with me; we shall be happier than those of Paradise. I can command the powers of earth and air to minister unto thee—and they shall. I can say unto sun-born spirits, who know no master so powerful as myself, 'Go!' and they go forth. And of all my domination thou, my own Inez, shalt be the sharer. Alas! I read scorn and hate and sorrow in thine eye; but I have said the word, and I tell thee it shall be as I say. Who can control me? Who can resist the power I wield?"

One shrill scream, sent far and wide over the silent waves, was her only answer to this wild speech, and in the instant that I seated myself by her, to repress another exclamation of the same kind, the Spirit appeared rushing out of the water, and in a second he was in the gondola fronting me, his face all red with rage.

"THIS HOUR IS MINE!" he exclaimed; and methought fire flashed out from all his body, and his wings seemed laden with burning lightnings. "Lo," he added, "I am here."

I knew that it was vain to oppose; I only coiled my arms about Inez firmly. She had fainted away, and was for the rest of the time insensible; and I thought within myself, "An hour will soon pass, and then he shall be again my slave, and *she* mine own for ever."

He seemed to have read my thoughts, for, gazing fiercely in my eyes, he frowned, and said, "Give me the maiden ere the hour passes, that I may place her once more with her mother. Try, then, canst thou ever again get her into thy power!" But I only wound my arms about her more closely, and laughed triumphantly in his face.

Then came over that divine countenance the expression of ghastly melancholy, of which I have spoken before, and he looked at me as if his soul sorrowed for what I had done. But I did not heed him, for the demon was strong within me. "I have sworn," said he, "by the splendour of Him before whom creation trembles, that this fair girl shall not be in thy hands when the hour hath elapsed. Wouldst thou that she should leave them alive or *dead?* If thou dost love her as thou proclaimest, can there be with thee a doubt of the alternative?"

I signed him away with my eyes. "Thou canst not harm her," I said.

He implored—he wept. He fell on his face before me, and humbled himself. He asked me to give her up—with words that might have

moved a stone he besought me, but I remained inflexible. I still held her in my arms, and kept him aloof, for I confided in myself, as I have been wont. Then he rose up. "I have sworn," he said, "to save her, and I will keep my oath. Upon thine own head be this innocent's blood! Behold!"—He struck his foot through one of the planks. Ere thou couldst reckon ten, the gondola filled, and sank.

Down—down into the deep waters sank we. Yet still I kept my hold. I knew that my life was charmed, and vowed never to let her go. Even while the waters, all sparkling with the moonbeams, and translucent as crystal almost to their lowest depths, were above our heads many fathoms, I gazed on my fair burthen with delight and anticipated triumph; and when we rose to the surface, I struck out boldly for the land, shouting meanwhile with all my strength. But no boat came; and the Spirit, who hovered over my head, and who fancied, doubtless, that in the confusion, I should have lost hold of Inez, and thus afforded him the means of rescuing her, wept, methought, tears of blood at what he saw. On through the waves I swam, bearing her securely, and breasting every billow with my accustomed pride. I made but slow way, for her weight pressed on me; but the hour was quickly passing, and after all I doubted not of entire success. Steering by the stars and the lights of the distant city—wild, too, with excitement, and nerved to superhuman exertion by every consideration of raging love, disappointed passion, and the disobedience of the Spirit, I felt a more than lion vigour in my arms, and swept the waters like a haughty galley. Nearer and nearer I drew to land; faster and faster beat my heart. I felt my delighted and victorious spirit dance triumphantly within. My eyes glistened with joy; every vein seemed maddened and swollen. My breath came short and quick. Onward—onward; a few more strokes of the arm, and all was safe. I grasped the land. At the first touch, I sank back exhausted. Again I grasped it with iron force. Now, I felt—now, at least, she is irrevocably mine. I got out upon the marble steps; I staggered with my beautiful burthen over to a shrine of the Virgin, before which hung a small lamp, and I looked into her face. But she was dead—Inez was dead! I had killed her whom I loved!

THE DYING POET TO HIS WIFE.

(From the Italian of Redaelli.)

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

[The original of the following poem was written by the author on his death-bed.]

LISTEN to him, who dying
Breathes his last words to thee,
This wither'd flower, Elvira,
Take as a gift from me.

How fondly I have prized it
To thee I need not say;
I stole it from thy bosom,
Upon our wedding-day.

Of love 'twas then a symbol,
'Tis now a pledge of pain;
Place, dearest, in thy bosom,
This wither'd flower again.

And on thy true heart ever
Engraven may it be,
How once from thee 'twas stolen,
How 'twas restored to thee.

STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA IN CHINA.

A LETTER FROM THE MANAGER OF THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, AND CHINESE OPERA-HOUSE, PEKIN.

(*Reprinted from Ainsworth's Magazine for January*, 1850.)

TO CHARLES W. BROOKS, ESQ.

I. T., AND C. O. H., PEKIN,
1 *April*, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I take advantage of the close of the first season of the Imperial Theatre, to comply with your complimentary request made when I left England, to be informed of the State and Prospects of the Drama in China. When I add that this is about the only advantage which I have as yet derived from my management, you may think that I have already answered your inquiry.

When the Cinque Ports of the Celestial Empire were thrown open, and a long score of equality was marked by the chalk of Albion upon the wall of China, it at once became the duty of each nation to ascertain which of its productions would bear transplanting to the soil of the other. It occurred to me, while forming one of a select and shivering party of eleven who were occupying the pit of Drury Lane Theatre during the performance of Hamlet, that it was possible the Legitimate Drama might be one of these plants. I considered that the mighty Vegetable had originally taken deep and wide root in this land; but that its very size and vigour had in fact impoverished the earth on which it grew, and that its present flagging and fading condition was owing, not to its own decay, but to the exhaustion of the nutritive matter of the soil. After much deliberation, I made up my mind that the experiment of planting a slip of our tree beneath the shelter of the slips of the Chinese theatre, was one to be risked,—and I was fortified in my conviction by the thought, that in forcing "Cato," "Jane Shore," and the "Grecian Daughter," upon the natives of China, I could hardly be discountenanced by our own government which had contended so strenuously for the right of introducing opium.

You are aware that I succeeded Mr. S. Daggerwood in the management of the Dunstable Theatre, and that, consequently, I have had much experience in theatrical affairs. The miserable state of the wardrobe and of the treasury of that establishment was my reason for relinquishing its direction—I stopped only when I was reduced to the condition of Dogberry—"a man that hath two gowns and that hath had losses." I therefore found very slight difficulty in collecting a company sufficiently good to answer my purposes,—for in the empire of the Brother to the Sun and Cousin to the Moon, I did not expect to find much favour for the star system. I therefore engaged a small but useful set of artists; and though, were I to give you their names, you might be tempted to call them "barn actors," I did not consider that they would go against the grain in a country whose very soldiers are men of straw.

I pass over our voyage, which was as prosperous as if Ariel *it*self (with all deference to the Misses Horton and Rainforth, I cannot see that this corset-fitter to Mother Earth was a lady) had been the clerk of the weather, and hasten to report ourselves at Pekin. Finding that

our European dresses did not attract favourable notice from the inhabitants of the towns through which we passed—indeed, we were occasionally "called *on*" to receive a shower of fresh eggs, the rotten ones being retained by the Chinese as favourite delicacies—I caused the company to select various dresses from our theatrical wardrobe, and in these we made our way to the capital. I led the van (I do not mean that containing our properties), in the costume of Comus;—and I feel it due to the ladies and gentlemen of the company, to say that the characters of Bacchantes and Bacchanals lost nothing in their hands, whatever I may have lost out of them. If, therefore, as I was afterwards told was the case, the natives took us for some kind of religious procession, I must add, for the information of the conscientious (if any) of your acquaintance, that civil and religious liberty flourish in a most writing-masterly style under this benignant despotism.

Having reached Pekin, where interpreters are now as plentiful as blackberries, I lost no time in applying for a licence and patronage. I met, singular to relate, with the utmost courtesy from the magistrates, who, however, evinced a somewhat less singular want of comprehension of the objects of the applicant. You are aware that the Chinese themselves have a National Drama, but one the range of which is rather limited—the following being an outline of the only plot ever attempted upon the celestial boards—it is meagre, you will say; but in England I have seen successful dramas with far less.

Wang and Fang are neighbours. Wang's son, Bang, is privately attached to Fang's daughter, Twang. Twang loves Bang. But Wang has destined Bang to become the husband of Loo, daughter to Pooh, an old friend of his; and Pooh has a son, Chew, whom he wished to marry to Twang. Chew and Bang are friends; but neither has disclosed to the other his matrimonial arrangements. The scene on the stage discovers Bang scrambling over Fang's wall, regardless of ceremony and broken glass, to throw himself at the feet of Miss Twang. A short love scene is interrupted by the entrance of Fang, armed with a large bamboo, which he immediately lets fall on the head of the kneeling Bang. Now Chew, who has been out in search of adventures, hears the noise, and looking over the wall, sees his friend Bang being beaten. He comes to the rescue, and beats Fang. Pooh has missed his son Chew, and knowing his life-after-dark propensities, follows him with another bamboo. Finding Chew thrashing his intended father-in-law, Pooh flogs him unmercifully. The roaring of all parties summons Wang, who, seeing his son Bang, instantly concludes that paternal correction is wanted in that quarter, and he produces a third bamboo, and bangs Bang. Everybody now thrashes everybody, when Miss Loo enters with the Magistrate. The Magistrate flogs everybody all round, and reads some verses from Con-Fu-Zee, which I suppose are the Chinese translation of the Riot Act, for everybody departs to his or her dwelling. That the innocent are punished in this life as well as the guilty, seems to be the moral of this "Mystery of the Bamboo," so that after all it is only a plagiarism from Byron's Mystery of "Cane."

You will see, my dear sir, that it was useless to attempt to explain to these lovers of the domestic drama what I wished to introduce. In vain I repeated Mr. Jerrold's definition of the Legitimate to them, and told them that it was the composition in which the interest depended on passion rather than on situation. I was told, in reply, that all the

interest in their own drama was of that order—for that the severity of the floggings administered depended upon the passion the floggers were in. I still strove to explain, but I might as well have talked to a parliamentary committee. I described performers as declaiming without action—but nothing would remove their idea of sticks. And when I talked to them about the Æsthetic in art, I might as well have called it the Asthmatic, for it seemed quite to take their breath away.

So, finding that we were only at cross-questions, and fearing that the answers might soon partake of the same character, I resolved on a bold stroke for a licence. I said that I would ask the presence of the authorities only at a single performance, and would then leave myself in their hands. They agreed to this, and I commenced my season forthwith. At first, I had greatly doubted whether I should not treat the Chinese to a play in English, and I reasoned from the success of the French, Italians, and Germans, in London, that Mungo's inquiry—"What signify me hear if me no understand?" was an absurd one. My actors and actresses, too, were urgent that I should take this course; but whether this advice arose from laziness or not I did not care—I immediately decided against taking it; for I may tell you, in and with confidence, that nobody is so ignorant of dramatic matters as a performer. I at once determined to open with an "occasional" drama, and with the tragedy of "Macbeth," both in Chinese. I wrote the first myself; and while half a dozen translators were at work upon the two pieces, I worked night and day at my theatre.

An old temple, which I obtained on easy terms, was converted into a temple of the drama, and the energies of my carpenters and scene-painters soon rendered it a very elegant minor. I was soon ready to open, for actors can learn anything, and mine were speedily pretty well up in their parts. It is true they did not understand a word of what they recited, but I had too much conscience to announce *that* fact as one of the novelties. The authors (myself and Billy) suffered nothing by it—on the contrary, I suspect that the performers were now occasionally right in their delivery.

On the opening night, I was honoured with a full and fashionable audience. Indeed, the crowd was so great, that I was forced to apply for the assistance of the Pekin police. This was willingly afforded, and a detachment of the T division, armed with long whips, stood in my vestibule, and lashed and slashed a generous public until it behaved with great decorum. The ceremony of paying at the door seemed to astonish the natives, and much confusion arose from their ignorance of the amount to be tendered. At last, with that liberality which I trust will ever characterize an English manager, I desired my officers not to stand upon terms, but to take all they could get. The result was most satisfactory to the treasury, and silver poured in copiously. I must add that four or five enthusiastic play-goers who forced their way in without paying at all were pursued by the officers, were brought out, and were immediately hanged in front of the theatre. I confess I had not contemplated this mode of suspending the free-list.

The Imperial Theatre was crammed, until you could not have squeezed an imperial, far less a pigtail, into any part of it. No orders were admitted, except those which, on the ratification of the treaty, were bestowed by your Queen upon the principal Mandarins, who wore

them with much delight, eat, drank, and slept in them, and even, I believe, made them their companions of the bath. The press of the public induced me not to relax in favour of the public press, but this was a blunder, as you will hear. The boxes looked extremely well, but from the attitude in which their tenants leant forward, in their intense curiosity, they seemed resolved—as we used to say at school—not only to see with their eyes, but also to understand with their elbows.

A medley overture, consisting of repeated alternations of "God Save the Queen," and "God Preserve the Emperor," pleased the house, but when the curtain rose for my occasional piece, the delight was excessive.

All the pigtails suddenly stood on end with astonishment, till everybody seemed to have an usher of the black rod behind his seat. The little drama was a mere sketch of the happy events which led to the union of England and China. I began with a naval engagement, for I thought it would be prudent to imitate the Chinese, and sink the opium. A junk and a frigate were seen in action; and by way of propitiating the house, I made the Celestial soldiers perform prodigies of valour such as were never witnessed on their side in the real affray, and the victory was doubtful, when suddenly the fire ceased, the side of each vessel gave way, and Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, splendidly dressed, was disclosed, waving a palm branch from the English ship—the opening of the junk shewed the Celestial Emperor, who made signs of his royal willingness to accede to terms. Both sovereigns descended inclined planes, met in the centre of the stage, and joined hands, the crews of the vessels cheering tremendously, a brilliant rose-coloured light was kindled in the wings, the band played its loudest, and Peace and Glory, with enormous pig-tails, were seen waving the flags of both nations over the heads of their monarchs.

Nothing could be more triumphant—the house shrieked its approbation, and for myself, I could appreciate the feelings of Orpheus when the beasts encored his last set of Tiger quadrilles. But the "Macbeth," the real experiment, was to come.

I had ventured on considerable liberties with the "middle-aged Scotch gentleman in difficulties," for I felt that each act beyond three in his part would be an act of folly on mine. I like a manager who adheres to the text of Shakspeare, but I did not think that my audience had ears for his sermons; so I shortened my work by compressing his play, and though, when I came to the music, I was certainly at a lock, I comforted myself for turning out the usual mob of pretty sorceresses by the reflection that no Chinese need now ask the question, I have so often heard in your London theatres, "Which is witch ?"

"I played in 'Macbeth' last night," said some scrub of an actor to a friend of John Kemble. "You ?—I was in the house, but I don't remember seeing you." "No ?—well, I wonder at that, I played rather an important character." "Indeed ! may I ask what it was, for I really ——" "Oh, yes ; I played the English general—Kemble the Scotch one !"

I thought as manager that I had a right to the Scotch general's part, and I took it, but I had better have kept in retirement as the English supernumerary. The official persons with whom I previously had been in treaty, no sooner recognised me in the bonnet and

tartans of *Macbeth*, than they uttered screams of approbation, and insisted on shaking me by the hand. Resistance was useless, I was forced to comply, and presently the example became contagious, and every man in the house resolved to—by a similar salutation—shew his gratitude for the spectacle I had given them. In such Chinese as I could muster, I begged and besought them to be still: my *Lady Macbeth* came to my assistance, and uttered the words which she had been taught in the banquet scene, "Sit, gentlemen, I pray you sit," but in vain; those who could not reach me scrambled upon the stage to perform the salute, and in five minutes the whole theatre was a scene of confusion. The Chinese walked about the boards, peeped down my trap-doors, pulled about my actors and actresses, to see whether they were real, climbed into my slips, and worked the scenes with great energy, but not much understanding with each other, and, in short, I had once more to implore the aid of the police to extricate me from my dilemma. Again was this excellent force put into requisition, and by the aid of my friends of the T (and turn-out) division, an enthusiastic public was whipped out of the Imperial Theatre.

After this, licence was unnecessary, and night after night I had admirable houses. To avoid the scene of the opening evening, I caused a strong screen of wire-work to be drawn across the proscenium, and some of our most attractive stage effects were produced behind iron bars. But London has seen the same thing, and so has Amburgh.

I resolved on resigning *Macbeth* to another member of my company, and he appeared in it two or three times. But the play had little effect, except in the cauldron scene, in which the Chinese always supposed that the witches were making tea in a large copper, and wondered that they had not the civility to offer a cup to *Macbeth*. I fear when the child's head and shoulders popped up and down in the same vessel, it did not tend to explode the notion still entertained out here that the English are cannibals. The green branches which the army held before their faces, the Chinese took for fans, and were pleased with our affectionate care to "fan our soldiers cold." Why a branch about the size of one of their fans should conceal the person bearing it, these savages could not conceive, though our London managers could, until within the last three or four years. I believe it was Mr. Macready who first discarded the ostrich's philosophical belief, that if he cannot see you, you cannot see him; but until other managers at home adopt his hint, it would look ostentatious to be reforming out here. Besides, the present effect (upon the Chinese) is, as I have said, good.

But my present season has been prematurely aided by a circumstance unprecedented in theatrical annals. As soon as my speculation was beginning to succeed, and my company thought I could not do without them, they began to mutiny, and threaten to throw up their engagements unless they were allowed to do just as they pleased. I do not mean that this is the novelty; I am coming to that. I bore this as long as I could, and put up with the refusal of a character by one actor because it was too long, and by another because it was too short, and by a third because he had not been consulted while I was writing it, and by a fourth because it would oblige him to sup later than he liked. From the ladies, I had the same trouble on other points—Miss Myrtle

would not play because Miss Harebell's part was too good, and Miss Harebell would not take Miss Myrtle's part at second hand. Mrs. Woodbine would take nothing which she could not play in ringlets and a pink bonnet; and Mrs. Spiderwort, who was very well made, would act nothing, not even *Lady Macbeth*, unless she might do it in a page's dress. I was on the verge of ruin, when a thought struck me, which I adopted. Every one of my mutinous ladies and gentlemen invariably threatened me with throwing up his or her engagement in case I did not yield the point in dispute. I took my measures for some days; and one morning I *cast* a new piece as I thought it ought to be cast. As I had foreseen, everybody was dissatisfied, all grumbled, and some refused their parts, point blank. On all sides I heard the threat to abandon me, and I laughed outright.

"Please yourselves, ladies and gentlemen," I said.

They were all astonished; but taking it for granted that I was at their mercy, and should be forced to engage them, every one of them formally resigned. No, one clever girl, who had always behaved extremely well—I may as well mention that I have married her for her good conduct (Mrs. Screw sends you her best compliments)—was the exception.

"Then, ladies and gentlemen," said I, "the sooner you leave my theatre the better. I supposed it would come to this, and I have provided against it. It seems to me that as we are to play Chinese plays, the natives can speak their language nearly as well as you can; and as for acting, I wont remind you of the barns I took you from—but there are barns in this country too—and from them I have done myself the honour of selecting a new company. I have had them in training for some time; and their *enter* will immediately follow your *exeunt*. Do we part friends?"

They were thunderstruck, except that the *bolt* followed. I was inexorable to remonstrance, and I introduced my Chinese actors. They were received with the utmost applause; but, mark the sequel. In three days, as if there were something in the smell of the foot-lights which makes people self-conceited and rebellious, one of my Chinese company began to mutiny. "Oh," thought I, "we'll soon see whether we can't manage you." So I mentioned the circumstance to a Mandarin, a particular patron of my mine, and he promised to interfere.

He kept his word. My rebellious Chinese was actually on the stage when the spirit of mutiny arose within him, and he refused to utter another word. I called to him to go on, and he made some reply in his own language which I could not understand. In another moment four strong officers rushed upon the boards, seized the refractory actor, and binding him between two wooden planks which they had brought, they laid him down, and with a huge saw very coolly sawed him in halves in the face of our generous benefactors.

My friend the Mandarin had procured an order from the Emperor for this operation, but with that carelessness in which one's best friends *will* indulge, he had never mentioned the circumstance to me; otherwise what a magnificent house I should have had, if I had *underlined* the saw.

It is, as you know, not unusual to "halve the house," at the benefits which usually announce the termination of the season; but when one

comes to halve the actors, that termination, which is a benefit to the audience only, must necessarily be hastened. My season has closed, and for the present I will only add, that

I remain, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

MASSINGER SCREW.

Feast of Lanterns, or Light Dinner Day.

P.S.—What do you think of my bringing a Chinese Opera Company to London? Though they could not look worse than the Germans, or behave worse than the Italians, they would have the advantage of a language which *nobody* would understand. I wish you would mention it to Mr. Bunn, or Mr. Lumley.

THE MONASTERY OF L'AVERNIA.

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE HONOURABLE CHARLES STUART SAVILE,

AUTHOR OF "KARAH KAPLAN."

THE sequel to the following story will fully and satisfactorily account for the manner in which the author became possessed of its appalling details.

The monastery of L'Avernia is situated at the extremity of the Maremma, in the state of Tuscany, on a precipitous height of unquarried rock. In its immediate vicinity may be observed the so-called "Massa della Verna," a mountainous mass, twice the size of a spacious mansion, and singular for the equilibrium with which it is supported at a single point of its immense diameter. The monastery is of ancient date, and remarkable as the prison-like receptacle of priests and monks of the several orders who have been convicted of serious crimes; it has a melancholy and dilapidated air, which corresponds well with the gloomy and criminal character of its inmates. A part of it is excavated from the solid rock, from which dark mosses and ivy hang over the darker building. The "Foresteria," or outer apartments, for the reception of strangers, are separated externally from the rest of the monastery, although each room is connected with it by a secret and subterranean passage. The prisons, of which there are several, all lie beneath in the bosom of the rock, through which they wind and penetrate deep and far.

It was towards evening, during the summer of 1836, that a foreign artist presented himself at the outer gate of the monastery of L'Avernia. He was, he said, desirous of seeing the building, but more particularly of speaking with the Padre Guardiano, or Superior. The porter, after rather a prolonged absence, returned, and bade the stranger follow him to the presence of the Padre Guardiano, who was ready to receive him. As the young foreigner passed through the long corridor which led to the more interior quarters of the monastery, he observed that the several monks who met his eye were buried in profound silence or meditation; and on inquiry he was informed that, as in the case of the Capuchins of Rome, they were never permitted to converse but in the presence and by the permission of the superior. On entering the presence of the Padre Guardiano, the stranger perceived in that monk

an appearance calculated in every degree to conciliate and win esteem. Politeness, affability, cheerfulness, and frankness of manner, combined with a fine and reverend exterior to remove all idea of any suspicion of his integrity. An Italian, indeed, or one long resident among that subtle people, might have detected a depth of insincerity under his bland smiles and profuse expressions of regard. *He*, perhaps, might have deemed the truth too cheap which was communicated so freely, but a more honest and unsuspecting inhabitant of a northern clime had neither the ability nor the wish to penetrate beneath the specious surface of his pleasing manners and obliging words. The Padre rose, together with a monk of the monastery who had been sitting at his side, and listened to the stranger most attentively, while he stated that, during his residence at Bologna, he had become acquainted with a young student, who had since, he understood, from melancholy or some other cause, become an inmate and monk of l'Avernia, under the name of Brother Anselmo, and with whom he particularly desired to renew his friendship. The Abbot replied, that such an individual had indeed formed one of their number, but that, unhappily, he had now been dead for some time.

While the Superior was uttering these words, the stranger's eye was caught by the monk who stood beside him, and who made, by a slight movement of the head, a short but significant sign of negation. It was, however, in vain that the visitor attempted to gain more satisfactory information concerning his friend, the brief explanations given by the Abbot all tended to the same conclusion, "that Brother Anselmo had been dead many months." Baffled in all his efforts, the stranger requested the hospitality of the monastery for the night, trusting that the monk's sign of denial, if it had been understood aright, might prove the prelude to some further disclosure. The request for hospitality was immediately and cordially granted, and the artist was conducted to a small apartment in the Foresteria, the door of which he left partially open, in hopes of some visit being paid him in the course of the night. It was long before the fatigue of his journey could overcome the stranger's recollection of the merry days he had passed with his friend at the university of Bologna, together with his long and everchanging surmises with regard to the motives which could have induced one of so buoyant and sanguine a disposition to enter a monastery; long, too, he pondered over the life or death, alike mysterious, which appeared to have awaited his former comrade within the gloomy walls of L'Avernia. At length, about two hours after midnight, he had just fallen into his first sleep, when he was suddenly aroused by a noise from beneath the pavement of his room; and on gazing with the intensest anxiety, he beheld a figure rise through a trap-door: the visitor proved to be the monk who had given the sign that evening. He had a cowl upon his head and a torch in his hand, the flame of which cast a livid glare over features naturally repulsive and ghastly. Beckoning in silence to the young artist to follow him, he disclosed, under the trap-door through which he had descended, a flight of stone steps, whose base was completely obscured in darkness. After descending flight after flight, they arrived at a level part of the subterranean passage, where the sound of a stream of water was heard rushing over their heads. The monk here paused, and addressing the stranger, said, "Swear by all that is sacred that you will never reveal to mortal being that which you are now about to see and hear!"

" But what if my duty forbid my silence?" asked the visitor.

" Your duty," returned the monk, " can never require the violation of an oath. Listen to me. It is not my own life about which I am solicitous—oh, no! It is true, that if the secret were disclosed, I should immediately fall a victim to the rage or fears of our superior. This would be of little consequence, for a life like mine is hardly worth preserving; but, stranger, I have a mother and sisters, who reside not far from hence, and whom circumstances have placed entirely in the power of the Padre Guardiano. In the most solemn manner has he assured me, that if mortal ever discover the horrid secret with which he has entrusted me, their means—yes, the means of all those most dear to me—will be instantly cut off, and their lives, perhaps, ultimately sacrificed! If you will not swear, we must return."

" I swear, then," said the youth, " never to reveal to mortal being what I am about to behold or hear, excepting in such a manner that no harm can befal either you or yours. Will that suffice?"

" It needs must, young man," returned the monk; " yours is an honest countenance, and I will trust you; but remember, sir, that not only my fate, but that of my mother and sisters, will depend upon your discretion. Follow me!"

Having proceeded some distance farther, the dim torchlight of the " frate" fell upon a small door in the rock, which he opened with a key taken from beneath his robe, and after they had entered, in a stooping posture, a most hideous, heart-rending spectacle, presented itself to the student's affrighted eye.

In a small, dark, stony room, or rather dungeon, on a bed of musty straw, lay a figure, scarcely human—an animated skeleton—a foul mockery of life—in the dull but ghastly features of which the artist recognised the countenance of his acquaintance at the university! but, alas! every effort to elicit a sign of recognition from the miserable being was in vain—not a word even could be extracted from his lips. He lay, indeed, in a state of hebetude more frightful than death. Reason, as it appeared, had long departed, and it was evident that the small remnant of life that still flickered in the socket would soon be extinct. Overcome with melancholy, the stranger quitted the dungeon, and conjured the frate to give him some account of the circumstances which had caused his friend so cruel a fate. In answer to his inquiries, he was informed, that an enmity, of which no one could divine the cause, had sprung up between the youth and the Padre Guardiano. So deadly was the Padre's hatred of this wretched victim, that he had resolved on making away with him; but in the breast of this villanous ecclesiastic, as in that of many others whom revenge, lust, hatred, or avarice, have induced to become murderers, enough of conscience, however irrational and inconsistent, remained to prevent his putting a speedy period to the existence of a life which he destined to destruction by the force of circumstances, of which he was the sole and diabolical author. In conformity with this accursed design, and by the aid of two monks, whom, by terror, or still more guilty means, he retained within his power, and had enslaved to his purposes, he caused it to be generally believed in the monastery that the Brother Anselmo had died of a fever. Mass was said over a vacant coffin; the rapidity of pretended putrefaction was an excuse for concealing the face of the unhappy being who was supposed to be buried, while

he himself was removed to the loathsome dungeon in the heart of the rock, there to rot out a miserable existence—to learn to despair, to madden, and to die! "Three years," continued the monk, "have nearly elapsed since first your friend was introduced into this horrid abode. During that period, the two confidants of the Padre Guardiano are dead, and by the force of threats, which he is too able to execute, the fiend has compelled me to take their place, to bring food to this miserable wretch, and to confess him, as long as reason remained. My mind is in some measure relieved by this disclosure; but remember your solemn oath! If you reveal this mystery, save in the manner you have promised, you will in no degree benefit your friend, whose glimmering spark of life must soon be extinguished, and whose mind and body are alike insensible to misery and pain—while, at the same time, you will infallibly cause the ruin, if not the death, of three innocent beings, to say nothing of my own unhappy life. Be wary, therefore, my son—be temperate, and may the Holy Virgin protect and bless you!"

The stranger departed early on the following morning, without making any remarks or inquiries which might excite suspicion. Proceeding at once to Florence, he requested an audience of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, on a matter, he said, of serious importance. Thinking it might be some disclosure relative to a projected revolt, the Prince consented to see the stranger, who, in the private cabinet of the Duke, communicated to him all the particulars which have just been detailed. "I must," he observed, "entreat of your royal highness this act of justice and policy, that you send me with an escort of soldiers to take possession of the monastery, and seize the person of the Padre Guardiano."

The Grand Duke, after some reflections, consented. The soldiers were sent in different directions in companies of two or three; for it is the policy of the Tuscan government to conduct all its movements with the greatest secrecy and with the least possible display of actual force. Having assembled in the neighbourhood of the monastery, their first act was to lock all the monks in their cells, and then to seize the superior, who was told that he must render an account of his conduct to his sovereign. The monk by whom the disclosure had been made, was assured by the stranger of perfect safety, and directed to conduct him, together with the lieutenant commanding the company, to the dungeon of the prisoner.

It was indeed too late to produce any alteration in the fate of the unhappy youth who had thus, at the age of twenty-eight years, fallen a victim to the vengeance or hatred of an Italian priest. He was conveyed to Florence, and placed in the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, where every attempt to restore him to speech or reason failed. Buffalini, the celebrated physician, by whom he was attended, declared that it was a miracle he had existed so long.

The individual from whom the author has derived the whole of the preceding details was, at that period, one of the students of the hospital, and engaged in his turn, in attending the extraordinary patient, and he asserted most solemnly, that his information was received from the officer who commanded the soldiers sent to take possession of the monastery. The unhappy youth expired in about three months. His parentage and former residence were unknown; nor could the

artist succeed in recalling the family name which he had borne at the university—a circumstance which will not appear strange to those who are aware with what facility acquaintances, and even friendships, are formed in that part of the world. From the superior of the monastery of L'Avernia, who was examined in the presence of the Grand Duke, not a syllable could ever be elicited as to the cause which had led to the inhuman act. The wretch was confined in the Masteo, a tower of Volterra, whence, as it is by some asserted, he was claimed by the Pope, to receive punishment or *protection* at his hands.

Every mouth, at the time in question, was full of this mysterious event. The reports, however, concerning it, were vague and contradictory; while, as no account of it was permitted to appear in the public prints, curiosity gradually cooled, and the enormity was forgotten.

At that day, which will disclose the secrets of all hearts and homes, neither the haunts of plunder, the palaces of tyranny, nor the dungeons of the oppressor, will plead guilty to one half the number of crimes which will be charged upon those monasteries, where vice has for ages fixed her deepest lair, and hypocrisy her firmest throne.

OLD GERMAN BALLAD.

BY MARGARET SCOTT.

A NOBLE knight to Cunigunde drew nigh,
And thrice he kiss'd her lips, and, with a sigh,
These words he spake:—
"I kiss'd thee first—oh, lady of my heart!
Because, in truth, more beautiful thou art
Than all beside.

"I kiss'd thee next—oh, make me not regret!—
Because my heart can now no more forget
Until I die.
The third kiss, lady, I have given to thee,
That thou, henceforth, my bride and wife shouldst be,
And with me go.

"And if thy heart doth with thy looks agree,
Give the three kisses back again to me,
And be mine own."
But mournfully she look'd upon him there,
And not a kiss returning to his prayer,
She spake, and said:—

"The kisses thou hast given to me to-day,
I will another time to thee repay
With heart and soul.
The first, I'll send to thee,—a sad farewell,
When I am summon'd to the convent cell,
Far, far away!

"The next must soothe thee, as the kiss of love,
When my heart, shortly, to the realms above,
Through death shall pass,—
But I will keep the third—oh, friend beloved!—
Till thou shalt die, and God hath *both* removed
To endless joy."

THREE DAYS LOST IN TAURUS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The inconvenience attendant upon the necessary loading and unloading of baggage-horses, however closely the traveller may confine himself within the compass of an imperious economy, has been frequently the subject of regret among Oriental tourists. One beautiful morning, being with a small party engaged in exploring Taurus, our commander, Colonel Chesney, proposed to me, while the horses were loading, and the remainder of the party equipping for the customary day's journey, to walk out with our guns, and see what amusement we could find.

The village, where we had passed the night, was remarkably situated, on a wooded hill, at the southern, or Mediterranean side of Taurus, and commanded perhaps one of the most extensive and splendid prospects to be met with throughout Asiatic Turkey. Behind us were the steep and naked precipices, the indented ravines—dark in mid-day—and the snow-white summits of the central crest of Taurus; around us, wooded hills with here and there a castellated ruin; and before us, and at our feet, was the wide, grassy plain of Cilicia Campestris; across which the broad Sarus wound its way, like a silver serpent, to be lost in the olive groves which surround the populous town of Adanah. The valley of the Cydnus could, also, be easily traced to where the river washed the walls of renowned Tarsus; and farther to the east, the valley of the third great river of Cilicia—the Pyramus—was easily distinguished by the minarets of Mopsuestia and knolls of rock, which broke the uniformity of the plain, like colossal mounds, bearing the Castle of the Serpents, of Tum, Anazarba, and others.

Beyond the plain, the gulf of Alexandretta was girded on the one side by the lofty range of ancient Amanus, and compassed on the other, by the wooded Rhosus; while the peak of Mount Casius marked the more distant outline of coast that led away to Lebanon. In another direction, the gulf expanded into open sea, just broken on the extreme verge of the horizon, by the blue and indistinct outline of the Isle of Cyprus.

The immediate country, which we were then beating for game, was better characterized by its vegetation, than by any other features. The hills, in rather monotonous succession, were uniformly covered with shrubbery, consisting mainly of prickly oak, myrtle, juniper, and Christ's-thorn. Out of these arose, here and there, more lofty trees, of which, different oaks and the locust tree were the most characteristic. When not covered with shrubs, the ground was clothed with a little spiny plant of the Acacia tribe (*Mimosa agrestis*) with liquorice plant, Oriental rest-harrow, and the astragalus; heaths and ferns did occur, but were not, as with us, characteristic of these inter-sylvan spaces.

The next intended point of our journey, and the place to which the guides had been directed, was the old Armenian episcopacy of Sis, the position of which, in the uncertain geography of this portion of the globe, was only proximately known to be somewhere at the foot of Taurus, a few days' journey to the north-east of our present position. In the customary absence of roads or pathways, Colonel Chesney and myself

kept pretty close to what we considered would be the direction taken by the others. But it was not till after beating the hills around for some time without success, that we felt simultaneously aware that some mistake must have occurred. In fact, by the time of day, it was quite evident that they had gone by some other line of road. Under these circumstances, the Colonel proposed to push forward, with the hopes of intercepting or getting sight of them from some eminence on our way.

We had not proceeded far, before we arrived at the banks of a river, along which we had to wander in search of a ford. This we soon found, near an abandoned burial-ground, on which were the ruins of a mosque. Higher up the river, some wild ducks were paddling about in undisturbed quiet, and while the Colonel made an ineffectual attempt to approach them unobserved, I ensconced myself behind a few stones, endeavouring, but unsuccessfully, to get a shot at some curious-looking rats, which were here luxuriating on the remains of Muhammedans.

The Colonel having rejoined me, we stripped for the river, and got our clothes and arms over dry. This river, designated the Urlinjah, was that branch of the Sihun, which flows from the head of the great pass in Taurus, known as the Cilician Gates, now the Golek Boghaz. On the opposite side, we found ourselves in a country of similar characters as heretofore—hilly, but not rocky—generally wooded, uninhabited, and pathless. At one moment, we ascended an adjacent height, to obtain a view of the country before us, and select the line which appeared most open, without deviating from our direction, as indicated by the compass; at another, we descended into deep vales, choked with an almost impenetrable shrubbery, where the armed and pliant branches of the Christ-thorn tore our clothes, as we forced our way onwards. At times a reprieve was obtained by following the course of some rivulet, whose pebbly bed was only here and there interrupted by the yielding tamarisk, or the gaudy flowering oleander; but the head waters of such a stream were soon gained, the crest of another ridge had again to be surmounted, and that only to see another vale and another ridge of wooded heights, like the reflection in a mirror of what had just been passed—so similar in outline, in elevation, and in vegetation.

We had only met with one partridge during the whole day, and this, luckily, the Colonel shot. We had disturbed several jackals from their unenvied coverts, but otherwise animal life had been rather rare; as evening was coming on, however, and the snows of Taurus had already began to cool the air, where sunset is so brief, we came to the banks of a small stream, to which the quadrupeds of the forests were coming down in troops to assuage their thirst. We knew, by the experience of only a few days before, that the nimer or panther, and a smaller species of the tiger kind, were frequent on the outskirts of Taurus, and this made us keep a careful look-out.

The rippling of the crystal stream, and the hum of the great beetles, that ever and anon struck recklessly against us, were at this opportune moment broken upon, by the distant sound of barking dogs. Our pace quickened, and a momentary interchange of gladdened looks took place. In about half an hour, we had reached a small village of herdsmen, situated on a little height above the rivulet; we were

kindly received, a room being set apart for us, and an old woman busying herself in making some of the thin cakes which go by the name of bread. On our part, gathering together a few sticks, we also lit a fire, and roasted our solitary bird, which was divided into equal shares—a leg, wing, and breast each.

The next morning, when the Colonel awoke me, it was so dark that for a moment I argued the question as to its being daybreak; but I was overruled on this point, and not being troubled with baggage, or by a lengthy toilette, having in default of beds slept in our clothes, we were soon on our way, without troubling the sleeping villagers with any ceremonious adieux.

We walked two dreary hours, before a long line of light, on the eastern horizon, announced the break of morn, and at the same time displayed a tolerably large village not far from us. Tempted by the latent idea of a cheering cup of coffee, we directed our steps thither, and found a boy just aroused to let out the cattle, who pointed out to us the sheik's house, or public oda. It is necessary to mention here, that the occurrences related in these pages, took place shortly after the arrival of the Euphrates Expedition on the coast of Syria, and that the Colonel's stock of native languages consisted chiefly of Arabic, while we were now roving in a country of Turks, of whose language we neither of us, at that time, knew scarcely a word.

Walking unceremoniously up stairs, we opened a door, and entered a large room, at one end of which were the dying embers of a fire, while the raised divan on each side, and even the central space between, were covered with turbaned gentlemen, fast asleep, after the legitimate Muhammedan fashion, with their heads towards Mecca. We had to step cautiously round one head, and then over another body, before we could reach the fire-side, when putting our guns in the corner, we began to labour at the revivification of the ashes. The noise, however, made by our entrance had awakened several of the sleepers, who one after another began to assume a semi-erect position, yawningly rolling the fallen folds of the turban round their lazy heads, and interchanging all the while glances of surprise and distrust. We attempted to be civil and make explanations; but this, as they could not understand us, only made matters worse, and them more impudent; and I soon after observed one, who had been sleeping in the middle of the floor, and who, like the rest, was armed with pistols and dagger, steal round the stool on which the Colonel had seated himself, and drawing his dagger make signs first at the Colonel's back, and then to my side of the fire-place. At the same moment, the Colonel called out to me in a sharp quick manner to take my gun, for he had observed a similar proceeding going on in my rear. The call was obeyed with an alacrity equal to the emergency, and in a second's time we were both on foot, our guns in our hands; and our antagonists retreating a few steps, at this sudden movement, we cleared a way through the room, gained the door, thence the stairs, and in the lapse of a minute were on our road again, but without a cup of coffee.

Daylight had now really broken, the morning was clear and frosty, and we found ourselves approaching more closely the rugged rampart of the high mountain chain that was always by our side. Passing over a few wooded hills, we came to a more open and expansive valley, watered by a tributary to the Urlinjah, somewhat cultivated, with cottages here and there, and a mansion-like looking residence in the

distance. We succeeded, by frequently-repeated signs of amity, in getting near a shepherd, who had fled at our first approach, and from him we learnt that this was a country residence of Melangena Oghlu, a Turkoman chieftain, whose name we were familiar with, as the family have long, under both Osmanli and Egyptian rule, held the situation of governors of Adanah. Thither, then, we bent our steps, and found, as usual, a large square building, without windows on the outside, and entered by a solitary porch and gateway. The ground-floor was used merely for stables &c., and the first and only floor above was divided into suites of rooms, comprising harem, divan khaneh, &c., separated at regular distances by talars, or rooms, open in front, and all communicating together by an open balcony that ran round the interior. The servants, with some hesitation, shewed us into a receiving-room, and a short time afterwards, by their master's orders, brought us a repast of bread, milk, and the sweet juice of the grape. After this, we were conducted before the chieftain, who received us in a talar, surrounded by his attendants. We endeavoured to explain our position, and obtain a guide for Sis, but could not make ourselves understood. A Frank who was in the chieftain's service was sent for, but he turned out to be a Russian, and to the surprise of all present, we could not interchange a sentence. The Colonel had some few papers about him in Turkish, but they did not appear to have any effect, and, at length, we departed as we came—together with our compass.

The morning's walk was destined to be more cheerful; at starting, there was some cultivation and open country, and for a time, even a visible pathway. After little more than a couple of hours' walk, we came to a village, where we visited the sheik, and letting it be understood that we came from Melangena Oghlu, we got a cup of coffee, and obtained a guide to a neighbouring village, which we reached before mid-day, and past which rolled the deep and unfordable waters of the Sihun. We were delayed a short time to be ferried over, and then we advanced into a deserted wooded country, the counterpart of what we had travelled through the day before. Our afternoon's walk was long and laborious; not the less so from having been on foot since two hours before sunrise. We were very silent; the walk was too long and continuous to keep up much conversation, and the mind was too earnestly bent on the obstacles that presented themselves at each moment, in an increased impenetrability of the jungle, or sheets of water, or broken cliffs, that now and then crossed our pathway. Without stopping to consult, or interchanging an idea on the subject, the eye was constantly and actively employed weighing the comparative facilities of the different lines which would carry us on, without losing the definite direction marked out by the compass:—a break in the copse seemed to promise well, but it was backed by a shingly cliff of crumbling rock; a water-course offered facilities, but it terminated at the loftiest part of a distant range of hills; sometimes a tacit diversity of opinion would manifest itself, by one moving in one direction, the other, in another; but the separations that ensued were brief, for our direction was the same. Little occurred to relieve the monotony of our journey. Here and there, a snake, throwing its pliant whorls round a helpless lizard, diverted our attention; and a jackal, stealing from its covert, would be followed by the short, smart click of the cocking gun—but we met with no game.

There were not, however, wanting some natural beauties to charm us on our stealthy progress. The rippling of the clear crystal brook, beneath groves of brilliant oleander, was ever a relief. The chameleon, green on the leaves of the gorgeous flowering rose-bay, brown on the fragile tamarisk, and light-coloured on the sunny bank, was a frequent source of interest. The sleepy hollows of the forest often revealed pools of water, so still, silent, and dark, overshadowed by motionless alder and jasmine trees, and watched by a lone, black heron—altogether so perfect within themselves, as to look more like composition than reality. Then again, from the steeps of some adjacent height, the wide expanse of hill and wood, uninterrupted by fallow, or the curl of cottage smoke, and except when limited by the snow-clad mountain chain, trending away to the extreme verge of the horizon, gave an impression of vastness, that, in our position, was almost sublime.

The sun was setting on the second day of our long march, the character of the country remained the same, the difficulties of progress were in no way diminished, but a village of huts was perceptible in the distance, nearer to the foot of the mountains. Before us, a wide and extensive valley, bounded by low hills, and covered with dense, unbroken jungle, stretched away almost as far as the eye could reach. The Colonel put it to me, whether we should go into the valley or turn off to the huts. I looked in vain for anything like a cottage that we could reach in our direction, before it would be dark; and not caring for a supperless and shelterless night in the jungle, gave my vote in favour of the village, which we were not long in nearing.

Emerging from a wooded glade below, we came upon a circumscribed green platform, on which lay the sheep and cattle gathered in for the night round the mud and hurdle cottages, and guarded by fierce dogs, through whom it was almost as venturesome for a man, as for a wolf or jackal, to force his way. Often had we, on entering a Turkoman encampment, to thank our horse, which lifted us above the ground, for exemption from the bites of these ferocious animals; often had I seen the more impatient among us, goaded by their assaults, exchange the whip for his pistols; but such proceedings are dangerous, as the Turkoman values his dog too much to allow it to be hurt without resentment; yet these semi-savages never call their dogs off, but may be seen moving leisurely from tent to tent, or coming out to kill some long serpent that has intruded into the fold, and yet not bestow a look, still less a word, upon a stranger fighting his way against the odds of a dozen dogs at his horse's heels. On the present occasion we were not mounted, and our difficulties thereby were much increased; we hit away, however, with the muzzle of our guns on one side, and the butt end at the other, and entered, without invitation, the first open hut that came in our way. It, must, however, be said to the credit of the Turkomans, that they behaved to us with hospitality. It seems as an understood thing, that if you can get through the ring of dogs, you shall be well received in the tent. Happily it was seldom our fate not to have an avant-courier on such occasions, or, at all events, to be mounted. But here we were, two strangely accoutred and armed men, without horses, guide, or native, with us—unable to speak scarcely a word of the language, and approaching an encampment at nightfall. It would not have been surprising if, under these circumstances, the secluded and often ill-treated peasants, had doubted our objects and intentions—they did not, however, but gave us a room and food and firing. For my part, I

was soon at home, and went and smoked a social pipe with the villagers; but hearing the Colonel complain of cold, I rejoined him, and exerted myself in procuring a hurdle door, which our tent wanted very much, after which, we resigned ourselves to sleep. We had walked about sixteen hours that day, and had not to woo long the reluctant friend of the idle.

The Colonel slept so well, that we did not start the next morning until about an hour before daybreak—but we were refreshed and vigorous; for light diet and exercise gives health and strength in Taurus as well as at Grafenberg. Our muscles had become firmer by practice, and we trod the earth with an elastic, buoyant step; the horizon of the eve did not now appear so remote, and even the jungle itself was no longer so formidable; the delicate clematis was torn, in our onward progress, from its attachments; the wild vine, buckthorn, and brambles —the *lianes* of the East—and the trailing and intertwining plants of the country, presented obstacles that were now almost disregarded; it was only the sharp spurs of the Christ-thorn, and the more sturdy prickly oak, that still set us at defiance.

On and on we sped, however, till near noon, when ascending an eminence that skirted our way, we perceived to our infinite delight, that we were approaching a level, uniform, grassy plain, that stretched away to the far horizon, only interrupted by two or three castle-bearing knolls of rock. We recognised in a moment the plains of Cilicia—the continuation of those of Adanah and Tarsus, and we felt as if all our evils were at an end. We knew it would be a pleasure to walk on that soft, downy Turkish carpet, with no jungle to oppose, and with such an expansive view before us that there could no longer be any fears or doubts as to the point of our destination, could we once get that fairly indicated.

We started, with renewed hopes and additional vigour; but there were still many ups and downs, many wooded hills and tangled vales to be crossed, ere we reached the plain. In one of the latter of these we came suddenly upon a small Turkoman encampment, guarded, as before, by dogs; but we made our way to the sheik's tent, and were, as usual, well received by these patriarchal wanderers: a black slave being immediately set to work to pound—which they do with a monotonous semi-musical beat — the coffee, without which no stranger departs. Liberated from the ceremonious restraint of the sheik's greatness and generosity, we were pointed out, on starting, one of the distant knolls of rock, that lay islanded on the plain, as bearing the Castle of Sis; so we had now nothing to do but to make our way thither, without the fear or danger of another night's wandering. Every step that brought the bushes farther apart was a step of joy, and at length we reached the greensward. But the evening's walk was still very long: on such uniform level plains, the distance of an object is very deceptive, and then the progress of man is so like that of a caterpillar, while his thoughts precede him like a bird. Then we found a marsh upon our road, which obliged us to turn off, some few additional miles; but at length we reached the limestone rock, which, now that we had neared it, from a knoll on the plain had become a giant hill of a mile or two in length, some eight hundred feet in elevation, and crowned by the ruins of an extensive castle. Turning round this rock, we had to gain its eastern aspect ere we discerned the small but ancient-looking town of Sis, stretching along the foot and up the sides of the hill, and

domineered over by the church and monastery of the Armenian Bishopric, which stood half-way between the base of the hill and the castellated heights above.

We made our way to the monastery, and claimed hospitality, which was not refused. Passing through a paved court-yard, we were received in a large room with scanty furniture, by three or four resident monks. They were civil and kind to us; and after resting awhile, we went to visit their church—a handsome and solid stone edifice of simple architecture. Nothing could exceed the cleanliness around; part of the buildings were hewn out of the solid rock; the different courts were but terraces on the hill side, and all were flagged and clean as the domestic hearth.

This Armenian ecclesiastical site, which rivals in importance the sees of Utchmiadzin and Constantinople, is of great antiquity, having been contemporary with Anazarba, a Byzantine city, where one of the emperors lost his life while boar-hunting, but which was itself destroyed by an earthquake in Justinian's time. The castle and rock of this latter town, covered with magnificent sarcophagi, were visible from the terrace on which we stood, and were soon afterwards visited by us. It was from these districts, of Anazarba and Sis, and from the stronghold of Kara Sis, or "Black Sis," which the Colonel and myself galloped off to the next day, and which is shut up among the mountains to our rear, that the Armenians came down and plundered the Crusaders on the plains of Cilicia.

We had just returned from a hasty exploration of the sad specimens of art and gaudy ornaments, which disgraced rather than embellished so neatly built and solemn an edifice as the Armenian church really was, when our dragoman, Yusof Saada, made his appearance. He had heard in the town of the arrival of two Franks at the monastery, and imagining it might be us, had come to make inquiries. We were sufficiently impolite to forego the no-doubt simple repast, which the monks had been now some time preparing, and hastened away to our friends, who, although mounted, and accompanied by a guide, had only arrived the same day.

THE SICK CHILD.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

A WEAKNESS seizes all my limbs—I struggle to be strong—
But all in vain; I feel—I feel I shall not be here long.
I would I might abide on earth till spring hath brought the flowers—
I would that I might breathe my last 'mid April's balmy showers!

For now the wind is blowing cold—so very cold and sad;
And yet—and yet, it may be so, I might not like it glad.
The snow is drifting into heaps—the ice is on the lake;
At night I watch the winter moon, I lie so oft awake.

I gaze upon the smiling sun when there is not a cloud—
I shall never see its brightness when I'm wrapp'd within my shroud;
But I shall view a brighter scene when I mingle with the sod—
For I shall see unblinded then the glory of my God!

It may be so—I cannot tell—I yet may last till June—
I yet may see the roses blow, and the soft summer moon.
I long to leave my heated couch, where feverish I lie!
I long—I long to feel the breeze before the day I die!

I do so gasp for air and light! I cannot bear this gloom—
It seems to me much darker than the darkness of the tomb!
But this is fretful—let it pass, for I am not so now—
For oh! I feel the dews of death are hanging on my brow!

In solitude I've often wept—'twas pain that made me weep—
Those restless days and fev'rish nights—that total want of sleep.
Ope wide the window! Yes, I feel refreshing breezes roll—
They play upon my cheek and brow—they'll waft my parting soul!

I feel as though my spirit had bright wings to flee away.
Oh! join my hands together now, oh! let me—let me pray!
My Saviour loved those little ones—with him I fain would be—
The merciful to sinless babes will mercy shew to me.

A SCENE DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY MISS SKELTON.

During the early part of the French Revolution, ere the Reign of Terror had reached its height; when society had still some shape and form; when the deaths or trials of the Royal family were not even anticipated; when the disturbances, though daily, frightful, and sanguinary, were yet but child's play in comparison with what was to follow, —and the aristocrats still believed all would end well, they, under this impression, still continued from time to time those displays of wealth and elegance for which Paris, up to that period, had been so renowned. Balls, banquets, *petit soupers*, followed each other in gay succession, gathering together the noble and the lovely, and made radiant by the light of eyes, soon to be quenched in tears, or closed for ever. The crisis, however, was approaching; the large assemblies became less frequent; the carriages of the nobility and clergy, and of all connected with the court and aristocratic party, were invariably saluted with yells, curses, and execrations, and even attacked with stones. It became at last unsafe to venture to the *réunions* at each other's houses, except on foot or in hired vehicles.

A grand ball was to take place at the Hotel de M——. Six hundred of the *élite* were expected; many had arrived in safety, some because they were in a sort of disguise, traversing the streets in public carriages, or without their liveried attendants; some because their arms and equipages were unknown to the populace; and a few because, though known, they were not obnoxious to them.

The Marquis Léotand possessed large estates, a fine hotel in a gloomy suburban street, a high command in the army: he was of great weight with the party of the state, and claimed respect from all; he was of unblemished character, ancient family, high connexion; he was proud, brave, and honourable. I have said he was proud, and in this instance he shewed his pride by refusing to stoop to the necessary precautions: "He would not," he said, "go to the house of his friend like a felon flying from justice; as to *that* miserable rabble, not one among them would dare to touch *him!*" He seemed to think the deep contempt and scorn of his own heart must wither those who encountered it. Accordingly, in his splendid coach, drawn by its four black horses, with all its proud emblazonry, and gay accompaniments of

liveried footmen and torch-bearers, he proceeded at a rapid pace through the streets of Paris towards the scene of festivity.

The carriage whirled along, surrounded by a blaze of light, the smoky glare of the torches showed but too plainly the splendour of the trappings, the pomp of heraldic bearing, the magnificent costume of the attendants, and the gleam of jewels from within. Still it passed on, though not without many a howling curse, as the mob parted before its flying steeds, then closed again behind it, only to follow its track with loud execrations, and occasionally a random stone, or handful of mud. At last, on emerging from the quiet suburban streets into the crowded thoroughfares, they found their progress sensibly impeded; the mob, like a tossing sea, rolled from side to side, dashing against the horses, swaying by the impulse of their weight the carriage, which still struggled onwards, as the waves sway the storm-tossed vessel. The horses reared and plunged, the coachman lashed them on, the terrified lackeys clung to the vehicle, the Marquis Léotand lowered the blinds, and the strong light from the lamp over the door of a private house shewed the surrounding multitude his stern profile and haughty brow charged with a heavy frown. In an instant the horses' heads were seized, the coachman dragged from his seat, and a dozen hands stretched forth to tug at the silver door-handle ; the closing of the blinds had, however, checked the opening of the door for a time —the assailants pulled in vain. Suddenly a hand, fair and small, let down the blind, and as it fell, the carriage door flew open, and the steps were lowered; a form, lovely as an angel, rose from the further-most corner of the coach, and filled the entrance with a glory of perfect beauty and extreme magnificence. The crowd fell back, leaving a ring of open space at the foot of the steps, and directly under the blazing lamp. Into this ring—this ring of savage faces and uncouth forms—that creature of another world descended ; it was Madeline, the daughter—the only daughter—of the widowed Marquis. Her father, who had striven in vain to detain her, leaned forward from the carriage, his straining eyes fixed upon her, his countenance expressing the deepest anxiety. For a moment all was suspense and silence; her voice, high and clear, broke the spell:—

"Gentlemen, why are we thus detained ?"—then clasping her hands and bending towards them in a supplicating attitude—"Oh, gentlemen, allow us to pass in peace; we have done you no harm, and it was but this morning my father distributed to forty poor families corn and wood sufficient for a week's consumption ; for the sake of that good action, suffer us to pass now !"

A wild shout of applause burst from the crowd; the leaders pressed forward, presenting their huge, coarse hands, and bowing grotesquely over the delicate fingers she laid in theirs. They handed her into the carriage; they allowed the coachman to resume his seat; they released the horses, nay, they even preceded the equipage, till it entered the court-yard of the Hotel de M——, and there left it in safety, with its freight of beauty, spirit, and wealth—its untold wealth of jewels, its yet richer burden of unmatched loveliness and high nobility.

This act of homage to the power of mind and the charms of person was one of the last gleams of generosity that lightened the entrance into that pit of horrors—that woful first French Revolution : the days of the Princess Lamballe were yet to come!

ON SEEING AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE INTENDED RETIREMENT OF AN EMINENT FIRM.

BY MRS. GORE.

RETIRE from business?—Shut up shop?—
Rundell and Bridge!—I charge ye, stop!
Think twice ere ye determine!
If you suspend your handiworks,
Where shall we find our spoons and forks—
Where diamonds to our ermine?
Reflect on all the happy pairs
Your plain gold rings have wrung with cares
In matrimonial trammel;
Reflect how many a cruel hoax
You've played on legacy-hunting folks
In black and gold enamel!
Think with what vile considerations
You've influenced the fate of nations,
By diamond snuff-box treason!
How you have raised the price, per carat,
Of royal phizzes, which men stare at,
Or, if the snuff wills, sneeze on!
Admit how many a joyous girl,
Bribed by your strings of Orient pearl,—
The trappings of a bride,—
To glitter like Golconda's queen,
Hath to a loathing duchess been
Sadly transmogrified!
Your racing cups, where jockeys bold
Speed neck and neck on prads of gold,
In hippodromic glory;
Or where, with vast display of muscles,
Fierce Dares with Entellus tussles,
As sung in classic story!
Your salvers chased—your huge épergnes—
Your soup-tureens—your vase-like urns,
With tombstone-like inscription—
Of "OFFERED TO BLANK BLANK, M.P.,"
Or "the late Bishop of this See,
By voluntary subscription!"
Your silver trowels, meet to grace
The royal hand, induced to trace
Some coin-sustain'd foundation
Of penitentiary or college
For checking sin, promoting knowledge,
Or polishing the nation!—
Your Georges with all grace endued,—
Your stars of every magnitude,
The Guelphic,—Bath,—or Garter;
Those glittering bribes, which peer and prince
Have pocketed unblushing, since
The days of Magna Charta!
"These are your glorious works," oh! ye
Great pair, who, indivisibly
Immortalized in story are;—
Sternhold and Hopkins—(where's the fun?)
Are not more singularly one,
Or Albert and Victoria!
Pause, then, ye Ludgate kings, before
You close on us the golden door
Concentrating your riches!—
Without ye, none can bribe or wive,—
So, long as London Bridge shall live,
Long live our London Bridges!

THE SERIOUS MILLER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

The wide spread of intellect, which distinguishes the present generation from all that have preceded it, and the intense desire for knowledge which pervades all classes of society, have impressed upon the writer of the following lines the necessity of ministering to the wants of an educated public in a manner hitherto unattempted. Frivolity has, until now, characterized by far too large a proportion of our literature, and familiarity of style has bred contempt in the minds of the majority of readers. Antiquity has ceased to be venerated, and old age has been held in disesteem. Our best comic authors have suffered from this cause—and more particularly one who is identified, not only with the English language, but with the daily intercourse and intimate conversation of Englishmen, in all our relations of life, and particularly —after dinner! Is it necessary that the name of *Joseph Miller* should be mentioned? He to whom we owe the most, has met with the least gratitude in return. A witticism is uttered,—not the very newest, perhaps,—and straightway the listener curls his lip, and scornfully exclaims, "A Joe!" as if it were a crime to repeat that which, when first it was told, imparted the keenest delight! This false feeling arises, not from any defect in the jokes themselves, but from the manner of putting them; and this we purpose, according to our present system, to remedy.

Instead of descending to the common-place level of prose, it is our intention to raise the respected Miller to the dignity of blank-verse; to impart a tone of lofty sentiment to the exordium which heralds his poignant anecdotes, and by the force of startling antithesis, to enhance the value of the witticism.

With this view, the following specimens are respectfully submitted to a discerning public:—

THE MASQUERADE.

'Tis merry in Lord William's hall to night;
The dance, the song, the garlands, and the lamps,
Make night a summer day. Fair forms are there,
Graceful as houris fresh from Paradise.
The guests are clothed in garbs of many lands:
The Pole, the Russ, the Turk, the Highlander,
With step majestic tread the marble floor;
And di'monds flash from many a haughty brow;
And all is pride, and pomp, and revelry.
The board is glittering with a gorgeous pile
Of viands, form'd to lure the appetite,
And make the anchorite forget his vow.

One sat beside that table.
He was pale—
As though the blight of sorrow had too soon
Pass'd o'er the blossom of his youthful hopes:
His glance was wand'ring and irresolute,
As if he sought—and found not. By his garb,
You might have said Armenia called him son—
Ample his sleeve, and large his mantle's folds.
Sudden a flash, as of a gem illumined,
Broke from his eye; his hand with rapid motion

Clutches some object, and again supine
Sinks into quietude :—but where it pass'd
There is a void—a space—where something was,
And is no more!——
Who gazes fixedly,
As though the scowl of hate were in that look ?
Suspicion—of a nameless character—
Curls the sardonic lip, and sharp and fierce
Flow forth the words from that envenom'd tongue,
As, seizing from the board a vase brimful
T' o'erflowing,—he accosted the Armenian,
And, dashing the contents into his breast,
Exclaim'd, "Perhaps,—as you have *stolen the fowls*,
You'd like *some melted butter* with them, sir!"

THE CARRACK.

KEEN blew the blast across the dreary waste,
The driving sleet, and cold, sharp piercing rain,
Beat in the trav'ller's face, and numb'd his limbs,
As onward still he sped, to gain the roof
Where he might safely house ;—the prowling wolf,
Alone abroad, howl'd wildly for his prey,
And mock'd the wat'ry moon that gleam'd above.

Anselmo stood within his ancient hall:
He paced the marble floor,—then wistfully
Turn'd his dark eyes to where no cheerful blaze
Gleam'd forth as it was wont ;—his household gods
Were shiver'd all ; gloom darken'd o'er his hearth,
And desolation reign'd, where once was joy !

Sudden the trampling of a steed was heard ;
The loud toned bell gave warning of approach ;
The portal open'd,—Dripping, from the storm,
A stranger enter'd ; from his vest he drew
A scroll, inscribed with mystic characters :
"Behold," he cried, "this token of my zeal!
I come but now, from yonder distant mart,
To tell thee that a carrack, long consign'd,
Has safely made the port—and there she lies,
Her precious cargo waiting thy award.
But 'tis a costly price thou'lt have to pay
For what thou lack'st ;—*coals now are coals indeed.*"

Anselmo's brow grew dark, his breath came short ;
He seized the paper with a trembling hand,
And gazed upon those characters of fire—
Then, with a scowl of fearful augury,
He slowly mutter'd to the messenger,
"I'm glad 'tis so—the last you sent were *slates!*"

THE ILLUMINATION.

LONDON was in a blaze—great Wellington
Had made his name immortal, and the swords
Of our brave warriors had done mighty things ;
The enemy was crush'd, and Victory
Raised her enamelled crest, and crow'd for joy !

London was in a blaze—Saint James's Street
Was all one meteor, gems of ev'ry hue
Sent forth their flashing coruscations round,
In myriad lamps of letters, stars, and suns.
A shouting multitude is gazing upward :
'Twould seem as if the world had but one mouth,
And that was open in amazed delight.

One window—*window* did I say—a score
Of crystal casements glitter'd like a lake
On which the planets shine. 'Twas in a house
Where even in daylight rainbow hues were seen
On vases ranged in rows symmetrical:
Mysterious forms of instruments were there,
Such as the Druids in their sacred rites
Might well have used. Within—but let me not
Lift the dim curtain from that secret place—
'Tis with the windows of that temple now
I have to do: and so had he, yon chief,
Whose brawny arm is raised with fell intent;
Whose hands grasp missiles dangerous and dire,
While with a force worthy a Titan's strength,
He dash'd them at th' illumined windows.
Loud
And terrible the crash; pane after pane
Fell rattling down, lamp follow'd blazing lamp,
In wild confusion—fired with fiendlike rage
The giant, madden'd with his first success,
Pursued his proud advantage. All had felt
His vengeance, when a blow, quick, heavy, telling,
Came down upon him with the speed of light.
"Why do you break my windows, ruffian, say?"
Exclaim'd a voice—"Because I am a glazier,"
Return'd the Titan, with a fiendish laugh.
"And I a surgeon," cried the enraged assailant;
"And for this cause 'tis mine to break thy head."

THE LANE.

'Twas a green lane, the primrose was in bloom,
And the sweet violet, with purple blush,
Starr'd ev'ry bank: the hawthorn hedges gave
Their perfumed garlands to the flattering wind
That fondled them: the golden buttercup
And white-ray'd daisy looked up from the grass,
Emerald and glistening with the morning's tears.
The steer, with spotted hide, peep'd o'er the fence,
And low'd a welcome to the rising day;
The tit sprang from a tiny twig, and woke
A fairy lay of love: the fleecy flock
Their ceaseless labour, 'midst the thymy mead,
Pursued, with heads bent down, as though they sought
Some treasure strew'd along the flow'ry way.
Thrice happy searchers! finding what they seek,
Food—ever food—fragrant and fresh and springing,
Like youthful hopes and wishes.
Who approaches,
With buoyant step and countenance, where blend
The rich vermilion and the purple tint
Of health and exercise? Young boy, thy face
Is round and ruddy, and thy garments scarce
Conceal those limbs robust and strongly knit.
There is a sparkle in that eye of thine
Might make the warbler on his topmost bough
Tremble for those within the downy nest.

Another form comes pacing from afar,
Severe and lordly, portly and austere:
In sable clad, and hat of mystic form,
Bespeaking reverence.
But no sign of awe
That blooming boy displays—he passes on—
Yes, on—nor turns aside, nor bows his head,
But whistling, runs as though no clergyman
Existed under Nature's canopy!

" Ill-nurtured urchin !" cries the reverend man,
" Methinks that thou art *better fed than taught.*"

The boy of rosy countenance turn'd round,
And with a glance in which respect was not,
And an unfolding of his fingers four
And thumb depress'd, placed on his curling nose,
Replied—" You're right for once, old gentleman ;
For mother feeds me, and *I'm taught by you !*"

THE ADVENTURES OF GANDERFIELD, THE BORE-HATER.

BY A CROTCHETY MAN.

" Dicenda tacendaque calles." — PERSIUS.

PROSE I.

WHY exhaust our wits or patience in trying to account for our oddities of temper any more than for the cubits of our stature, or colour of our locks ?—We may disguise the latter by pigments or a peruke;—we may exalt the former by high-heeled shoes or boots, arched bridgewise from the ground, or curb and control our irregularities of nature, in deference to that great conspiracy against the liberties of the subject, called Society; but the five-feet-four,—the carotty poll,—the love of black-letter books, new Hock, old claret, small lapdogs, penny-a-line laudations, or coronets and supporters, are weaknesses and defeatures altogether indelible—the mark set upon us by the master hand!—the " *Deus fecit!*"

For my own part, I wear my queernesses as boldly and easily as I wear my old great coat. There be worse coats and worse natures going, of which the owners are not a bit ashamed. If the cut be not to the taste of my fashionable associates, let them cut it and *me*,—and go to the devil! The coat is a good warm coat, and so is the temper. Both will last me, I trust, through many a hard winter yet; and a fig for the valet or the sexton impatiently waiting for my spoils!

One of the most valuable lessons imparted by philosophy to the fools of this nether world is, neither to run counter to the majority, nor suffer ourselves to be over-run by them;—to have our own way, without putting ourselves in the way of other people. He who does this is armed to the teeth against the whips, scorns, and oppressions of his great antagonist, the world—that villanous top-sawyer who tyrannizes over every mother's son of us,—compelling us to toil and moil, up to our knees in sawdust, at the bottom of the gloomy pit called Human Life.

It is something to feel, at the close of our career, that we have occasionally compelled the sawyer, who has so often the best of it, to take turn and turn about with us;—for whether we subdue the world per force of wit, beauty, strength, aptitude, lordly condition, or filthy lucre, we experience the same self-satisfaction in setting our foot on the neck of the enemy.

I am waxing prosy; but, trust me, vulgar reader, it is upon principle. Most popular writers prefix a solemn page or two to their light stories, as preachers a text, by way of shewing that they know what they are about, and could go on being tiresome to the end of the chapter, if they thought proper.

I do *not* think proper—I seldom "think proper"—on any possible subject;—because I think for myself, and myself happens to be a deuced odd fellow!—Besides, these moral rhetoricians are ever enlarging upon the march of intellect and refinement of the century; and for the soul of me, *I* cannot bring myself to commend the wisdom of an age which, till it was fifteen years old, submitted to the desperate depletion of that cruel Dr. Sangrado, War; and after attaining years of discretion, was reduced to bankruptcy by the *furor brevis* of bubble speculations!—The nineteenth century has hung as many able-bodied Christians for social peccadilloes,—butchered as many thousands and tens of thousands for no offence at all,—deposed as many sovereigns for evincing the instincts of sovereignty, and created as many more, to engender them anew, as any of its predecessors.—If intolerance no longer enkindles her autodafés at Lisbon, India persists in lighting vedovial pyres under our protection; and though we have ceased to roast bishops at Smithfield, we roast them in parliament, besides sending forth missionaries to be eaten raw in our proselyte colonies. Druggists' shops and attorneys' offices have increased by two-thirds;—and law, physic, and taxation, affix their vampire claws into the citizenhood of this enlightened metropolis quite as fiercely as before the invention of railroads, the ascent of the Nassau balloon, or the erection of King's College and the National Gallery.

The only point on which we have effected a certain melioration is, the abbreviation of public prose, and the decimation of domestic bores. Authors have ceased to twaddle for writing sake,—because no man readeth; orators have ceased to twaddle, for speaking sake,—because no man listeneth. It is not pleasant to find the weight of our arguments inflicted on groaning shelves or empty benches; and if Richardson lived in the year of Railroads X., he would reduce his eight volumes to three, as surely as our patent medicine chests have been reduced from hundred-weights of jalap to pennyweights of homœopathic nothing at all.

The Americans have converted the Decalogue into a Dodecation, by the adoption of two commandments of Christian origin, which are said, sung, or whined, in all the churches of the States. But when brother Jonathan took upon himself the emendation of the law, it is a thousand pities but he had added a thirteenth to the dozen by a decree of—"Thou shalt not prose." Such, however, is the contrariety of human nature, that this very prohibition might have perpetuated the nuisance, which, like others connived at by the magistracy of the realm, is gradually wearing itself out. One might almost fancy the Tories had announced a tax upon prose, so sensible is the diminution of the article in even the best read and best conducted of country neighbourhoods. Mankind will not submit to be held by the button while the train is waiting, the *Magnet* agitating her paddles, Rubini singing, Taglioni dancing, Bouffé acting, the orchestra of Strauss modulating its waltzes, or the Sistine Chapel its "Stabat Mater." Let the wisdom of parliament concentrate itself within its blue covers—let the wisdom of the squirearchy concentrate itself within its *green* coverts; but we will none of their bagged foxes turned out upon us! Society, like a huge boa-constrictor, refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he (as the Vulgate vulgarly hath it) "*never* so wisely."

By this time, Reader, you will have recognised me as an inveterate

Bore-hater. I forestall your sneers. My freedom from self-love *is* very remarkable! No earthly bore I detest more than myself! but being unable to part company without a felonious attempt, which, if bootless, the Thames Dogberrys are beginning to reward with the treadmill, I bear with my partner for life, on condition of his agreeing with me in hearty animosity towards all others of his species.

The first Bore I remember as exciting my worldly disgusts was my nurse. Having the good fortune to be born what is called a son and heir, merry peals were jangled in my honour; vast portions of raw beef devoured by my father's tenantry, from donations of oxen roasted whole; and I was, of course, afflicted throughout my infancy by the slow torture of a professed head-nurse;—a woman who had "Underwood's Diseases of Children" by heart—(such a pebblestone of a heart as it was!) and inflicted Buchan's Domestic Medicine upon me—page after page,—dose after dose. I went through the alphabetical index, from Ague to——

But why administer the filthy recapitulation to my robust readers? Suffice it that I survived the united batteries of the Pharmacopeia Londinensis and its rival of Edinburgh.

In process of time, the old woman addressed herself to the cure of my mind, instead of the cure of my body; drenched me with the spelling-book, in lieu of senna tea; and insisted upon Watts's Hymns three times a day, instead of emulsion. I began to grow very wicked indeed, under the arbitrary infliction of these alteratives. A much longer course of "How *doath* the little busy bee," and "Let dogs delight," would have driven me to some monstrous perpetration; I should have cut off the end-tail of nurse Grimsey's favourite tabby, or effected a burglary on her spectacle case. By sheer force of boring, the old creature was inciting all the worst passions of human nature in my son-and-heirified bosom.

But ere the sins of the bosom were visited on the neck, as they might chance to have been, Mrs. Grimsey, by drinking to herself every night after supper, and herself acknowledging the pledge, so as to drink for two, brought on a liver complaint; and one fine September, died of our excellent October. My tears were less abundant than they ought to have been. In life and death

"Too little of water hadst thou, poor Ophelia!"

I should have wept hogsheads, however, had I at the time surmised what it was to exchange a head-nurse for a tutor, whose vocation comprehended both head and tail. To "kiss the rod" is an admirable figure of speech for an epitaph; but the rod being of well-twigged birch, shew me the heir-apparent who was ever thus submissive.

I was all the more flogged by my tutor, because my poor mother shortly followed my head-nurse to the grave; overpowered, I verily believe, by the fatigue of her own nursery, which, by the decease of Mrs. Grimsey, had devolved to her hands. Either I was a prodigious dunce, or Mr. Tickle prodigiously addicted to flagellation. I am inclined to suspect that he had recourse to this species of quotidian exercise to ward off the ague; for our family seat was nearly as cold and damp as our family vault, and alas! *not* situated, by way of antidote, in a coal country. Every day, therefore, the chilly Tickle managed to flog both himself and his disciple into a glow. My father

looked coolly on, or rather did not look at all. He was making amends to himself for all the privations—in fox-hunting, claret, and other items—to which he had been compelled during the somewhat strict reign of his wife ; and took little thought of me, except as a growing evil—the heir, in fact, to his property, obstinately surviving to prevent the entail being cut *off*, or the timber, *down*. I was probably as great a bore to *him*, as Tickle to myself.

A few years ago, there was a German diabolism much in fashion, called "Peter Schlemihl," setting forth how a man was induced to sell his shadow to the devil. People who pretended to know more than their neighbours, discovered that the shadow parted with by Peter was figurative of Conscience. Now, Tickle was *my* shadow—*my* conscience; and could I have persuaded the foul fiend to bid for him, his Satanic Majesty should have had an easy bargain. Not an hour of the twenty-four, in which the conscientious tutor was not tagging at my heels ; not only over my Homer or my slate, to which he was of course a professional appendage, but no sooner did I take pen or fishing-rod in hand, than *his* was on my shoulder! If my father's keepers invited me to a private rat-hunt, Tickle was sure to smell a rat ; if I made an appointment with them for an excursion before daylight to the warren, Tickle was on the look-out hours before the rabbits. He kept the key of the boat-house—he kept the key of the archery-closet—he kept the duplicate of the grape-houses and pineries—he kept the key of everything, in short, but the library, which nobody wanted to enter but himself. The only lock he left open in the house was the one of the Human Understanding. He called this doing his duty to his employer; but between ourselves, Reader, it was only in the hope of doing duty hereafter in one of the family livings.

It is a melancholy thing to go on hating alone. Lone, they say, is the divinity of duettinos; and Happiness, Lord Byron assures us—

"Is born a twin."

I am of opinion that the ungentle passion is quite as much in need of sympathy as the tender one ; and it was the greatest solace to my feelings when I found my antipathy to my tutor shared by the amiable family of the parson of the parish, whose views upon the Ganderfield preferments were nearly as rapacious as his own.

The Parsonage stood only a quarter of a mile from our lodge gate; and it was, consequently, the readiest of my truantries to slip out whenever Tickle was busy setting my themes for the morrow, or corresponding with a college chum, a brother dunce-driver in some honourable family, and make my way over the fields, which the square brick mansion at the end of them caused me to regard as Elysian.

There, I was always welcome—*there*, I was shadowless ! Tickle had no grounds for complaining to my father of my frequenting Mr. Meanwell's society. For the parson was a favourite at the Hall; a good scholar, moreover, who would have been a schoolmaster himself had he not been a parson; and consequently, an unexceptionable companion for the young squire. It was only when Tickle could pounce upon me on the road, and falsify my migration into a visit to the stables or kennel, that he was able to back up the impending chastisement with my father's authority. Once housed in the parsonage, I was safe—the Bore was distanced!

How happy were those stolen mornings! I suppose the rod and line, (for which I exchanged the tutor's rod and cane!) and guns and powder-horns of poor Meanwell, were little different from other fishing tackle, or other sporting apparatus. To *me*, they were unique. To get away from Tickle, and find them in my hands—to get away from Tickle, and find myself and them in the hands of one who regarded the tutor as a sneaking fellow, was a holiday indeed!

And then Mrs. Meanwell was such an incomparable creature, (incomparable, I mean, to the appreciation of twelve years old!) Such an accomplished woman—such a delicate artist! No trumpery getter-up of fancy screens, or dauber of unmeaning landscapes. Her apricot marmalade was the thing—her queen-cakes were the brightest emanation of her genius; nor did the Marquis of Hertford, with all his Italian confectioners, ever taste such clarified currants! In my estimation, Madame Dacier and Mrs. Barbauld were fools to Mrs. Meanwell! A sweetmeat closet is, after all, the only *cabinet d'étude* appropriate to the sweet sex!

It was in that parsonage I learnt to appreciate the erroneousness of priestly celibacy, as enforced by the Roman canons. Mrs. Meanwell was nursing mother to the village. The old women would never have got through their rheumatism, or the young ones through the production of younger, but for her opodeldoc and caudle. The squire's wife is usually too busy to think of such matters, or too fine a lady not to administer as much fright as comfort by her domiciliary visits. But Mrs. Parson is as comfortable to the poor as a gift of fleecy-hosiery; and I know that in the disposal of *my* preferment, I am much more likely to insist upon the incumbents of my family livings being married men, than either on their classics or their oratory. Few Bachelors of Arts but can read the Bible without much spelling,—but what is to become of a helpless village, in fever time, with a bachelor parson?

Between Mrs. Meanwell's preserves, and the means afforded by her husband for attacking my father's, the whole happiness of my life lay at the Parsonage. Of the two little girls, their offspring, I thought nothing. They were sewing their samplers; and even had they been as idle and mischievous as myself, a girl of ten is never otherwise than a bore to a boy of twelve.

It was only by the time I came to be a young gentleman of eighteen, that Harriet and Emma advanced into rivalship with the apricot marmalade; and I own I would *then* have given the whole contents of the parson's fishing-cases, or rather, I would have given the parson the whole contents of Ustonson's shop, for a glance of the black eyes of the one, or a gleam of the blue eyes of the other.

For Meanwell had progressed into a bore, just as the little humdrums in pinafores had progressed into beauties. Tickle was now Dr. Tickle, and the principal of a college. His bore-ishness had found an appropriate sphere, and was unperceived, amid that of five hundred other bores, greater than himself. He now abided, moreover, one hundred and forty-five miles distant from the hall, and his boredom regarded me no longer—whereas Meanwell was a permanent evil. Meanwell was anchored within a quarter of a mile of me for life;—a Bore moored at my park gates, like the convict ship at Woolwich.

Strong in the obligations he had conferred on my boyhood,—fortified

against my peace with all the apricot marmalade and queen-cakes I had swallowed in his parlour,—he assumed towards the young squire a privilege of familiarity which my Oxford susceptibilities could scarcely brook. I might be excused some degree of pride and self-sufficiency,—for I had only twelvemonths before exchanged my princedom of Wales for the Crown of Ganderfield; and had assumed my first airs of sovereignty, and assumed them in vain, with the view of shaking off my Falstaff. Meanwell had become as inseparably my shadow as Tickle had ever been. The Hall lay as convenient to the Parsonage as the Parsonage had formerly lain to the Hall. My cellar was just as attractive now, as Mrs. Meanwell's sweatmeat closet of yore; and the cloth evinced its usual instincts by sticking to the tablecloth.

The worst of it was, that I could dispose of my new shadow neither to devil nor angel. Not a minute of the day could I get rid of him!—least of all, when I visited the Parsonage, and felt that *he* ought to be visiting the sick;—or, at all events, he might have gone and tickled my trout and shot my pheasants, as he had taught me to shoot my father's, while I was trying to ascertain whether the two girls were as adroit at netting purses as they had formerly been at marking canvas. But the bustling helpmate of poor Meanwell was at length quiet in the churchyard; and instead of replacing her in her parochial office of nursing the old women, he chose to devote himself to watching the young ones.—Yes!—decidedly, he was twice as great a bore as Tickle.

Three years afterwards, the Parsonage possessed three Bores instead of one; for on the attainment of my majority, both Harriet and Emma insisted on becoming my better half! Had they proposed going thirds, I might have submitted; but the difficulty of selection saved me. *Both* pretended equal claims upon my heart and hand. All I—

"Detenero meditatur
A mores ungui!"—

could say in answer was, that if I ever made an offer of either, I must have been dreaming; and as it appeared that whatever I might have said or done in my sleep, I had written nothing,—I had not committed myself sufficiently to be required to commit matrimony. Besides, the lawyers would have had to toss up, to decide in favour of which sister to institute proceedings for a breach of promise. I had sauntered in the green lanes in company with Harriet quite as often as in company with Emma; and then, as well as in my fishing parties, with both sisters in alternation, the eternal shadow was ever behind us!

Three bores, however, in conjunction—*tria juncta in uno*—a very Cerberus of Boredom—was three times too much for my nerves! So long as I sojourned at the Hall, I fancied that they looked briefs at me from the pulpit and family pew; and mistook every invitation to dinner for a subpœna

"Militiæ species amor est!"

To avoid all this, like other gentlemen in difficulties, I went abroad. My family seat was quite bore enough in itself, without this accession. It was

"To gild refined gold, and paint the lily,"

to increase its powers of offuscation.

OLD PARL'S GHOST.

A LEGEND OF WEXFORD.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

"Very like a whale."

THE summer sun shone brightly,
And freshly blew the gale,
The sparkling waves were dotted o'er
With many a fisher's sail;
On Wexford bridge, on Wexford quay,
A motley throng came forth to see
A sight *gourmands* delight in;
Boats steering in, all laden well
With salmon, plaice, and mackerel,
Red mullet, sole, and whiting.

And as in quick succession
Each boat drew nigh the shore,
Gay laughter echoed far above
The plashing of the oar;
In port at last, each jovial crew,
With home and all its joys in view,
Their past fatigues to vary,
Ogled the girls with sly intent,
Toss'd off a glass for "divilment,"
Or whistled "Paddy Carey."

Far in the rear and slowly
A single boat came on,
The last of all the little fleet
That on the trip had gone.
What keeps her back? why lags she so?
Thus flew the queries to and fro,
From mother, wife, and maiden,
For *they* shew'd all the sympathy;
The men thought merely she must be
"Uncommon heavy laden."

Ere long, the strand approaching,
The lazy bark drew near,
And question follow'd question fast,
Before the crew could hear.
"Pether, your sowl, spake out, *asthore!*
Och! thin, and wont I see ye more?
What *will* I do without ye?"
"Larry, and is it dhrowned ye are?"
"No, Norah dear, I'm safe, *agra!*"
"And dhrunk too, divil doubt ye!"

Well might the fishwives marvel
The plenteous spoil to see,
Rarely one boat so laden came
In sight of Wexford quay.
Such soles, such lobsters, and such crabs,
Not mentioning the smelts and dabs,
All hungry palates tickling;
Such turbots, fit for civic *fête;*
Such herrings, flounders, bream, and skate;
Such salmon prime for pickling!

But why was Peter silent
When all around were gay?
Why did he, when appeal'd to, shake
His head and turn away?
E'en Larry's brow had learnt to frown;
Both stood apart and looking down,
A pair of dismal dummies;
So grave, so glum, one might have thought
That by mistake the boat had brought
Automatons or mummies.

In vain did charming woman
Her utmost witchery try,
They saw unmoved each tempting smile,
Each tender sparkling eye.
They cared not for the magic light,
That twinkled in the orbs as bright
As those of famed Kate Kearney;
Each fond caress they did but spurn,
Spoke only three words in return,
And those were "Hould yer blarney!"

Alas! that dark-eyed Norah,
With all her wiles, should fail
To learn what made her Larry's cheek
So very, *very* pale!
How diff'rent once he used to be,
So happy to come back from sea,
So gallant, gay, and frisky.
What changed him now? Well might she pout,
She couldn't make the man speak out,
And nothing could, but whisky!

'Twas not till he had swallow'd
A glass she fill'd for him,—
No heeltap, no short measure there,
A bumper to the brim,—
That he at length his tale began,
How, as from port they gaily ran,
Careless what might betide them,
They saw a fish, but what its name
They knew not, nor from whence it came,
Swimming along beside them.

And *such* a fish! a monster
Dashing the spray like hail,
He nearly swamp'd their little boat
Whene'er he shook his tail.
They toil'd and panted at the oar,
Until the fast receding shore
(As the poetic phrase is)
Faded from view, but still they spied
The fearful creature at their side,
Swimming away like blazes.

And now they saw around them
Nought save the open sea,—
The sun was shining on the waves,
The gale was blowing free;
When suddenly the monster fish
Gave with his tail a mighty swish
Above the surface darting,
As if to throw a summerset,
Then splash'd them both with "heavy wet"—
A last salute at parting.

When next they look'd, the monster
Far towards the land had gone—
Some spell had made him "turn again,"
As once did Whittington:
And though their eyes with spray were dim,
To a dark rock he seem'd to swim,
Near Wexford harbour lying;
No further trace they e'er could find,
Nor, to say truth, were they inclined
To waste much time in trying.

They gazed, still half expecting
That fearful form to see,
Moving along amid the waves
So swift and silently;
Then with faint hearts their nets they threw,
And such a wond'rous booty drew,
As quite perplex'd their reason;
Fish, if they dared believe their eyes,
Of every shape, and kind, and size,
Both in and out of season.

Their toil was done, and slowly
Homewards they bent their way,
Oft looking back to where they deem'd
The dreaded monster lay;
For both agreed, that fish must be
Condemn'd to wander in the sea,
For some most grave demerit—
'Twas not a common fish, oh no!
Old Parl had died two days ago,
And this must be his "sperrit."

From lip to lip the story
With strange additions flew,
Till each fresh list'ner in his turn
More than the others knew.

To Killinick and Ross it spread,
How a rich farmer, lately dead
And buried (more surprising!)
Was doom'd to swim in fishy form
Throughout all weathers, calm or storm,
Whate'er he met, capsizing.

How he at times delighted
The empty nets to cram,
And how he frisk'd and leapt about,
And gamboll'd as he swam;
How he escorted boats to sea,
Frighten'd their crews most awfully,
By capering before 'em,
And how he then turn'd back to shore—
All this was told, and plenty more,
Cum notis variorum.

At length, a passing stranger,
Who chanced to hear the tale,
Affirm'd the so-call'd spectre fish
Was nothing but a whale.
Nay more: one bright and sunny noon,
Arm'd with a long and sharp harpoon,
A sailing boat he hired,
And started off to seek his prey,
Though some were bold enough to say
He'd very soon be tired.

And so he was; returning
Ere many hours had flown,
He told how first he spied the fish
Beside the rock alone;
And, cautiously approaching near,
How with sure aim he plunged the spear,
And how, the surface whit'ning
With frothy foam, the angry whale,
Whisking its huge, unwieldy tail,
Made off like "butter'd lightning."

And how he follow'd swiftly,
And strove, but all in vain,
To come up with the flying foe,
And try his luck again;
In vain he sail'd now fast, now slow,
Backwards and forwards, to and fro,
Thinking, no doubt, to be a
Match for the fish; but strange to say
The fish had vanish'd, and which way
He hadn't an idea.

Years are gone by, but never
Could Wexford seaman say
That he had seen the monster whale
Since that eventful day;
Yet some there are who live in hope,
Trusting by aid of telescope—
That mystery-detector—
When summer winds are blowing free,
Near the dark rock once more to see,
The Farmer's fishy spectre!

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

" ———— And then, the lover."—SHAKSPEARE.

V.

PROFESSOR MARTYN, by the assistance of his old fellow-collegian, Dr. Farmer,* now introduced our young aspirant to Mr. George Steevens,† who took an early opportunity for making him personally known to Mr. John Kemble. By that gentleman he was received with much courtesy; he heard him recite, and before him the country candidate for metropolitan advancement went through the usual ordeal. The effect of these interviews was extremely flattering. Mr. Kemble suggested the part of *Romeo* for Elliston's particular study, proposing that character for his first London appearance, at Drury Lane Theatre. It was July, 1793, in which these meetings took place, and as the new splendid edifice was not then completed, and unlikely to be by the ensuing winter, it was arranged that Elliston should appear about the commencement of the season 1794. For the interim, Mr. Kemble strongly recommended that he should return either to Bath or York. "The former," said he, "is, I think, preferable. You require but study, the want of which no genius in the world can supply. It is the exercise of an art which forms the artist; and some day," added he, with a smile, "you may repay this advice with the ingratitude of disputing with me public favour." Mr. Dimond was at this precise time acting at Richmond. Thither Elliston went on the following day—an engagement was speedily concluded between them—for the Bath manager had had too favourable a foretaste of the young actor's quality, not to desire a fresh importation of it.

Bidding adieu, in a less abrupt manner than on the first occasion, to his parents in Charles-street, with whom he had lodged during his stay in London, Elliston proceeded to Bath, in October, and made his re-appearance there, in the same month, in the character recommended to his attention by Mr. Kemble. His success in *Romeo* was a yet brighter colouring of that hue which had decked his earlier days. The wild, romantic passion of the Veronese boy—the pouring out of soul on the altar of a youth's first dream—the glowing diction of the poet, and the "mould of form" in which nature would have best rejoiced for the lodgment of such a spirit—stood forth, a beautiful identity of that vision which imagination wakens, as it dwells on the progress of this Italian tale.

Complete and brilliant as was the success of his second visit to Bath,

* Author of an "Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare," and Master of Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

† George Steevens—the able coadjutor of Dr. Johnson, in an edition of the Works of Shakspeare, whose testimony to the worth of the great lexicographer should be ever borne in mind, as his character has been too frequently misunderstood,—"It is unfortunate," says Steevens, "that his particularities and frailties can be more distinctly traced than his good and amiable exertions. Could the many bounties he studiously concealed, the many acts of humanity he performed in private, be displayed with equal circumstantiality, his defects would be so far lost in the blaze of his virtues, that the latter would alone be visible."

Elliston was, for a time, shut out from the "first line of business," to which he had now become reasonably entitled. For although these days belonged certainly to the palmy era of the drama, yet they were not altogether free from faulty usages and detrimental example. The youthful parts of either tragedy or comedy were yet in the hands of certain actors, who once, indeed, might have graced them well, but who still retained them, on the claim of thirty years' enjoyment—a plea, which though good and sufficient to the fee-simple of dirty acres, became a questionable tenure to the brighter territory of art. The creature of the poet, gifted, indeed, to flourish in "immortal youth," but ill became the unconscious actor "grown dim with age," unless, indeed, as fast approaching that second childhood, he might hope in a few years more to advance his first pretensions. We remember to have met with a somewhat ludicrous incident in point, which transpired, years ago, on the "Western Circuit." An aged actor, having pertinaciously clung to light comedy long after he had been blessed with a numerous family, had amongst them a son of considerable theatrical ability, but it was in the line of *old men*. This youth made the first trial of his skill at Exeter, in the part of *Sir Anthony*, in the comedy of "The Rivals," wherein the venerable favourite, his father, was equipped, as usual, for *Jack Absolute*. The play, it will be at once remembered, must have afforded many points which consequently became mightily absurd; but when the enraged baronet had to exclaim —"I'll disown you—I'll unget you—I'll never call you Jack again!" it produced a roar in the theatre which far surpassed any indication of merriment the talent of the young man was able afterwards to excite.

The fame Elliston had acquired in *Romeo*, at Bath, quickly reverberated through the theatrical circles of London, and Mr. Kemble appeared anxious to bring the contemplated engagement to a final settlement. A meeting thereon took place between the great tragedian and the learned professor, but the salary offered, and other considerations, were of such a nature as to render the project by no means advisable—the negotiation therefore was dropt.

In August, 1794, Elliston came to London, in consequence of serious and repeated disagreements which had taken place between his parents. These now terminated in their entire separation.

> "———— Clocks will go as they are set; but man,
> Irregular man's ne'er constant—never certain,"

says the poet; and, true enough, the watchmaker had of late contributed rather to the *tableau vivant* of Hogarth's "Midnight Conversation," than to the picture of domestic enjoyment. His affairs, in short, were now wound up, and the stock sold off. Young Elliston undertook the support of her who had never failed in parental kindness to him, and the "*Distressed Mother*" once more occupied his thoughts in London, attended with applause more hearty than any he had hitherto experienced — that of his own conscience. The old gentleman, his father, became the joint care of his two uncles.

At the usual period for opening the theatrical campaign, Elliston again returned to Bath, or, rather, Bristol—for it was at that city operations commenced; the company playing certain nights, but not alternately, at one place or the other. For the conveyance of the actors from city to city, the proprietors had built two carriages, of

the "caterpillar" tribe, each having eight small wheels, the first of their kind known in England. The regulations under which this vehicular system prospered were precise and rigid. Within the body of one of these caterpillars, the actors and actresses, after the night's performances at the theatre of one town, were carried to the very stage-door of another, and—not one step beyond. There was no calling at this lodging, and setting down at that—nothing of the mourning-coach accommodation, which, after the solemn obsequies to the dead, will take you an airing to Islington, and drop you afterwards at the London Tavern—but, strictly and literally, so many furlongs were measured, and not a pole to spare. Arrived at the said stage-door, at about two o'clock in the morning, the caterpillar was delivered of its burden—out they came, "all ladies and gentlemen concerned"—the half-clothed aurelia or the full-dressed butterfly, just as it might happen, to seek their own particular shelter.

"Dicitur et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis."

Sauntering one morning, with a friend, on that conventional spot where some assemble to dissipate their lives, and others to patch them up—namely, the Pump Room—Elliston noticed, at a trifling distance, a figure enveloped in sundry flannels, whom he at once recognised as his fellow traveller in the "Invalid." Scarcely could he forbear a smile, on the first recollection of that pugnacious morning, but

"Young men soon give and soon forget offence—
Old age is slow to both"—

and so it appeared. Breaking from his companion, he approached the footstool of this polluted "*Mufti*," and in mock solemnity of tone, said —"If I am so fortunate as to live in your recollection, sir, allow me to lament that you are still under your severe sentence—but we have all our trials." On which, to Elliston's further astonishment, notwithstanding his lesson and experience, with a look which would have become Jefferies himself at the plea of Richard Baxter, the other, in half-smothered accents, replied—"Scaramouch!"

A ludicrous air of perplexity which Elliston now observed in the bystanders, convinced him there was something yet to be explained. "Don't you know him?" asked his companion. "That is Mr. D——, of the Corn-market—a rogue in grain, as they call him at Bath. No one speaks to him here, unless to affront him, as you have done. Sentence!—trial!—why, the equivoque was quite dramatic!" He then went on to explain the history of the indictment, whereof the reader "hath by parcels heard, but not distinctively."

An adventure took place about this time, which, by one particular, was rendered somewhat remarkable. A musical star being in the ascendant, and opera, consequently, the zenith of the "bills," Elliston's duties did not call him to the theatre until late in the evening, when he had to play the part of *Don Juan*, for about the fiftieth time. Passing down an obscure street, on his way thither, his ears were suddenly startled by indications of terror and distress, and he discovered, on turning abruptly into a narrow court, the lower part of a house enveloped in flames. The occupiers had escaped unhurt, and most of them, miserably poor, were watching, either in stupid agony or with unavailing cries, the sure destruction of their crazy chattels; while

others, attracted to the spot by mere curiosity, looked on the scene only as an exhibition prepared for their special gratification, and every fresh evidence of ruin, but as a *coup de théâtre*, which they welcomed with applause. Amidst the bewildering appeals of the surrounding sufferers, the most heart-rending were those of a middle-aged female, who, running from spot to spot, and threading the crowd without any identical purpose of action, exclaimed— "Poor Jamie! he's gone—he's gone!—no one can help poor, daft Jamie!" By the language and manner of the woman, it was clear some one yet remained unrescued, and at the mercy of the element. Elliston instantly pushed forward to the frantic suppliant, and soon understood that, in an upper apartment, some helpless being was still imprisoned, whose awful fate was momentarily expected. A side-door of the house afforded still the possibility of ingress. Of the chance Elliston availed himself—he rushed up the staircase, followed fortunately by a bystander, emboldened by this example, and found himself instantaneously in a wretched attic, where, on a still more wretched pallet, lay extended a poor bedridden being, whose state of idiotcy seemed roused to a glimmering sense of some proximate danger, but who had neither power of utterance nor ability of motion.

Amidst the varied evidences of decay around him, this wreck of humanity—age, idiocy, and infirmity, with their attendant poverty, each in its extreme—powerfully affected him. Lost for a moment to the frightful progress of the element, he stood motionless and appalled. "'Tis useless!" exclaimed the man who had followed him —"he cannot be saved! the stairs are already in flames!" "He can—he shall!" ejaculated Elliston—"be steady, and we can accomplish it." Approaching the bed, Elliston raised the poor creature in his arms, and binding about him the tattered remnant of sheet and clothing—as much to disarm his feeble attempts to be free, as for the covering it might afford—carried him to the head of the staircase. The mingling clamour of apprehension and encouragement from the mob below, kept his energy at its pitch, but to descend the flight thus encumbered was impossible. The fire was mounting, and suffocation inevitable. With difficulty he had passed to the first landing, where, forcing a side-window, he presented his nearly-rescued charge to the multitude. But the shrieks and struggles of the sufferer—the difficulty of making the crowd understand that they were to assist him from below, all, imperatively, the work of a few seconds—had nearly left them in one common ruin. At length, however, by the aid of his companion, all was accomplished. The living burden was lifted on the sill, lowered by the fragile tackle, and fell, unhurt, into the contrived treillage of the people. The two liberators now effected their own escape—not terrific, indeed, in descent, but within three minutes the whole interior was in flames.

Disentangling himself from the embraces of the women (as little befitting *Don Juan* as his escape from fire), Elliston now, like good Launcelot, "took to his heels and ran," reaching the theatre just in time to see a substitute *Libertine*, like other ragouts, "dressed on the shortest notice," and ready to be served up in his place. An apology had been made to the audience for his absence, but the cause of it was still an interesting mystery. In a few words, he explained to his apologist the event of the evening, who, taking the opportunity of Elliston's dressing, again presented himself before the curtain, and repeated the

slight account he had received, with considerable point. "Don Juan," he added, "as announced in the bills, had already 'descended in a shower of real fire,' but having set his very fate at defiance, he had effected his return, to receive, as he richly deserved, a still warmer sentence at the hands of his judges now present." His welcome, as may be well supposed, was most enthusiastic. Called upon to tell his own story, *Elliston* was as much in his element as *Don Juan*—for he had *to make a speech;* a faculty which, though in after life he greatly improved, he by no means inconsiderably possessed at this present. The above incident gave such additional attraction to this drama, that it was scarcely out of the bills at any part of the season.

So much for the adventure itself; but Elliston, who, it will be readily believed, took the earliest opportunity of searching out the unhappy patient he had rescued, discovered that he had originally been an actor, and frequently a fellow labourer with the great Macklin. Indiscretion, and consequent want of employ, had brought on this state of mental aberration and wretchedness. Elliston continued his kindness to him till he died.

VI.

The prosperity of Elliston at this time, "like a full ear of corn," demanded only the gathering—and to do him justice, he was neither careless of the present nor unmindful of the future. His address, and the respectability of his connexions, made him familiar with several resident families, while, on the other hand, his acquaintance was courted by many visitors from the capital who, by a certain air of patronage they assumed, were evidently looking forward to the idle gratification of claiming the first indagation of his merit, when he might have become the centre of metropolitan attraction.

The residence of Elliston was at the house of a highly respectable widower, who professed to give instruction in the caligraphic art—a science which, with that enthusiasm which should attend every man in his own vocation, he placed immeasurably above all other accomplishments necessary to the polite world;—to write a good letter was, clearly, to write a good hand. Not that he considered the *matter* altogether unworthy attention, but held it, as some of our musical composers esteem poetry, as merely the vehicle for a more rectified essence. He was the first who convinced the public by a framed and glazed evidence of facts, which, occupying the centre pane of the parlour window, announced the following:—"This is a specimen of my hand-writing, before taking lessons of Mr. C——;" and a rude specimen it was, to all intents and purposes. Immediately below—"This is a specimen of my hand-writing, after taking six lessons of Mr. C——;" and a more rapid progress could not reasonably have been expected, for no copper-plate could match it. It was in this worthy gentleman's society Elliston occasionally passed a leisure evening, and as the writing-master was in the habit of giving little card entertainments, the fortunate actor found an agreeable relaxation in the acquaintance.

A certain lady, who, in after years, was an *amie du cœur* of the Elliston family, was generally a visitor on such occasions—a sprightly, agreeable woman, who, by frequent hints and other indirect expressions, led the young actor to understand that he was held in very enviable favour in a quarter by no means to be slighted, and that it

would be his own fault if his fortune were not greatly improved. In fact, she offered to become the means of making him acquainted with a lady in Bath, well known as a personage of great taste and acquirements, to which consideration she had certainly forfeited no particle of claim, in her admiration of so accomplished a gentleman as Mr. Elliston. For this pretty speech he could express no less than gratitude, and the introduction soon took place.

The tasteful personage in question was a Miss Flemming, whose reputation as a teacher of dancing and corrector of manners had long been pre-eminent at Bath. She was not, at this period, extremely young, nor had been, perhaps, at any, particularly handsome; but what time might have run away with, or nature but niggardly bestowed, her own diligence had more liberally supplied—liberally, but discreetly; for she was a woman, unquestionably, of judgment, where her passions did not interfere; and one, to use Knowles's happier words—

> " ——— Whose fortieth year
> No autumn, but a second summer brings."

The tenour of her course had never been disturbed by any desires foreign to its nature or dangerous to its interests; an early round at quadrille, or an occasional visit at the " Rooms," was all that prying curiosity could lay to her charge on the score of frivolity.

Miss Flemming now suddenly discovered an irrepressible desire for the drama. True, she eschewed Congreve and Farquhar; but the " fine and serious parts of the 'Provoked Husband'" were quite of another texture. Frequently, she occupied a side-box at the theatre, and under no circumstances would be absent whenever Elliston was advertised for both play and farce. These facts, with sundry invitations to select parties at the lady's residence, very naturally excited a whisper in the Bath coteries—an event which, considering Miss Flemming's appropriation of prudence, might appear a little extraordinary. But she was not without her motives; for instead of placing the most implicit confidence in a direct offer of marriage, as some silly, short-sighted women would have done, she played, what she considered, the surer game, of building up an implied engagement, of which, the wider the whisper circulated, the more would the foundations be strengthened. As to Elliston himself, he heard all these surmises with that careless indifference which belongs to youth; for although sensible of his obligations to the lady's patronage, he was as cold under the irradiation of her smiles, as the snow-capped Andes beneath the torrid zone.

Such was the state of things, when, at one of these select meetings, he beheld, for the first time, a Miss Rundall, the principal assistant in Miss Flemming's academy. This young lady, of considerable personal attractions and sweetness of manner, Miss Flemming had dexterously, until now, kept out of sight, and would fain still have excluded, but the introduction could no longer be avoided. Suppressing suspicion, therefore, of what she most dreaded, she too soon perceived the tender contest would be hopeless on her part. Yet, if retreat were inevitable, she still hoped to harass the enemy, and took up her cautious position accordingly. Elliston, at once struck by the lustre of Miss Rundall, was soon entirely captivated by her address; but his generosity, and, perhaps, his interest, not a little, induced him to conduct himself in such a manner towards Miss Flemming, that under no fair

pretence could he be curtailed the privilege which had once been so cordially conceded to him, of visiting at the house. With the short course of wooing, it will be unnecessary to detain the reader,—particularly as we bear in mind the caution of *Ranger*, that "nothing looks so silly as a pair of your true lovers." Suffice it to say, a mutual sentiment occupied the hearts of the youthful twain; and Elliston, within "a fortnight and odd days," *eperdument amoureux*, avowed his passion to one of the sweetest women in England, which Miss Flemming heard with feelings not dissimilar to those of Queen Elizabeth on learning that Leicester was married to Amy Robsart. The possibility of the above event, foreseen by Miss Flemming, she had yet hoped to circumvent, by rendering the gentleman previously so involved with herself, as to be no longer at his own disposal; but the rapid progress of their passion, and her own immature prodition, reduced her case to a hopeless extremity. Frustrated in the first object of her heart, she now looked to the full gratification of the second, which was, of course, to prevent the match. Immediately, she addressed a letter to the parents of Miss Rundall, saying, their daughter had formed a dangerous acquaintance with a player, and, unless they at once interposed their authority by giving her—Miss Flemming—the right of forbidding any further intercourse, the worst consequences might ensue. On which intelligence, the brother of the young lady arriving, booted and spurred, at Bath, Miss Flemming looked on her triumph as complete; but, to her utter dismay, she found it was the intention of Mr. Rundall to remove his sister altogether from Miss Flemming, and carry her off to London. Miss Flemming well knew that the Don, Elliston himself, was on the eve of departure for the metropolis, to negotiate an engagement of another description, and had great reason to fear that the joint supplications of the devoted pair would carry their point with the Rundall family—an event which she had determined more narrowly to have watched, had the lady been permitted to remain under her roof. But darker still was the prospect to poor Miss Flemming. Miss Rundall had been her assistant for thirteen years; her manners and amiable disposition had materially tended to the success of the academy, and secured to it the highest patronage; the removal, therefore, was as dangerous to Miss F.'s worldly interests as fatal to her heart's desire—like sailors, who, to lighten the ship, throw over their bags of biscuits, she had parted with the very means by which she prospered.

This occurrence very soon became a topic of public curiosity; and as both Elliston and Miss Rundall were special favourites with many of the best families, the peculiar nature of their distresses soon excited the sympathy of the generous of both sexes. A kind of Amphictyonic council was held on the matter; and the result was a request forwarded by several of the *beau monde* of Bath to the friends of Miss Rundall, that she might be permitted to return, and that she should receive the best patronage, on opening an academy either as Miss Rundall or "Mrs. Elliston."

Thus was another battle lost to the Flemming. Baffled on every point, the most miserable of dupes, betrayed by her own machinations, she would fain have quitted the field altogether. Calling once more a council of war, the question was ultimately settled by treaty. To the request forwarded as above, to the friends of Miss Rundall, Miss Flemming subjoined *her own;* but representing the unadvisableness of two dancing interests, which would be ultimately fatal to both,

she offered to receive Miss Rundall into partnership. After a little further correspondence, the matter was arranged. Miss Rundall returned to Bath—the articles were signed—"join hands—set partners"—and the matrimonial question left altogether to the discretion of the parties.

As Elliston had lately received some undeniable evidences of his uncle's presiding favour, he now diligently sought to cherish and deserve so generous a sentiment. Late events had rendered a communication with the Master almost imperative, and too happy was our young lover in the opportunity of again addressing him by letter. This he did, announcing that it was more than probable he should soon enter on an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, in London, and transmitted 50*l.*, being part of his first professional savings, which the doctor subsequently placed in the three per cents., in their joint names. "There is now, sir, a subject," said he, in continuation, "on which it still more becomes me to speak, and which although, through circumstances, greatly advanced, must still await your approbation:—what I allude to, is an attachment I have formed to a young lady of this place, and whom I ardently desire to make my wife. Severed as I have been from my earlier friends, it has been my endeavour, in forming new ones, to connect myself with those who may do the first no dishonour, should they again restore me to their favour. I shall not detain you by hackneyed professions of devotion to the happiness of the lady to whom I have alluded, or speak at length of the rare qualities of her mind and person. This, I am aware, would be language received too much as a matter of course; but I may be permitted to say, for your own satisfaction, that she is a lady of great respectability, and one who is looked on in the highest respect by those who are themselves most respected."

It was early in this year (1796), that Professor Martyn having had some communication with Mr. Colman, respecting Elliston's appearance at the Haymarket, did not seem to favour any extraordinary haste in the matter. "Colman's circumstances," says he, "are not at present prosperous, and the pieces acted are, as I understand, but one remove from farce;" but London had now taken full possession of the actor's mind, and all objections were but as new incentives to his purpose.

Mr. Colman writes as follows:—

"Piccadilly, 16th April, 1796.

"Sir,—I have by this post written to Mr. Dimond, requesting leave of absence for you, for a few days, in the course of June. Will you be kind enough to see him on the subject?

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

Mr. Dimond, very handsomely, at once acquiesced, and a second letter arrived on the 26th, in which Colman says,—"I have many doubts about *Octavian*, and as many about your appearing in a new

piece. A new drama is a risk of itself, and should it fail, the new actor must, in some measure, fail with it. If, however, you will send a line to Mr. Cross, I will peruse his piece.* Let me have immediately a list of the characters you have performed, and mark those in which you think you have been successful." In a subsequent letter Colman observes,—"If so valiant, e'en venture on the characters you propose, *Octavian*, *Sheva*, *Hamlet*. *Hamlet*, perhaps, requires further deliberation. But you will feel the pulse of the town by first playing the other two. As to *Young Wilding*, it is to be remembered that Mr. Palmer will be with me, who is established in the part. This fact I leave to your discretion."

On the 8th of June, Elliston thus announced his marriage to his uncle, at Cambridge :—

"My dear Sir,—It would be difficult for me to imagine an occasion more happy than my union with the lady who has become my wife, and the privilege of communicating the fact to you. In adding a connexion to that family, of which you are justly the pride and ornament, I have done it no discredit in the choice I have made ; for I have united with it all that goodness of heart, sweetness of temper, or intellectual capabilities could confer. In point of fortune we meet on equal terms, and it will be our mutual endeavour to improve her favours. We have been flattered by the congratulations of some of the leading families of this place, and encouraged by the assurance of their patronage. I have engaged a small house for our accommodation—small, but neat, and suited to our present circumstances. It was not my intention to have married until Midsummer, but Mrs. Elliston was compelled to open her academy by August, and as the preparations required time, we have stolen this matrimonial march upon the expectation of our friends. This will also leave me at liberty to bring her with me to London, where I have engaged to perform for two or three nights, about the 24th of this month. It is unnecessary, I am sure, for me to add that I anxiously look to the opportunity of introducing this lady to you. I feel that I wait only your approval of my choice for the completion of a sense of happiness.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Your dutiful and affectionate nephew,

"R. W. Elliston.

"Chapel Row, 8th June, —96."

Nothing worthy particular remark signalized the wedding day, beyond the great event itself, except, indeed, Miss Flemming appearing in the character of bride-maid—a part she went through in a state of mind not very unlike that of some heir-presumptive to a rich estate, who, having for twenty years been in the habit of looking on the reversion as inevitably his own, suddenly hears of the birth of a direct heir, leaving him in the *interesting* situation of 10,000*l*., borrowed on his expectancies. We may, perhaps, notice also the little coincidence of Foote's "Maid of Bath" being advertized in the bills of the night, in which Elliston himself played the part of *Major Racket*.

On the 25th of June, 1796, Elliston made his first appearance in

* This was good advice in Colman: the piece, when produced, did fail—it was entitled, "The Charity Boy."

London, at the Haymarket Theatre, in the part of *Octavian*, in the "Mountaineers;" and played on the same evening, *Vapour*, in the farce of "My Grandmother." On the ensuing morning, the following notices made also their appearance in the boards of the journals:—"This young performer had acquired considerable reputation from the reports of provincial theatres; and his claims are such, that, in our opinion entitle him to the favourable reception he has met with from a London audience. He appears to possess that first requisite to an actor—good conception of his character. Many passages in his performance of *Octavian* were marked by energy and feeling. His pathos made a successful appeal to the hearts of the audience, and discovered powers beyond the common artifice of trick. His delivery in general was good, except that, when he was desirous of being impressive, he was occasionally too rapid. In *Vapour*, he disclosed some power of whim and humour."

Again—"Doctors differ, says the proverb, and it would be curious if critics were to agree. Some say that the new performer, Mr. Elliston, succeeded very well in *Octavian*, but was indifferent in *Vapour*. Others think that his *Vapour* was good, but his *Octavian* by no means successful. A critic, says Dean Swift, is like a dog at a feast—intent only on what the guests throw away. Admitting, therefore, that of these critics some were pleased with the tragedian, others with the comedian, there is not much wonder that, each in his capacity of critic, seized on what was bad in either of the performances, as their inclination directed."

Taking the various accounts given at the time, there can be no doubt that Elliston made a decided "hit" in the part of *Octavian*, and in all probability would have shot equally well in *Vapour*, but for this double aim of being successful in the two characters, before an entirely new audience. However confident he might have felt in his powers, the very temperament of the critic was to be dreaded; and it was not likely, whatever his claim might have been, that equal and unqualified praise would have been his portion in this ambidextral attempt. Nay, the very delight which the spectator might have felt in witnessing his former performance, was hostile to his chance in the latter, from the very unwillingness to disturb the first impression, of which the wax was scarcely set—like algebraic quantities, they might have destroyed each other. We remember to have heard an anecdote of a lady whose coachman suddenly discovered a wonderful knowledge of floriculture and the management of the conservatory, but on no account would she suffer him to touch a flower; it turned out, however, that he had passed nearly his whole life in the labour of nursery-grounds, and had scarcely once handled the reins before the first Sunday he drove her ladyship to church.

On the 28th, Elliston repeated *Octavian* to great applause and an overflowing audience, and on the 30th he appeared in the character of *Sheva*. His success in this part was undeniable. In the opinion of the journals, "no actor of better promise had presented himself in London for many years," and the Bath actor was, *sur le champ*, a confirmed favourite with the London public. These two parts, *Octavian* and *Sheva*, he alternately repeated for a few nights according to agreement.

Early in July, Elliston resumed his professional duties at Bath, and within a week of his return, his benefit at Bristol took place, whereby

he cleared nearly one hundred pounds—a sum hitherto unprecedented in that city. On the 15th of the same month, he received the following flattering communication from Mr. Colman :—

"London, July 14, 1796.

"My dear Sir,—I shall be very happy to see you again the moment your engagement will permit you to return. I will either defer settling terms till we meet, or fix them with you by letter. If you prefer the latter, pray propose, and nothing that I am able to effect shall be left undone to meet your wishes.

"*Octavian* and *Sheva*, you might, I am confident, repeat with increase of reputation to yourself, and advantage to the theatre. *Hamlet*, too, (of whom you seem a little afraid,) has nothing in the character which is not within your scope. If you fancy my hints can be of service to you in any part, I think they may be so in this, for I have been reading "Hamlet" with no small attention, on your account, since your departure. Believe me, whenever I may have anything to suggest, I shall manifest that freedom and friendship which I am most truly inclined to shew you.

"I am, my dear Sir, sincerely yours,

"G. Colman."

To this letter, so full of hope and encouragement, Elliston did not reply for several days; for notwithstanding his recent anxiety to appear in London, and his great reception there, he still doubted whether it would not be wiser to remain in a place which had become so essentially his home. "Hors de Bath, point de salut," thought he. In the meantime he received a letter from Mr. Gore,* a gentleman who had long been on terms of great intimacy with the Elliston blood, which, in respect of Robert William was not likely to be now invaded ; as, above all things in life, the Captain's besetting passion was a play. "Why have you not replied to Colman's letter ?" says he ; "you should not be too confident. Sense of security is mortals' frailty, and a man who has behaved so kindly to you as Colman, has a claim on your best attention. Believe me, you are much to blame. I see no reason why you should stand in awe of *Hamlet;* you have every qualification for it, except feature, and art may do much for you even in this. Dismiss all apprehension; and as at our Swedish game of '*Fer Herne*,' rush boldly forward, and win by daring. I would say to you as Cæsar did to the pilot, who was afraid to put to sea with him in a hurricane,—'Quid times ? Cæsarem vehis !' Jack Bannister has recovered his politeness; after all, what I fancied coolness, might really have been fancy. Cumberland and myself have met—we chatted together last Friday behind the scenes very freely, upwards of an hour. He talked much about you ; and be not angry, that I praised you highly as a good son and honest man. Last night I was behind the scenes, at Colman's. Jack Bannister bowed *en passant*, more coolly than he was wont to do. Perhaps he had heard of my attendance on you, and rooks will smell gunpowder. Charles Kemble asked

* Mr. and Lady Morris Gore resided chiefly at Bath, and were on the best terms with the Ellistons. Mr. Gore and his lady were sponsors for two children—Mr. Gore, for William Elliston, born 18th October, 1798 ; and Lady Morris Gore, for Frances Maria, born 13th August, 1800.

very kindly after you ; he seemed pleased to hear of your probable return this season. Waldron, the renowned *Sir Walter Raleigh*, rapped out some dozen oaths—swore 'by 'gad,' he could not have thought there was so much stuff in you—that 'by 'gad,' you had taken them all in ; and that you were an astonishing young man. He talked of Garrick, of whom, to his teeth, he knows no more than I of Sanchoniatho. He said, too, he had heard you were engaged at Covent Garden, at 20*l.* a-week. Then came the hero of the house (Colman), who asked me if I had received a letter from you ? 'Oh, the rogue !' he replied ; 'how can he neglect me so, when he knows I am so impatient to hear from him ?' In the front of the theatre I met Reynolds ; he told me he had finished another comedy for Harris, in which Lewis is to play *Harlequin*—'It is full of stale jokes,' said he ; 'and the characters cast in the same mould as the former ones—and as for plot, even the lying critics can't accuse me of stealing them from other people, for my plays have no plots at all.' This isn't being too partial to one's own—is it ? There is much conversation stirring here on the death of Robert Burns ; but honourable fame is imperishable. I cannot do better than dismiss my letter with a hint so useful."

On the first of August, Colman again wrote to Elliston, saying that he had actually announced him to appear at the Haymarket, in a few days. "Let us leave all terms to be arranged at our meeting," he observed ; "I flatter myself you will not be dissatisfied with me."

It is clearly to be seen that Colman was extremely anxious Elliston should join him as soon as possible. In fact, he had a great and particular object at this moment in view—an object, which it was necessary for him at once to carry; and one in which, though Elliston was to become the chief instrument, was as yet a secret to the actor, and known only but in the wary councils of the manager.

The patronage which George the Third graciously extended to the drama, and to the benefit of meritorious actors, should never be forgotten. In this summer (1796) Quick played nine nights at Windsor, of which the King commanded six !

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY M. Y. W.

At midnight's solemn time
What breaks upon the ear?
Hark !—'tis the festal chime
That welcomes the New Year.

Look out !—the city round
Is quiet as the tomb :
The peal the joy-bells sound
Is all that breaks the gloom ;

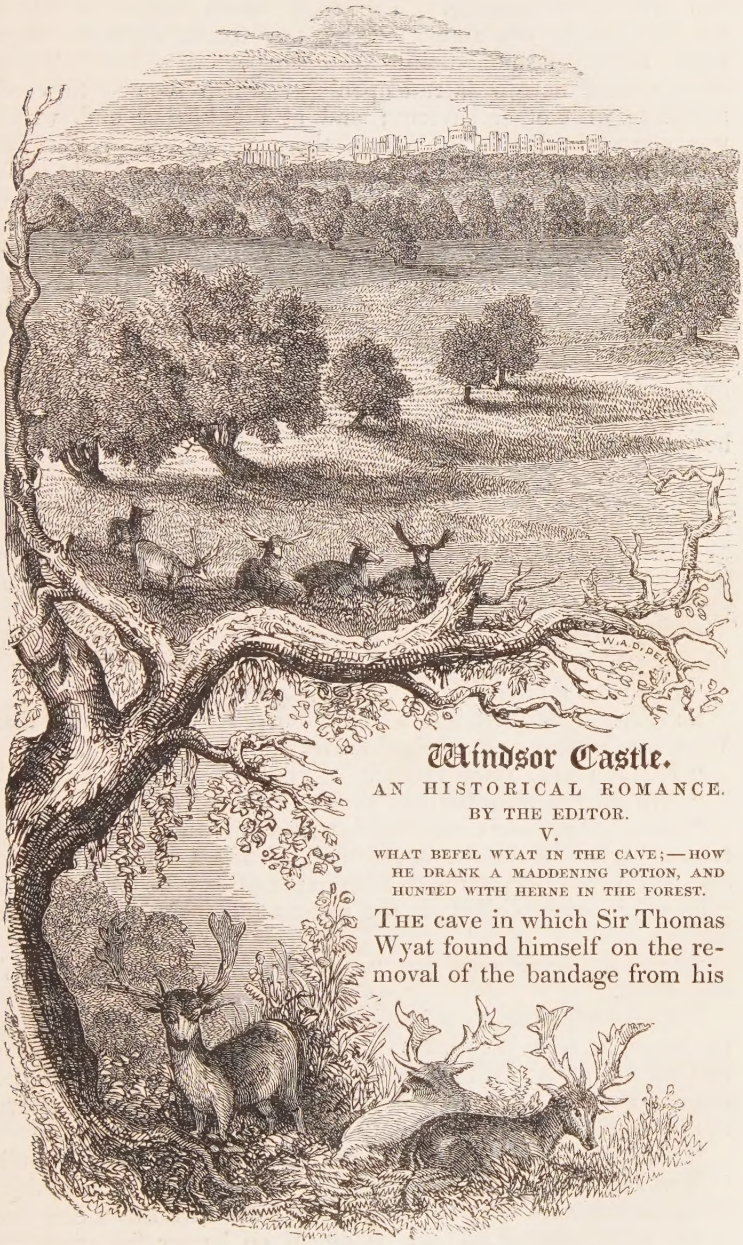
The sky is cold and bright,
The starlight calm and sweet,
The lamps with poorer light
O'erspread the silent street ;

And in the dead of night
Another year is born ;—
Not when the world is bright
Beneath the gladd'ning morn.

Yet, round the social hearth
A few have linger'd still,
To answer the poor mirth
Of this one lonely peal.

The kind, though homely word
Is pass'd from each to each,
And mutual hearts are stirr'd
With love too deep for speech ;

For in their quiet room
Those merry bells they hear,
And to their own dear home
They welcome this New Year.



Windsor Castle.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

V.

WHAT BEFEL WYAT IN THE CAVE; — HOW HE DRANK A MADDENING POTION, AND HUNTED WITH HERNE IN THE FOREST.

THE cave in which Sir Thomas Wyat found himself on the removal of the bandage from his

eyes was apparently—for it was only lighted by a single torch,—of considerable width and extent, and hewn out of bed of soft sand-stone. The roof, which might be about ten feet high, was supported by the trunks of three large trees, rudely fashioned into the shape of pillars. There were several narrow lateral openings, which seemed to communicate with other caverns; and at the further end, which was almost buried in obscurity, there was a gleam that appeared to be produced by the reflection of the torchlight upon water. On the right hand was a pile of huge stones, disposed somewhat in the form of a Druidical altar, on top of which, as on a throne, sat the demon hunter, surrounded by his satellites, —one of whom, horned and bearded like a goat, and decorated with a long tail, had clambered the roughened sides of the central pillar to hold a torch over the captive's head.

Half-stifled by the noxious vapour he had inhaled, and blinded by the tightness of the bandage, it was some time before Wyat fully recovered his powers of sight and utterance. At length, he spoke.

"Why am I brought hither, false fiend?" he demanded.

"To join my band," replied the demon, harshly and imperiously.

"What, scour the woods with a troop of infernal spirits!" rejoined Wyat. "Never! I will have nought to do with you, except as regards our compact."

"What I require from you is part of our compact," rejoined Herne. "You are mine."

"Not yet," replied Wyat. "I defy you!"

So scornful and terrible a laugh burst from the demon that Wyat involuntarily shrank backwards.

"It is too late," cried Herne. "You are in my power."

"Not till you have fulfilled your agreement," rejoined Wyat.

"He who has once closed hands with Herne the hunter cannot retreat," returned the demon, sternly. "But I mean you fairly, and will not delude you with false expectations. What you seek cannot be accomplished on the instant. Ere three days Anne Boleyn shall be yours."

"Give me some proof that you are not deceiving me, spirit," said Wyat.

"Come with me, then," replied Herne. And springing from the stone, he took Wyat's hand, and led him towards the lower end of the cave, which gradually declined till it reached the edge of a small, but apparently deep pool of water, rising above the level of the rock that formed the boundary of the cavern.

"Remove the torch!" thundered the demon to those behind. "Now summon your false love, Sir Thomas Wyat," he added, as his orders were obeyed, and the light was withdrawn into one of the side passages, so that its gleam no longer fell upon the water.

"Appear, Anne Boleyn!" cried Wyat.

And as the words were uttered, a shadowy resemblance of her he had invoked flitted over the surface of the water, with hands outstretched towards him. So moved was Wyat by the vision, that he would have flung himself into the pool to grasp it, if he had not been forcibly detained by the demon. At the same moment, the figure vanished, and all was buried in darkness.

"I have said she shall be yours," cried Herne; "but time is required for the accomplishment of my purpose. I have only power over her when evil is predominant in her heart. But such moments are not unfrequent," he added, with a bitter laugh. "And now to the chase. I promise you it will be a wilder and more exciting ride than you ever enjoyed in the king's company. To the chase!—to the chase, I say!"

And blowing a call upon his horn, the light instantly re-appeared. All was stir and confusion amid the impish troop—and presently afterwards, a number of coal-black horses, and hounds of the same hue, leashed in couples, were brought out of one of the side passages. Among the latter were two large sable hounds of Saint Hubert's breed, whom Herne summoned to his side by the names of Saturn and Dragon.

A slight sound, like a blow dealt against a tree was now heard overhead, and Herne, imposing silence by a hasty gesture on the group, assumed an attitude of fixed attention. The stroke was repeated a second time.

"It is our brother, Morgan Fenwolf," cried the demon.

And catching hold of a chain hanging from the roof, which Wyat had not hitherto noticed, he swung himself into a crevice above, and disappeared from view. During the absence of their leader, the troop remained motionless and silent.

A few minutes afterwards, Herne re-appeared at the upper end of the cave. He was accompanied by Fenwolf, between whom and Wyat a slight glance of recognition passed.

The order being given by the demon to mount, Wyat, after an instant's hesitation, seized the flowing mane of the horse nearest him—for it was furnished neither with saddle nor bridle—and vaulted upon its back. At the same moment, Herne uttered a wild cry, and plunging into the pool of water, sunk within it. Wyat's steed followed, and swam swiftly forward beneath the water.

When Wyat rose again to the surface, he found himself in the open lake, the waters of which were gleaming in the moonlight. Before him he beheld Herne clambering the bank, accompanied by his two favourite hounds, while a large white owl wheeled round his head, hooting loudly. Behind were the whole cavalcade, with their hounds, swimming forward from beneath a bank covered by thick, overhanging trees, which completely masked the secret entrance to the cave. Having no control over his

steed, Wyat was obliged to surrender himself to its guidance, and was soon placed by the side of the demon hunter.

"Pledge me, Sir Thomas Wyat," said the demon, unslinging a gourd-shaped flask from his girdle, and offering it to him. "'Tis a rare wine, and will prevent you from suffering from your bath, as well as give you spirits for the chase."

Chilled to the bone by the immersion he had undergone, Wyat did not refuse the offer, but placing the flask to his lips, took a deep draught from it. The demon uttered a low bitter laugh, as he received back the flask, and he slung it to his girdle without tasting it.

The effect of the potion upon Wyat was extraordinary. The whole scene seemed to swim around him;—the impish figures in the lake, or upon its bank, assumed forms yet more fantastic; the horses looked like monsters of the deep; the hounds like wolves and ferocious beasts; the branches of the trees writhed and shot forward like hissing serpents;—and though this effect speedily passed off, it left behind it a wild and maddening feeling of excitement.

"A noble hart is lying in yon glen," said Morgan Fenwolf, advancing towards his leader, "I tracked his slot thither this evening."

"Haste, and unharbour him," replied Herne, "and as soon as you rouse him, give the halloa."

Fenwolf obeyed; and, shortly afterwards, a cry was heard from the glen.

"List halloa! list halloa!" cried Herne, "that's he! that's he! hyke, Saturn! hyke, Dragon!—Away!—away my merry men all."

Accompanied by Wyat, and followed by the whole cavalcade, Herne dashed into the glen, where Fenwolf awaited him. Threading the hollow, the troop descried the hart, flying on wings of swiftness along a sweeping glade, at some two hundred yards distance. The glade was passed,—a woody knoll skirted—a valley traversed—and the hart plunged into a thick grove clothing the side of Hawk's Hill. But it offered him no secure retreat. Dragon and Saturn were close upon him, and behind them came Herne, crashing through the branches of the trees. By-and-bye, the thicket became more open, and they entered Cranbourne Chace. But the hart soon quitted it to return to the forest, and darted down a declivity skirted by a line of noble oaks. But here he was so hotly pressed by his fierce opponents, whose fangs he could almost feel within his haunches, that he suddenly stopped, and stood at bay, and received the foremost of his assailants, Saturn, on the points of his horns. But his defence, though gallant, was unavailing. In another instant, Herne had come up, and dismounting, called off Dragon, who was about to take the place of his wounded companion. Drawing a knife from his girdle, the hunter threw himself on the ground, and advanced on all fours, towards

the hart. In this posture, he could scarcely be distinguished from some wild animal. As he approached, the hart snorted and bellowed fiercely, and dashed its horns against him; but the blow was warded off by the hunter by his own antlered helm, and at the same moment, the knife was plunged deeply into the deer's throat, and he fell to the ground.

Springing to his feet, Herne whooped joyfully, placed his bugle to his lips, and blew the dead mot. He then shouted to Fenwolf to call off and couple the hounds, and striking off the deer's right fore foot with his knife, presented it to Wyat. Several large leafy branches being gathered and laid upon the ground, the hart was placed upon it, and Herne commenced breaking it up, as the process of dismembering the deer is termed in the language of woodcraft. His first step was to cut off the head, which he performed by a single blow with his heavy trenchant knife.

"Give the hounds the flesh," he said, delivering the trophy to Fenwolf; "but keep the antlers, for it is a great deer of head."

Placing the head on a hunting-pole, Fenwolf withdrew to an open space among the trees, and halloing to the rest of the band, they immediately cast off the hounds, who rushed towards him, leaping and baying at the stag's head, which he alternately raised and lowered, until they were sufficiently excited, when he threw it on the ground before them.

While this was going forward, the rest of the band were occupied in various ways,—some striking a light with flint and steel —others gathering together a heap of sticks and dried leaves to form a fire—others producing some strange-shaped cooking utensils—while others were assisting their leader in his butcherly task, which he executed with infinite skill and expedition.

As soon as the fire was kindled, Herne distributed some portions of the venison among his followers, which were instantly thrown upon the embers to broil; while a few choice morsels were stewed in a pan with wine, and subsequently offered to the leader and Wyat.

This hasty repast over, the demon ordered the fire to be extinguished, and the quarters of the deer to be carried to the cave. He then mounted his steed, and attended by Wyat and the rest of his troop, except those engaged in executing his orders, galloped towards Snow Hill, where he speedily succeeded in rousing another noble hart.

Away then went the whole party—stag, hounds, huntsmen, sweeping, like a dark cloud, down the hill, and crossing the moonlight glade, studded with noble trees on the west of the great avenue.

For awhile, the hart held a course parallel with the avenue; he then dashed across it, threaded the intricate woods on the opposite side, tracked a long glen, and leaping the pales, entered the Home Park. It almost seemed as if he designed to seek

shelter within the castle, for he made straight towards it, and was only diverted by Herne himself, who, shooting past him with incredible swiftness, turned him towards the lower part of the park.

Here the chase continued with unabated speed, until, reaching the banks of the Thames, the stag plunged into it, and suffered himself to be carried noiselessly down the current. But Herne followed him along the banks, and when sufficiently near, dashed into the stream, and drove him ashore again.

Once more they flew across the Home Park—once more they leaped its pales—once more they entered the forest—but this time, the stag took the direction of Englefield Green. He was not, however, allowed to break forth into the open country, but driven again into the thick woods, he held on with wondrous fleetness, till the lake appeared in view. In another instant, he was swimming across it.

Herne now thought fit to bring the chase to a close. Before the eddies occasioned by the affrighted animal's plunge had described a wide ring, he had quitted his steed, and was cleaving with rapid strokes, the waters of the lake. Finding escape impossible, the stag turned to meet him, and sought to strike him with his horns—but as in the case of his ill-fated brother of the wood, the blow was received on the antlered helm of the swimmer. The next moment, the clear water was dyed with blood, and Herne, catching the gasping animal by the head, guided his body to the shore.

Again the process of breaking up the deer was gone through; and when Herne had concluded his task, he again offered his gourd to Sir Thomas Wyat. Reckless of the consequences, the knight placed the flask to his lips, and draining it to the last drop, fell from his horse insensible.

When perfect consciousness returned to Wyat, he found himself lying upon a pallet in what he at first took to be the cell of an anchorite; but as the recollection of recent events arose more distinctly before him, he guessed it to be some chamber connected with the hunter's cave. A small lamp, placed in a recess of the rock, lighted the cell; and upon a footstool by his bed stood a jug of water, and a cup containing some drink, in which herbs had been infused. Well nigh emptying the jug of water, for he felt parched with thirst, Wyat attired himself, took up the lamp, and walked into the main cavern. No one was there, nor could he obtain any answer to his calls. Proofs, however, were not wanting to shew that a feast had recently been held there. On one side were the scarcely-extinguished embers of a large wood fire; and in the midst of the chamber was a rude table, covered with drinking horns and wooden platters, as well as with the remains of more than one haunch of venison. While he was contemplating this scene, he heard footsteps in one of the lateral passages, and presently afterwards Morgan Fenwolf made his appearance.

"So you are come round at last, Sir Thomas," observed the keeper, in a slightly-sarcastic tone.

"What has been the matter with me?" asked Wyat, in surprise.

"You have had a fever for three days," returned Fenwolf, "and have been raving like a madman."

"Three days!" said Wyat. "False, juggling fiend! he promised her to me on the third day."

"Fear not, Herne will be as good as his word," said Fenwolf; "and now will you go forth with me. I am about to visit my nets. It is a fine day, and a sail on the lake will do you good."

Wyat acquiesced, and followed Fenwolf, who returned along the passage. It grew narrower and lower as they advanced, until at last they were compelled to move forward on their hands and knees. For some space, the passage, or rather hole, (for it was nothing more,) was on a level. A steep and tortuous ascent then commenced, which brought them to an outlet concealed by a large stone. Pushing it aside, Fenwolf crept forth, and immediately afterwards Wyat emerged into a grove, through which, on one side, the bright waters of the lake were discernible. The keeper's first business was to replace the stone, which was so screened by brambles and bushes that it could not, unless careful search were made, be detected.

Making his way through the trees to the side of the lake, Fenwolf marched along the greensward, in the direction of Tristram Lyndwood's cottage. Wyat mechanically followed him; but he was so pre-occupied, that he scarcely heeded the fair Mabel, nor was it till after his embarkation in the skiff with the keeper, when she came forth to look at them, that he was at all struck with her beauty. He then inquired her name from Fenwolf.

She is called Mabel Lyndwood, and is an old forester's granddaughter," replied the other, somewhat gruffly.

"And do you seek her love?" asked Wyat.

"Ay, and wherefore not?" asked Fenwolf, with a look of displeasure.

"Nay, I know not, friend," rejoined Wyat. "She is a comely damsel."

"Comelier than the Lady Anne?" demanded Fenwolf, spitefully.

"I said not so," replied Wyat; "but she is very fair, and she looks true-hearted."

Fenwolf glanced sternly at him; and plunging his oars into the water, soon carried him out of sight of the maiden. It was high noon, and the day was one of resplendent loveliness. The lake sparkled in the sunshine, and as they shot past its tiny bays and woody headlands, new beauties were every moment revealed to them. But while the scene softened Wyat's feelings, it filled

him with intolerable remorse, and so poignant did his emotions become, that he pressed his hands upon his eyes to shut out the lovely prospect. When he looked up again, the scene was changed. The skiff had entered a narrow creek, arched over by huge trees, and as dark and gloomy as the rest of the lake was fair and smiling. It was terminated by a high overhanging bank, crested by two tall trees, whose tangled roots protruded through it, like monstrous reptiles, while their branches cast a melancholy shade over the deep, sluggish water.

"Why have you come here?" demanded Wyat, looking uneasily round the forbidding spot.

"You will discover anon," replied Fenwolf, moodily.

"Go back into the sunshine, and take me to some pleasant bank,—I will not land here," said Wyat, sternly.

"Needs must when—I need not repeat the rest of the proverb," rejoined Fenwolf, with a sneer.

"Give me the oars, thou malapert knave," cried Wyat, fiercely; "and I will put myself ashore."

"Not so," said Fenwolf, "you must, perforce, abide our master's coming."

Wyat gazed at the keeper for a moment, as if with the intention of throwing him overboard; but abandoning the idea, he rose up in the boat, and caught at what he took to be a root of the tree above. To his surprise and alarm, it closed upon him with a grasp like that of an iron hand, and he felt himself dragged upwards, while the skiff, impelled by a sudden stroke from Morgan Fenwolf, shot from beneath him. All Wyat's efforts to disengage himself were vain, and a wild, demoniacal laugh, echoed by a chorus of voices, proclaimed that he was in the power of Herne the hunter. The next moment, he was placed on the top of the bank, while the demon greeted him with a mocking laugh.

"So, you thought to escape me, Sir Thomas Wyat!" he cried in a taunting tone—"but any such attempt will prove fruitless. The murderer may repent the blow when dealt; the thief may desire to restore the gold he has purloined; the barterer of his soul may rue his bargain;—but they are Satan's, nevertheless. You are mine, and nothing can redeem you!"

"Woe is me, that it should be so!" groaned Wyat.

"Lamentation is useless and unworthy," rejoined Herne, scornfully. "Your wish will be speedily accomplished. This very night your kingly rival shall be placed in your hands."

"Ha!" exclaimed Wyat, the flame of jealousy again rising within his breast.

"You can make your own terms with him for the Lady Anne," pursued Herne. "His life will be at your disposal."

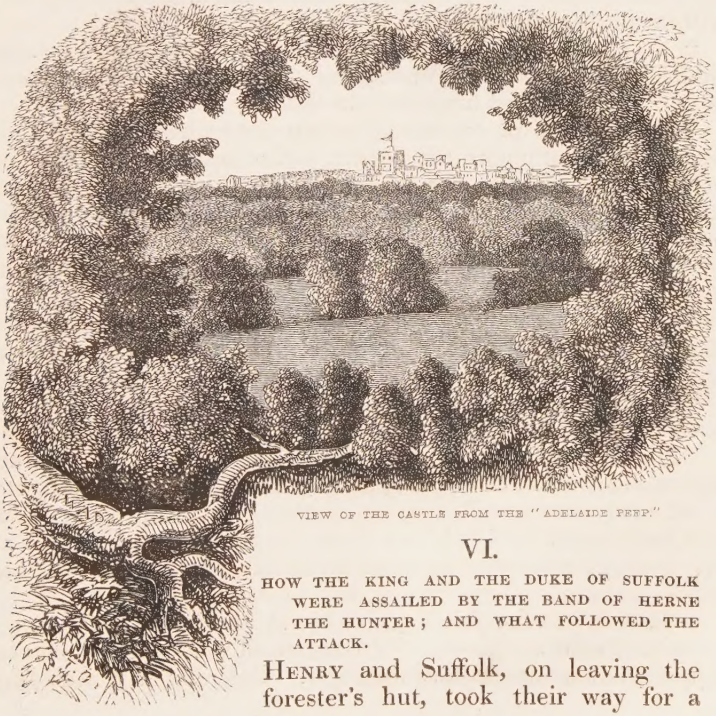
"Do you promise this?" cried Wyat.

"Ay," replied Herne. "Put yourself under the conduct of Fenwolf, and all shall happen as you desire. We shall

meet again at night. I have other business on hand now. Meschines," he added, to one of his attendants, "go with Sir Thomas to the skiff."

The personage who received the command, and who was wildly and fantastically habited, beckoned Wyat to follow him, and, after many twistings and turnings, brought them to the edge of the lake, where the skiff was lying, with Fenwolf reclining at full length within it. He arose, however, quickly, on the appearance of Meschines, and asked him for some provisions, which the latter promised to bring; and while Wyat got into the skiff, he disappeared, but returned, a few minutes afterwards, with a basket, which he gave to the keeper.

Crossing the lake, Fenwolf then shaped his course towards a verdant bank, enamelled with wild flowers, where he landed. The basket being opened was found to contain a flask of wine and some large fragments of a venison pasty, of which Wyat, whose appetite was keen enough after his long fasting, ate heartily. He then stretched himself on the velvet sod and dropped into a tranquil slumber, which lasted to a late hour in the evening, and from which he was roused by a hand laid on his shoulder, while a voice thundered in his ear—"Up, up, Sir Thomas, and follow me, and I will place the king in your hands!"



VIEW OF THE CASTLE FROM THE "ADELAIDE PEEP."

VI.

HOW THE KING AND THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK WERE ASSAILED BY THE BAND OF HERNE THE HUNTER; AND WHAT FOLLOWED THE ATTACK.

HENRY and Suffolk, on leaving the forester's hut, took their way for a

short space along the side of the lake, and then turned into a path, leading through the trees up the eminence on the left. The king was in a joyous mood, and made no attempt to conceal the passion with which the fair damsel had inspired him.

"I'faith!" he cried, "the cardinal has a quick eye for a pretty wench. I have heard that he loves one in secret; and I am therefore the more beholden to him for discovering Mabel to me."

"You forget, my liege, that it is his object to withdraw your regards from the lady Anne Boleyn," remarked Suffolk.

"I care not what his motive may be, as long as the result is so satisfactory," returned Henry. "Confess now, Suffolk, you never beheld a figure so perfect—a complexion so blooming—or eyes so bright. As to her lips, by my soul I never tasted such!"

"And your majesty is not inexperienced in such matters," laughed Suffolk. "For my own part, I was as much struck by her grace as by her beauty, and can scarcely persuade myself she can be nothing more than a forester's granddaughter."

"Wolsey told me there was a mystery about her birth," rejoined Henry; "but, pest on it! her beauty drove all recollection of it out of my head. I will go back, and question her now."

"Your majesty forgets that your absence from the castle will occasion surprise, if not alarm," said Suffolk. "The mystery will keep till to-morrow."

"Tut, tut—I *will* return," said the king, perversely. And Suffolk, knowing his wilfulness, and that all remonstrance would prove futile, retraced his steps with him.

They had not proceeded far, when they perceived a female figure at the bottom of the ascent, just where the path turned off on the edge of the lake.

"As I live, there she is!" exclaimed the king, joyfully. "She has divined my wishes, and is come herself to tell me her history."

And he sprang forward, while Mabel advanced rapidly towards him.

They met half way, and Henry would have caught her in his arms, but she avoided him, exclaiming, in a tone of confusion and alarm—"Thank Heaven! I have found you, sire!"

"Thank heaven too, sweetheart!" rejoined Henry; "I would not hide when you are the seeker. So you know me,—ha?"

"I knew you at first," replied Mabel, confusedly. "I saw you at the great hunting party; and, once beheld, your Majesty is not easily forgotten."

"Ha! by St. George! you turn a compliment as soothly as the most practised dame at court," cried Henry, catching her hand.

"Beseech your majesty, release me!" returned Mabel, struggling to get free. "I followed you not on the light errand you suppose, but to warn you of danger. Before you quitted my

grandsire's cottage, I told you this part of the forest was haunted by plunderers and evil beings, and apprehensive lest some mischance might befal you, I opened the window softly to look after you——."

"And you overheard me tell the Duke of Suffolk how much smitten I was with your beauty, ha?" interrupted the King, squeezing her hand—"and how resolved I was to make you mine,—ha! sweetheart?"

"The words I heard were of very different import, my liege," rejoined Mabel. "You were menaced by miscreants who purposed to waylay you before you could reach your steed."

"Let them come," replied Henry, carelessly, "they shall pay for their villainy. How many were there?"

"Two, sire," answered Mabel; "but one of them was Herne, the demon hunter of the forest. He said he would summon his band to make you captive. What can your strong arm, even aided by that of the Duke of Suffolk, avail against numbers?"

"Captive! ha!" exclaimed the king. "Said the knave so?"

"He did, sire," replied Mabel; "and I knew it was Herne by his antlered helm."

"There is reason in what the damsel says, my liege," interposed Suffolk. "If possible, you had better avoid an encounter with the villains."

"My hands itch to give them a lesson," rejoined Henry; "but I will be ruled by you. God's death! I will return to-morrow and hunt them down like so many wolves."

"Where are your horses, sire?" asked Mabel.

"Tied to a tree at the foot of the hill," replied Henry. "But I have attendants midway between this spot and Snow Hill."

"This way, then!" said Mabel, breaking from him, and darting into a narrow path among the trees.

Henry ran after her, but was not agile enough to overtake her. At length, she stopped.

"If your majesty will pursue this path," she cried, "you will come to an open space amid the trees, when, if you will direct your course towards a large beech-tree on the opposite side, you will find another narrow path, which will take you where you desire to go."

"But I cannot go alone," cried Henry.

Mabel, however, slipped past him, and was out of sight in an instant.

Henry looked as if he had some idea of following her, but Suffolk ventured to arrest him.

"Do not tarry here, longer, my gracious liege," said the Duke. "Danger is to be apprehended, and the sooner you rejoin your attendants the better. Return with them, if you please, but do not expose yourself further now."

Henry yielded, though reluctantly, and they walked on in silence. Ere long, they arrived at the open space described by

Mabel, and immediately perceived the large beech-tree, behind which they found the path.

By this time, the moon had arisen, and as they emerged upon the marsh, they easily discovered a track, though not broader than a sheep-walk, leading along its edge. As they hurried along it, Suffolk occasionally cast a furtive glance over his shoulder, but he saw nothing to alarm him. The whole tract of marshy land on the left was hidden from view by a silvery mist.

In a few minutes, the king and his companion gained firmer ground, and ascending the gentle elevation on the other side of the marsh, made their way to a little knoll crowned by a huge oak, which commanded a fine view of the lake, running through the valley beyond. Henry, who was a few yards in advance of his companion, paused at a short distance from the tree, and being somewhat overheated, took off his cap to wipe his brow, laughingly observing,—"In good truth, Suffolk, we must henceforth be rated as miserable faineants, to be scared from our path by a silly wench's tale of robbers and wild huntsmen. I am sorry I yielded to her entreaties. If Herne be still extant, he must be more than a century and a half old, for unless the legend is false, he flourished in the time of my predecessor, Richard the Second. I would I could see him!"

"Behold him, then!" cried a harsh voice from behind.

And turning at the sound, Henry perceived a tall, dark figure, of hideous physiognomy and strange attire, helmed with a huge pair of antlers, standing between him and the oak tree. So sudden was the appearance of the figure, that, in spite of himself, the king slightly started.

"What art thou?—ha!" he demanded.

"What I have said," replied the demon. "I am Herne the hunter. Welcome to my domain, Harry of England. You are lord of the castle, but I am lord of the forest. Ha! ha!"

"I am lord both of the forest and the castle—yea, of all this broad land, false fiend!" cried the king, "and none shall dispute it with me. In the name of the most holy faith of which I am the defender, I command thee to avoid my path! Get thee backwards, Satan."

The demon laughed derisively.

"Harry of England, advance towards me, and you advance upon your peril," he rejoined.

"Avaunt, I say," cried the king. "In the name of the blessed Trinity, and of all holy angels and saints, I strike."

And he whirled the staff round his head, but ere the weapon could descend, a flash of dazzling fire encircled the demon, amidst which he vanished.

"Heaven protect us!" exclaimed Henry, somewhat appalled.

At this juncture, the sound of a horn was heard, and a number of wild figures in fantastic garbs,—some mounted on swarthy steeds, and accompanied by hounds,—others on foot, issued from

the adjoining covert, and hurried towards the spot occupied by the king.

"Aha!" exclaimed Henry—"more of the same sort. Hell, it would seem, has let loose her hosts, but I have no fear of them. Stand by me, Suffolk."

"To the death, sire," replied the duke, drawing his sword.

By this time, one of the foremost of the impish crew had reached the king, and commanded him to yield himself prisoner.

"Dost know whom thou askest to yield, dog?" cried Henry, furiously.

"Yea," replied the other, "thou art the king!"

"Then down on thy knees, traitor," roared Henry; "down all of ye, and sue for mercy."

"For mercy—ha! ha!" rejoined the other; "it is thy turn to sue for mercy, tyrant. We acknowledge no other ruler than Herne the hunter."

"Then seek him in hell!" cried Henry, dealing the speaker a tremendous blow on the head with his staff which brought him senseless to the ground.

The others immediately closed round him, and endeavoured to seize the king.

"Ha! dogs!—ha! traitors!" vociferated Henry, plying his staff with great activity, and bringing down an assailant at each stroke; "do you dare to lay hands upon our sacred person? Back! back!"

The determined resistance offered by the king, supported as he was by Suffolk, paralysed his assailants, who seemed more bent upon securing his person than on doing him injury. But at this juncture, Suffolk's attention was diverted by the attack of a fierce black hound, which was set upon him by a stout fellow in a bearded mask. After a hard struggle, and not before he had been severely bitten in the arm, the duke contrived to despatch his assailant.

"This to avenge poor Bawsey," cried the man who had set on the hound, stabbing at Suffolk with his knife.

But Suffolk parried the blow, and, disarming his antagonist, forced him to the ground.

Meanwhile, Henry had been placed in considerable jeopardy. Like Suffolk, he had slaughtered a hound, and, in aiming a blow at the villain who set it on, his foot slipped, and he lay at his mercy. The wretch raised his knife, and was in the act of striking, when a sword was passed through his body. The blow was decisive; the king instantly arose, and the rest of his assailants —horse as well as foot—disheartened by what had occurred, beat a hasty retreat. Harry turned to look for his deliverer, and uttered an exclamation of astonishment and anger.

"Ah! God's death!" he cried, "can I believe my eyes? Is it you, Sir Thomas Wyat?"

"It is," replied the other.

"What do you here? ha!" demanded the king. "You should be in Paris."

"I have tarried for revenge," replied Wyat.

"Revenge!—ha!" cried Henry. "On whom?"

"On you," replied Wyat.

"What!" vociferated Henry, foaming with rage—"Is it you, traitor, who have devised this damnable plot?—is it you who would have made your king a captive?—you who would have slain him? Have you leagued yourself with fiends?"

But Wyat made no answer; and though he lowered the point of his sword, he regarded the king sternly.

A female figure now rushed forward, and bending before the king, cried, in an imploring voice,—

"Spare him, sire—spare him. He is no party to the attack. I was near him in yon wood, and he stirred not forth till he saw your life in danger. He then delivered you from the assassin."

"I did so, because I reserved him for my own hand," said Wyat.

"You hear him confess his treason," cried Henry; "down on your knees, villain, or I will strike you to my feet."

"He has just saved your life, my liege," cried the supplicant. "Oh, spare him!"

"What do you here, Mabel?" cried Henry, angrily.

"I followed your majesty unseen," she replied, in some confusion, "and reached yon wood just as the attack commenced. I did not dare to advance further."

"You should have gone home—gone home," rejoined the king. "Wyat," he continued in a tone of stern reproach, "you were once a loyal subject. What means this change?"

"It means that you have robbed me of a mistress," replied Wyat; "and for this cause I have damned myself."

"Pardon him!—oh, pardon him, sire!" cried Mabel.

"I cannot understand you, Wyat," said Henry, after a pause; "but though a king, I have suffered from the pangs of jealousy. You have saved my life, and I will spare yours."

"Sire!" cried Wyat.

"Suffolk!" exclaimed Henry, looking towards the duke, who was holding Fenwolf by the throat, "shall I be justified in letting him go free?"

"Strike!—strike!" cried a deep voice in Wyat's ear, "your rival is now in your power,"

"Far be it from me to thwart your majesty's generous impulses," rejoined Suffolk. "It is true that Wyat has saved your life; and if he had been disposed to take it, you have this moment exposed yourself to him."

"Sir Thomas Wyat," said the king, turning to him, "you have my full and free pardon. Quit this forest instantly, and make your way to Paris. If you are found within it tomorrow, you will be lodged in the Tower."

Mabel Lyndwood interceding for Sir Thomas Wyat with Henry.

Wyat knelt down, and would have pressed Henry's hand to his lips.

"No—no!" replied the king, pushing him aside—"Not now—on your return."

Thus rebuffed, Wyat strode away, and as he passed the tree, he heard a voice exclaim—

"You have escaped him, but think not to escape *me!*"

"And now, sweetheart," said Henry, turning to Mabel, since you are so far on the way, you shall go with me to the castle."

"On no account, my liege," she returned; "my grandsire will wonder what has become of me. He must already be in great alarm."

"But I will send one of my attendants to him to quiet his fears," urged Henry.

"That would only serve to increase them," she rejoined. "Nay, I must go."

And breaking from him, she darted swiftly down the hill, and glanced across the marsh like a moonbeam.

"Plague on it!" cried Henry—"I have again forgotten to question her about her birth."

"Shall I despatch this knave, my liege?" cried Suffolk, pointing with his sword to Fenwolf.

"By no means," said the king; "something may be learnt from him. Hark thee, thou felon hound,—if thou indeed servest the fiend, thou seest he deserts thee, as he does all who put faith in him."

"I see it," replied Fenwolf, who, finding resistance vain, had folded his hands doggedly upon his breast.

"Then confess thy evil practices," said the king.

"Give me my life and I will," replied Fenwolf. And as he uttered the words, he caught sight of the dark figure of Herne, stationed at the side of the oak, with its right arm raised menacingly.

"What seest thou?" cried Henry, remarking his fixed gaze towards the tree, and glancing in that direction.

Fenwolf made no reply.

Henry went up to the tree, and walked round it, but he could see nothing.

"I will scour the forest to-morrow," he muttered, "and will hang every knave I find within it who cannot give a good account of himself."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed a voice, which seemed to proceed from the branches of the tree.

Henry looked up, but no one was visible.

"God's death! derided!" he roared. "Man or devil, thou shalt feel my wrath."

"Ho! ho! ho!" again laughed the voice.

Stamping with rage, Henry swore a great oath, and smote the trunk of the tree with his sword.

"Your majesty will search in vain," said Suffolk, "it is clearly

the fiend with whom you have to deal, and the aid of holy priests must be obtained to drive him forth from the forest."

"Ho! ho! ho!" again laughed the voice.

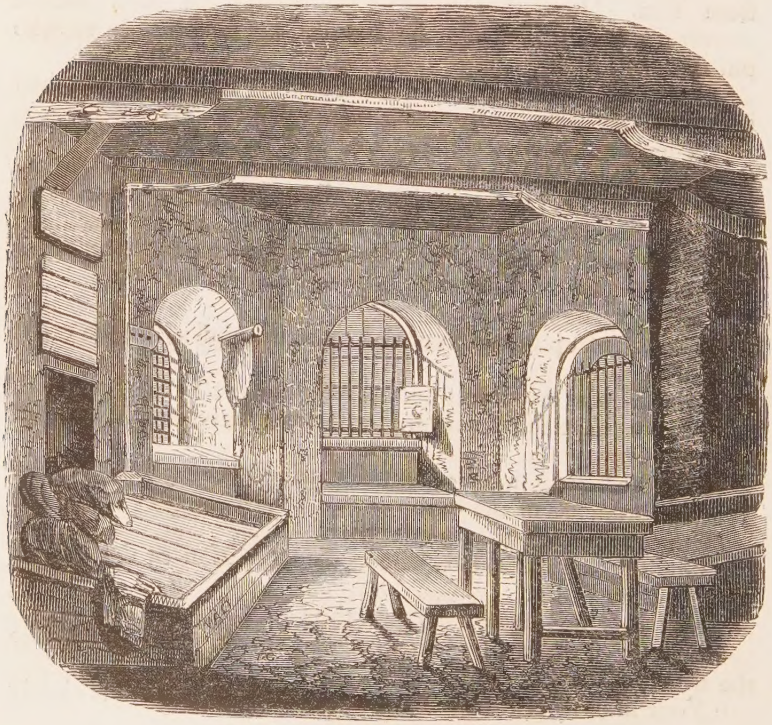
While this was passing, a party of horsemen appeared in view. They proved to be the royal attendants, who had ridden forward in search of the king, and were instantly hailed by Henry and Suffolk. They were headed by Captain Bouchier, who at a sign from the king instantly dismounted.

"Give me your horse, Bouchier," said Henry, "and do you and half a dozen of your men remain on guard at this tree till I send a party of arquebusiers to relieve you. When they arrive, station them near it, and let them remain here till I return in the morning. If any one appears, make him a prisoner."

"Your majesty's orders shall be faithfully obeyed," replied Bouchier.

Bound hand and foot, Fenwolf was thrown upon the back of a horse, and guarded by two halberdiers, who were prepared to strike him on the slightest movement. In this way he was conveyed to the castle.

On arriving there, Henry's first business was to dispatch a party of arquebusiers to Bouchier, while Fenwolf was placed in the guard-chamber of the lower gate, till further orders should be issued respecting him.



GUARD CHAMBER IN HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GATE.

VII.

SHEWING HOW MORGAN FENWOLF ESCAPED FROM THE GARTER TOWER.

HALF-AN-HOUR after Morgan Fenwolf had been placed in the guard-chamber, during the whole of which time he maintained a sullen and dogged demeanour, he was visited by the Duke of Suffolk and a canon of the college; and the chamber being cleared, the duke enjoined him to make clear his bosom by confession.

"I hold it my duty to tell you, prisoner," said Suffolk, "that there is no hope of your life. The king's highness is determined to make a fearful example of you and all your companions in crime; but he does not seek to destroy your soul, and has therefore sent this holy man to you, in the hope that you will open your heart to him, and by confession and repentance save yourself from eternal perdition."

"Repentance will profit me nothing," said Fenwolf, moodily. "I cannot pray if I would."

"You cannot be so utterly lost, my son," rejoined the canon. "Hell may have woven its dark chains round you, but not so firmly but that the hand of Heaven can burst them."

"You waste time in seeking to persuade me," returned Fenwolf.

"You are not ignorant of the punishment of those condemned for sorcery, my son?" demanded the canon.

"It is the stake, is it not?" replied Fenwolf.

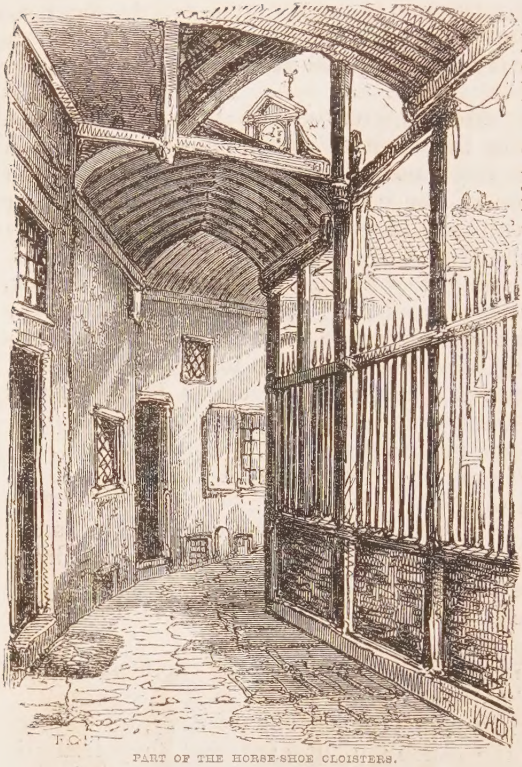
"It is," replied the canon; "but even that fiery trial will fail to purge out your offences without penitence. My lord of Suffolk, this wretched man's condition demands special attention. It will profit the church much to win his soul from the fiend. Let him, I pray you, be removed to the dungeon beneath the Garter Tower, where a priest shall visit him, and pray by his side till daybreak."

"It will be useless, father," said Fenwolf.

"I do not despair, my son," replied the canon; "and when I see you again in the morning, I trust to find you in a better frame of mind."

The duke then gave directions to the guard to remove the prisoner; and after some further conference with the canon, returned to the royal apartments.

Meanwhile, the canon shaped his course towards the Horseshoe cloisters,—a range of buildings so designated from their form, and situated at the west-end of Saint George's chapel, and he had scarcely entered them, when he heard footsteps behind him, and turning at the sound, beheld a Franciscan friar, for so his habit of the coarsest grey cloth, tied with a cord round the waist, proclaimed him. The friar's cowl was drawn over his face so as to conceal his features.



PART OF THE HORSE-SHOE CLOISTERS.

"What would you, brother?" inquired the canon, halting.

"I have a request to make of you, reverend sir," replied the friar, with a lowly inclination of the head. "I have just arrived from Chertsey Abbey, whither I have been tarrying for the last three days, and while conversing with the guard at the gate, I saw a prisoner brought into the castle, charged with heinous offences, and amongst others, with dealings with the fiend."

"You have been rightly informed, brother," rejoined the canon.

"And have I, also, been rightly informed that you desire a priest to pass the night with him, reverend sir," returned the friar; "for if so, I would crave permission to undertake the office? Two souls, as deeply laden as that of this poor wretch, have I snatched from the jaws of Satan, and I do not despair of success now."

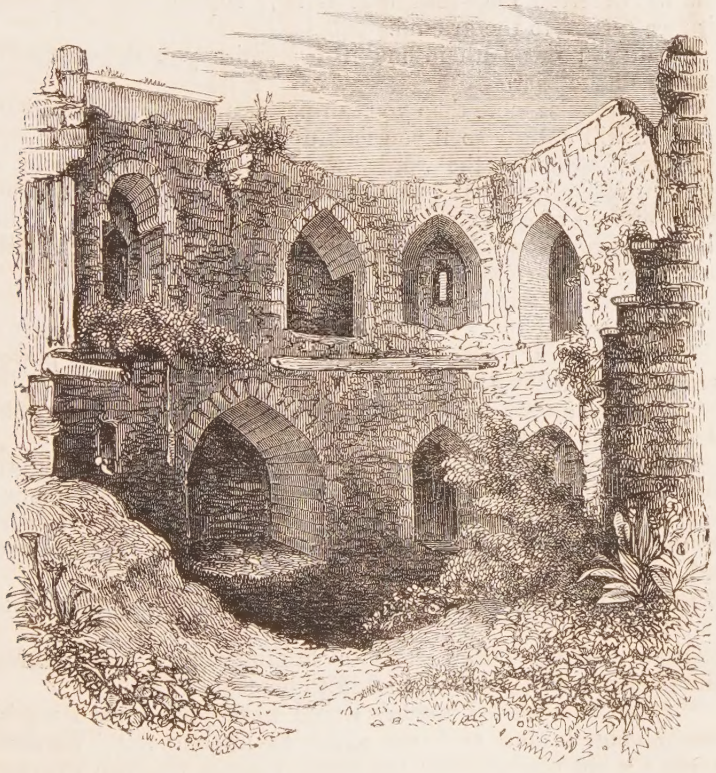
"Since you are so confident, brother," said the canon, "I commit him readily to your hands. I was about to seek other aid, but your offer comes opportunely. With Heaven's help, I doubt not you will achieve a victory over the evil one."

As the latter words were uttered, a sudden pain seemed to seize the friar. Staggering slightly, he caught at the railing of the cloisters for support, but he instantly recovered himself.

"It is nothing, reverend sir," he said, seeing that the good canon regarded him anxiously. "Long vigils and fasting have made me liable to frequent attacks of giddiness, but they pass as quickly as they come. Will it please you to go with me, and direct the guard to admit me to the prisoner?"

The canon assented; and crossing the quadrangle, they returned to the gateway.

Meanwhile, the prisoner had been removed to the lower chamber of the Garter Tower. This fortification, one of the oldest in the Castle, being coeval with the Curfew Tower, is now in a state of grievous neglect and ruin. Unroofed, unfloored, filled with rubbish, masked by the yard walls of the adjoining habitations, with one side entirely pulled down, and a great breach in front, it is solely owing to the solid and rock-like construction of its masonry, that it is indebted for partial preservation. Still, notwithstanding its dilapidated condition, and that it is the mere shell of its former self, its appearance is highly picturesque. The walls are of prodigious thickness, and the deep embrasures within them are almost perfect; while a secret staircase may still be tracked partly round the building. Amid the rubbish choking up its lower chamber, grows a young tree, green and flourishing—a type, it is to be hoped, of the restoration of the structure!



EXTERIOR OF THE GARTER TOWER.

Conducted to a low vaulted chamber in this tower, the prisoner was cast upon its floor—for he was still bound hand and foot—and left alone and in darkness. But he was not destined

to continue in this state long. The door of the dungeon opened, and the guard ushered in the tall Franciscan friar.

"What ho! dog of a prisoner," he cried, "here is a holy man come to pass the night with you in prayer."

"I want him not," replied Fenwolf, moodily.

"You would prefer my bringing Herne the hunter, no doubt," rejoined the guard, laughing at his own jest; "but this is a physician for your soul. The saints help you in your good work, father. You will have no light task."

"Set down the light, my son," cried the friar, harshly, "and leave us. My task will be easily accomplished."

Placing the lamp on the stone floor of the dungeon, the guard withdrew, and locked the door after him.

"Do you repent, my son?" demanded the friar, as soon as they were alone."

"Certes, I repent having put faith in a treacherous fiend who has deserted me,—but that is all," replied Fenwolf, with his face turned to the ground.

"Will you put faith in me if I promise you deliverance?" demanded the friar.

"You promise more than you can perform," rejoined the other.

"You will not say so if you look up," said the friar.

Fenwolf started at the words, which were pronounced in a different voice from that previously adopted by the speaker, and raised himself as much as his bonds would permit him. The friar had thrown back his cowl, and disclosed features of appalling hideousness, lighted up by a diabolical grin.

"You here!" cried Fenwolf.

"You doubted me," rejoined Herne; "but I never desert a follower. Besides, I wish to shew the royal Harry that my power is as great as his own."

"But how are we to get out of this dungeon?" asked Fenwolf, gazing round apprehensively.

"My way out will be easy enough," replied Herne; "but your escape is attended with more difficulty. You remember how we went to the vaulted chamber, in the Curfew Tower, on the night when Mark Fytton, the butcher, was confined within it."

"I do," replied Fenwolf. "But I can think of nothing while I am tied thus."

Herne instantly drew forth a hunting-knife, and cutting asunder his bonds, Fenwolf started to his feet.

"If that bull-headed butcher would have joined me I would have liberated him, as I am about to liberate you," pursued Herne; "but you recollect the secret passage we then tracked. There is such another staircase in this tower."

And stepping to the further side of the chamber, he touched a small knob in the wall, a stone flew back, disclosing an aperture just large enough to allow a man to pass through it.

"There is your road to freedom," said Herne, pointing to the

hole; "enter it, and creep along the narrow passage to which it leads, and which will bring you to a small loophole in the wall, not many feet from the ground. The loophole is guarded by a bar of iron, but it is moved by a spring in the upper part of the stone in which it appears to be morticed. This impediment removed, you will easily force your way through the loophole, which is at no great height from the ground. Drop cautiously for fear of the sentinels on the walls; then make your way to the forest, and if you 'scape the arquebusiers who are scouring it, conceal yourself in the cave below the beech-tree."

"And what of you?" asked Fenwolf.

"I have more to do here," replied Herne, impatiently—"away!"

Thus dismissed, Fenwolf entered the aperture, which was instantly closed after him by Herne. Carefully following the instructions of his leader, the keeper passed through the loop-hole, let himself drop softly down, and keeping close to the side of the tower till he heard the sentinels move off, darted swiftly across the street.

GARTER TOWER, FROM THAMES STREET.

Meanwhile, Herne drew the cowl over his head, and stepping to the door, knocked loudly against it.

"What would you, father?" cried the guard, from without.

"Enter, my son, and you shall know," replied Herne.

The next moment, the door was unlocked, and the guard advanced into the dungeon.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, snatching up the lamp and looking round—"where is the prisoner?"

"Gone!" replied Herne.

"What! has the fiend flown away with him?" cried the man, in mixed astonishment and alarm.

"He has been set free by Herne the hunter!" cried the demon; "tell all who question thee so, and relate what thou now seest."

And as the words were uttered, a bright blue flame illumined the chamber, in the midst of which was seen the tall dark figure of Herne. His Franciscan's gown had dropped to his feet, and he appeared habited in his wild deer-skin garb. With a loud cry, the guard fell senseless on the ground.

A few minutes after this, as was subsequently ascertained, a

tall Franciscan friar threaded the cloisters behind Saint George's Chapel, and giving the word to the sentinels, passed through the outer door communicating with the steep descent leading to the town.

OUTER DOOR LEADING TO THE HUNDRED STEPS.

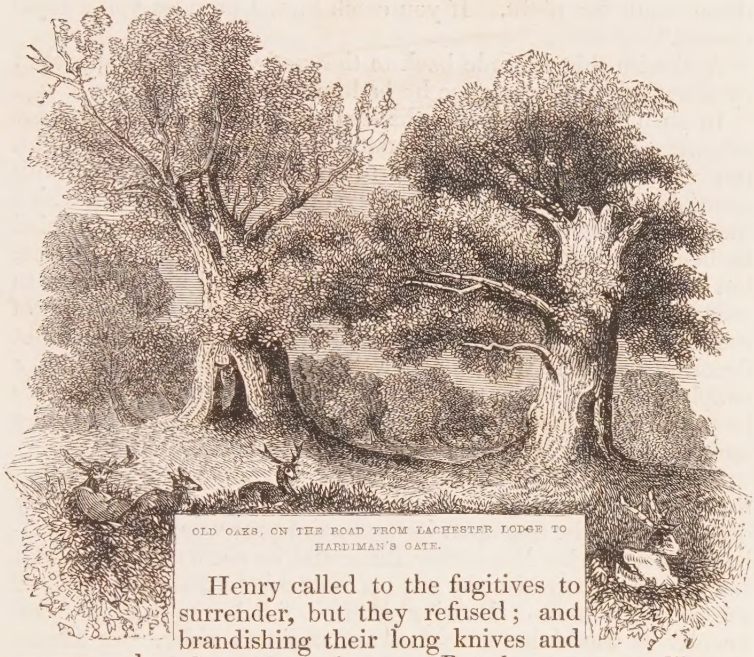
VIII.

HOW HERNE THE HUNTER WAS HIMSELF HUNTED.

On the guard's recovery, information of what had occurred was immediately conveyed to the King, who had not yet retired to rest, but was sitting in his private chamber with the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk. The intelligence threw him into a violent passion. He ordered the guard to be locked up in the dungeon whence the prisoner had escaped; directed the Duke of Suffolk, with a patrol, to make search in the neighbourhood of the castle for the fugitive and the friar; and bade the Duke of Norfolk get together a band of arquebusiers; and as soon as the latter were assembled, he placed himself at their head, and again rode into the forest.

The cavalcade had proceeded about a mile along the great avenue, when one of the guard rode up and said that he heard some distant sounds on the right. Commanding a halt, Henry listened for a moment, and becoming convinced that the man was right, quitted the course he was pursuing, and dashed across the broad glade now traversed by the avenue called Queen Ann's Ride. As he advanced, the trampling of horses was heard, accompanied by shouts, and presently afterwards, a troop of wild looking horsemen in fantastic garbs was seen galloping down

the hill, pursued by Bouchier and his followers. The king immediately shaped his course so as to intercept the flying party, and being in some measure screened by the trees, he burst unexpectedly upon them at a turn of the road.



OLD OAKS, ON THE ROAD FROM LACHESTER LODGE TO HARDIMAN'S GATE.

Henry called to the fugitives to surrender, but they refused; and brandishing their long knives and spears, made a desperate resistance. But they were speedily surrounded and overpowered. Bouchier inquired from the king what should be done with the prisoners.

"Hang them all upon yon trees," cried Henry, pointing to two sister oaks which stood near the scene of strife.

The terrible sentence was immediately carried into execution. Cords were produced, and in less than a quarter of an hour twenty breathless bodies were swinging from the branches of the two trees indicated by the king.

"This will serve to deter others from like offences," observed Henry, who had watched the whole proceedings with savage satisfaction. "And now, Bouchier, how came you to let the leader of these villains escape?"

"I did not know he had escaped, my liege," replied Bouchier, in astonishment.

"Yea, marry, but he has escaped," rejoined Henry; "and he has had the audacity to shew himself in the castle within this hour, and the cunning, moreover, to set the prisoner free."

And he proceeded to relate what had occurred.

"This is strange, indeed, my liege," replied Bouchier, at the

close of the king's recital; "and to my thinking is proof convincing that we have to do with a supernatural being."

"Banish the idle notion," rejoined Henry, sternly. "We are all the dupes of some jugglery. The caitiff will doubtless return to the forest. Continue your search, therefore, for him throughout the night. If you catch him, I promise you a royal reward."

And with this, he rode back to the castle, somewhat appeased by the wholesale vengeance he had taken of the offenders.

In obedience to the orders he had received, Bouchier with his followers continued riding about the forest the whole night, but without finding anything to reward their search, until about dawn it occurred to him to return to the trees on which the bodies were suspended. As he approached them, he fancied he beheld a black wild-looking horse standing beneath the tree, but not being quite certain on that, he ordered his followers to proceed as noiselessly as possible, and to keep under the cover of the trees. A nearer advance convinced him that his eyes had not deceived him. It was indeed a horse that he beheld, with a couple of bodies, evidently snatched from the branches, laid across its back. A glance at the trees, too, shewed Bouchier that they had considerably lightened of their hideous spoil.

Seeing this, Bouchier dashed forward. Alarmed by the noise, the wild horse neighed loudly, and a dark figure instantly dropped from the tree upon its back, and proceeded to disencumber it of its load. But before this could be accomplished, a bolt from a cross-bow, shot by one of Bouchier's followers, pierced the animal's brain. Rearing aloft, it fell backwards, in such manner as would have crushed an ordinary rider, but Herne slipped off uninjured, and with incredible swiftness darted among the trees. The others started in pursuit, and a chace commenced, in which the demon huntsman had to sustain the part of the deer—nor could any deer have afforded better sport.

Away flew the pursued and pursuers over the broad glade and through tangled glen—the woods resounding with their cries. Bouchier did not lose sight of the fugitive for a moment, and urged his men to push on; but despite his alternate proffers and menaces, they gained but little on Herne, who, speeding towards the Home Park, cleared its high palings with a single bound.

Over went Bouchier and his followers, and they then descried him making his way to a large oak, standing almost alone in the centre of a beautiful glade. An instant afterwards, he reached the tree, shook his arm menacingly at his pursuers, and disappeared.

The next moment, Bouchier came up; flung himself from his panting steed, and, with his drawn sword in hand, forced himself through a rift in its side, into the tree. There was a hollow within large enough to allow a man to stand upright, and two funnel-like holes ran upwards into the branches. Finding nothing,

Bouchier called for a hunting spear, and thrust it as far as he could into the holes above. The point encountered no obstruction except such as was offered by the wood itself. He stamped upon the ground—and sounded it on all sides with the spear, but with no better success than before.

Issuing forth, he next directed his attention to the upper part of the tree, which, in the interim, had been carefully watched on all sides by his followers; and not content with viewing it from below, he mounted into the branches. But they had nothing to show, except their own leafy covering.

The careful examination of the ground about the tree, at length led to the discovery of a small hole among its roots, about half a dozen yards from the trunk, and though this hole seemed scarcely large enough to serve for an entrance to the kennel of the fox, Bouchier deemed it expedient to keep a careful watch over it.

His investigation completed, he despatched a sergeant of the guard to the castle, to acquaint the king with what had occurred.

Disturbed by the events of the night, Henry obtained little sleep, and at an early hour, summoned an attendant, and demanded whether there were any tidings from the forest. The attendant replied that a sergeant of the guard was without, sent by Captain Bouchier, with a message for his majesty. The sergeant was immediately admitted to the royal presence, and on the close of his marvellous story, the king, who had worked himself into a tremendous fury during its relation, roared out—"What foiled again—ha! But he shall not escape, if I have to root up half the trees in the forest. Bouchier and his fellows must be bewitched. Harkye, knaves, get together a dozen of the best woodmen and yeomen in the castle—instantly, as you value your lives—bid them bring axe and saw, pick and spade. D'ye mark me—ha! Stay, I have not done. I must have fagots and straw, for I will burn this tree to the ground,—burn it to a char. Summon the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk—the rascal archer I dubbed the Duke of Shoreditch, and his mates—the keepers of the forest and their hounds—summon them quickly, and bid a band of the yeomen of the guard get ready." And he sprang from his couch.

The king's commands were executed with such alacrity, that by the time he was fully attired, the whole of the persons he had ordered to be summoned were assembled. Putting himself at their head, he rode forth to the Home Park, and found Bouchier and his followers grouped around the tree.

"We are still at fault, my liege," said Bouchier.

"So I see, sir," replied the king, angrily. "Hew down the tree instantly, knaves," he added to the woodmen. "Fall to, —fall to."

Ropes were then fastened to the tree, and the welkin resounded with the rapid strokes of the hatchets. It was a task of some

difficulty, but such zeal and energy were displayed by the woodmen, that, ere long, the giant trunk lay prostrate on the ground, Its hollows were now fully exposed to view, but they were empty.

"Set fire to the accursed piece of timber!" roared the king—"burn it to dust, and scatter it to the wind."

At these orders, two yeomen of the guard advanced, and, throwing down a heap of fagots, straw, and other combustibles, on the roots of the tree, soon kindled a fierce fire.

Meanwhile, a couple of woodmen, stripped of their jerkins, and with their brawny arms bared to the shoulder, mounted on the trunk, and strove to split it asunder. Some of the keepers likewise got into the branches, and peered into every crack and crevice, in the hope of making some discovery. Amongst the latter was Will Sommers, who had posted himself near a great arm of the tree, which he maintained, when lopped off, would be found to contain the demon.

Nor were other expedients neglected. A fierce hound had been sent into the hole near the roots of the tree, by Gabriel Lapp, but after a short absence he returned howling and terrified; nor could all the efforts of Gabriel, seconded by a severe lashing with the whip, induce him to enter it again.

When the hound had come forth, a couple of yeomen advanced to enlarge the opening, while a third with a pick endeavoured to remove the root, which formed an impediment to their efforts.

"They may dig, but they'll never catch him," observed Shoreditch, who stood by, to his companions. "Hunting a spirit is not the same thing as hunting a wolf or a fox."

"Not so loud, duke," said Islington, "his majesty may think thy jest irreverent."

"I have an arrow blessed by a priest," said Paddington, "which I shall let fly at him, if he appears."

"Here he is! here he is!" cried Will Sommers, as a great white horned owl, which had been concealed in some part of the tree, flew forth.

"It may be the demon in that form—shoot!" said Shoreditch.

Paddington bent his bow. The arrow whistled through the air, and in another moment the owl fell fluttering to the ground; but it underwent no transformation, as was expected by the credulous archer.

Meanwhile, the fire, being constantly supplied with fresh fagots, and stirred by the yeomen of the guard, burnt bravely. The lower part of the tree was already consumed, and the flames, roaring along the hollow within, with a sound like that of a furnace, promised soon to reduce it to charcoal.

By this time, the mouth of the hole having been widened, another keeper, who had brought forward a couple of lurchers, sent them into it; but in a few moments they returned, as the hound had done, howling, and with scared looks. Without even

The Search for Herne the Hunter.

facing their enraged master, they ran off with their tails between their legs, towards the castle.

"I see how it is, Rufus," said Gabriel, patting his hound, who looked wistfully and half-reproachfully in his face. "Thou wert not to blame, poor fellow. The best dog that ever was whelped can be no match for the devil."

Though it had long ere this become the general opinion that it was useless to persevere further in the search, the king, with his characteristic obstinacy, would not give it up. In due time, the whole of the trunk of the enormous tree was consumed, and its branches cast into the fire. The roots were rent from the ground, and a wide and deep trench digged around. The course of the hole was traced for some distance, but it was never of any size, and was suddenly lost by the falling in of the earth.

At length, after three hours' watching, Henry's patience was exhausted, and he ordered the pit to be filled up, and every crevice and fissure in the ground about to be carefully stopped.

"If we cannot unkennel the fox," he said, "we will at least earth him up."

"For all your care, gossip Henry," muttered Will Sommers, as he rode after his master to the castle, "the fox will work his way out."

Thus ends the Second Book of the Chronicle of Windsor Castle.

TO HIS FIRST LOVE, BY AN ELDERLY POET.

BY M. Y. W.

LADY, who in thy youthful prime
Wert oft th' unconscious cause of pain,
Hear now a tale of that sweet time,
And one who loved thee—but in vain!

Yes! I was one amid the throng
Who sought to win thy favour then;—
Those happy days when we were young—
Oh! could I charm them here again!

I would not now be what I was,
So awkwardly confused and shy;
Nor in the half-told secret pause
Seeing thee look both sweet and sly.

The wakeful night, the beating heart,
Th' involuntary sigh were mine—
Too well I play'd the lover's part,
And scarce could breakfast, luncheon, dine.

Yet beauty such as thine was worth
All that a lover's heart should bear—
Oh! there is nothing now on earth
Half so endearing, half so fair!

For though the rose, the lovely rose
Is blanch'd by sunshine and by showers,
There's not another bud that blows
Can take her place as queen of flowers.

Oh! there are some who still love on,
Though what they love was never theirs!
They have a secret all their own,—
They have a treasure no one shares.

Thou art the treasure of my soul,
My earliest and my dearest choice,
And, to this day, I scarce control
My fond emotions at thy voice!

Oh! grant me now this one request,
Too poor almost for love like mine,
If nothing more can be, at least
Accept me as thy Valentine.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MR. O'CONNELL IN 1842.

BY MRS. WARD.

I HAVE always given it as my opinion, that women should never interfere with politics—certainly not openly and avowedly; and though I do not mean to say that any one beyond my own friendly and familiar circle care a straw about my opinion (any more than the public do for that of the WE of *some* of the newspapers), I am glad I have so expressed myself; otherwise, being as I am the wife, daughter, and sister of soldiers, I might be considered as strangely inconsistent in having resolved on obtaining an introduction to Mr. O'Connell. The simplest remark of a man of genius and celebrity has always an interest in my eyes; and without possessing any of that morbid curiosity which induces some to seek out any who have become celebrated, no matter whether by good or evil deeds: I confess to the weakness (if it may be so called) of wishing to make the acquaintance of any man or woman who may have distinguished themselves from the rest of the world by superior ability. Many people, opposed to Mr. O'Connell in politics, speak of him as though he did not possess a single good quality. It is said, "The devil is not so black as he is painted;" how true this axiom may be, I am not competent to judge—I suppose, however, some charitable person first started it. Now people, violent in politics,—especially in religious politics,—have seldom any charity at all; indeed, those who set themselves up above the rest of the world as shining lights, are frequently so much taken up with meddling with other people's ways, that they generally lose their own; and, getting confused in the mist of fanaticism and argument, only confuse those whom they may really wish to serve. By the way, this has nothing to do with my introduction; I shall be accused of wishing to "spin out my paper," as school girls say,—so *allons*.

I had always had a curiosity even to see the Agitator. Many of my friends would never acknowledge the same weakness; and yet I have known them linger in the cold at the door of the house on a winter's afternoon, just to get a glimpse of his broad shoulders and broad-brimmed hat to match. Now I confess to having followed him all along Pall Mall, to the very steps of that princely building, the Reform Club.

To say that Mr. O'Connell is a wonderful man, would be to advance a truism that even his bitterest enemies allow. His friends talk of his eminent genius—his foes, of his indomitable assurance. They may give his talents and his moral courage what name they please, but, like "Luther, the solitary monk," Daniel O'Connell has already given the world a shake; whether for good or evil, it is not my part to determine: indeed, the result of his "agitation" may yet remain to be proved. However, let me again disclaim all intention of leaning to one side of politics or the other—at least, in print. As I have said before, "women burn their fingers by meddling with politics, and get no pity for it afterwards." My chapter has chiefly to do with a few minutes' conversation with Mr. O'Connell, as entertaining as it was unexpected. By the way, I am afraid my first words to him may betray what I would fain keep to myself; however, they may be looked upon as becoming the lips of one who has been soldiering nearly

all her life; and will at once, too, establish the fact of my treating my subject with equal honesty and disinterestedness.

The very day after landing at Kingstown, in Ireland, which I did for the purpose of embarking with my husband for the Cape of Good Hope—an embarkation ending after a weary voyage of three months, with shipwreck—I was told that Mr. O'Connell was going to head a meeting at the Corn Exchange, in Dublin; and a relation of his calling on me, said that she and a party of friends would accompany me, if I wished it, to hear him speak. My husband's chaperoning me to a political meeting was, of course, out of the question. The promise of an introduction after the meeting was over, made me accept the invitation immebiateiy.

I had an excellent opportunity of hearing Mr. O'Connell in his happiest vein. He seemed to be in a very good humour indeed; and instead of those vituperations in which he is too apt to indulge, and which are unworthy of a man of such abilities, he dwelt more largely on the beauties of his country than on the conduct of his foes; and his eloquent descriptions of dear Ireland made me readily understand how powerful must be his influence over that people whom he is in the habit of addressing. Then his humour was so racy, that even when he ridiculed the men I had been accustomed to hear lauded to the skies, I could not help laughing at his witty sallies, his apt quotations, and his amusing similes.

The meeting over, we left the gallery, and, in descending, reached the glass-door of Mr. O'Connell's office. I looked over the little green curtain, and there was the "immortal Dan" leaning against the mantelpiece and engaged in conversation with his secretary—the earnestness of the debate being manifested by the various attempts made by the Lord Mayor to settle his wig to his liking—a sure demonstration, I had understood, of the "Agitator's" *agitation*.

He was so busy that we did not like to disturb him; and I had given up all idea of the introduction, when, just as we were debating about sending for umbrellas (the rain falling fast), Mr. O'Connell's carriage came *up*, and Mr. O'Connell himself came *down*. A few words of introduction—a courteous smile—and an offer of "conveying me home"—and in two minutes I was side by side with the Agitator. I declare I could hardly refrain from laughing; I could not but think of how my Tory relations would stare if they could but see me. I declare, too, I had a feeling of deception about me when I expressed myself delighted at having at length obtained the introduction I had so long desired; and after telling him of my old wish on that head, I said, with that candour which by many might be set down to wrong account—"I must tell you, Mr. O'Connell, that though I have long been anxious to meet you, though I have been most eager even to hear you speak, I cannot help thinking the Duke of Wellington the greatest man in the world: and I only say this lest you should attribute my desire of an introduction to you to any other motive than that of great admiration of your genius."

After all, what could Mr. O'Connell care for *my* motives? However, I satisfied my conscience—he was pleased to laugh at my honest avowal—and we understood one another perfectly.

Our drive, though short, permitted a few words of conversation. Something was said about the calamities and dissensions arising from

differences in religious opinions. I had, in the morning, seen Mr. O'Connell's bright-faced grand-daughter, as she came from chapel to the house where I was staying. His daughter, the Lady Mayoress, had also called—a fair, intelligent, creature; and, though the mother of a very large family, a still young and lovely woman. I had heard her express the most charitable opinions with evident ingenuousness; and could not but admire the domestic happiness to which the Agitator was wont to retire from the turmoils of public life. Let his choice of that life proceed from patriotic, ambitious, or selfish motives, or what it may, the position I found Mr. O'Connell held among his intimate friends and connexions surprised me. In the circle, who looked up to him as an idol of admiration and regard, I heard no political discussions; I listened only to anecdotes of his merry humour among his "people" at Darrynane and his grand-children at the Mansion House; and, having seen quite enough of the world (heaven help me!) to have rubbed off the rust of narrow-minded prejudices, I felt "how little *indeed* do we know of one another's inner life!"—how hard it is to judge of a man's private character by his public character!—and, above all, what a pleasant thing it is for one, (brought up, too, in directly opposite principles,) to discover redeeming, nay, endearing qualties, in one whom one has been led to consider altogether too worldly for the enjoyment of domestic affections. All this had passed through my mind before I found myself *tête-à-tête* with the Agitator; and as I have said, from one remark to another, we came to mutual regrets that difference of religious opinions between persons professing to be Christians should cause dissensions among families and destroy the ties of friendship. We began by being serious in our discussion—O'Connell ended it with an anecdote and a laugh.

"Did you never," he said, "hear the anecdote of George the Third and O'Shaughnessy?"

"Never," I replied.

"Well, then, I'll tell it you. O'Shaughnessy was a man whom George the Third used to employ to make his clothes, and even to alter them occasionally. He was anything but a fashionable artist; but whether it was that his work suited the king's homely habits, or that his majesty liked to have him about him, and to hear him talk, (as he did, with the Irish absence of reserve when encouraged,) I know not; certain it is, O'Shaughnessy was often summoned to Windsor, and was often known to hold long conversations with his royal employer, with whom he evidently increased in favour. This, of course, raised him many enemies; and at last, some who wished to do him injury in the sight of the king, told his majesty that O'Shaughnessy was a papist. The king did not send for him to dismiss him immediately as was anticipated, but the next time he had occasion to employ him, he called out—'O'Shaughnessy! I say O'Shaughnessy! they tell me you are a *papist!* What religion *are* you, Mr. O'Shaughnessy—I say, what religion are you, eh?' 'Plase your majesty,' replied O'Shaughnessy, very quietly and gravely, "I'm a—TAILOR!"

"Sure," continued O'Connell, "the king never asked O'Shaughnessy another question on this subject. And wasn't it a good example to set, that as long as a man minds his own business, and does it well, it is no business of other people what his religious opinions may be?"

Cape Town, Sept. 28, 1842.

THE TOWN LIFE OF THE RESTORATION.

BY ROBERT BELL.

PART I.

"When Players come to act the Parts of Queens,
Within the Curtains, and behind the Scenes—
* * *
When two good Kings shall be at Brentford town,
And when in London there shall not be one."
Nostradamus's Prophecy.—MARVELL.

"You see, Madam, here, the unhappiness of being born in our time, in which to that Virtue and Perfection, the Greeks and Romans would have given Temples and Altars, the highest thing we dare dedicate, is a Play, or some such Trifle."—*Dedication of the Mulberry Garden to the Duchess of Richmond.*—SEDLEY.

THE age of the Restoration was not less memorable for its own excesses, than for the solemn decorum it displaced. The transition was sudden, startling, and complete, from the "shop-board breeding" of the ruffed and cloaked puritan,

"With coz'ning cough and hollow cheek,"

to the spanking licentiousness of the cavalier. The rapidity of the change is scarcely intelligible to us, accustomed as we are to the silent and certain progression of the public mind. In a single night the frozen springs were set free, and London was flooded with long pent-up appetites and riotous passions. The king himself set the example, and had scarcely finished the enthusiastic reception at Whitehall, when he retired in indecent haste and impetuous disorder, to lull his fluttered royalty in the lap of Mrs. Palmer. It was like a general gaol delivery of all the vices, in a state of rabid excitement; and the frantic multitude, roaring through the streets, may be easily imagined, shrieking a tumultuous chorus, in the words of one of their own popular poets—

"Let every conduit run
Canary, 'till we lodge the reeling sun—
Tap every joy, let not a pearl be spilt,
'Till we have set the ringing world a-tilt!"

A new race, new manners, new institutions, new licences, from that instant set in. The "men about town" of the new regime, that "starving crew," of whom, says Sedley,

"None but has killed his man, or writ his play,"

exhibited a daring contrast to their immediate predecessors; the men

"of sure election,
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
And neck aside to draw in tone."

The best picture of the times is to be found in the satires, epigrams, and lampoons of the day; where there was no sparing of the salient characteristics at either side, and where, through a haze of the strangest buffoonery and the most audacious caricature, we get a closer insight into the daily life of the period, than the conventional dignity of history will permit us to procure, except very rarely, in its more authentic pages. The two phases of the Commonwealth and the Monarchy have been felicitously epitomized, in the characters of Cromwell and Charles, by Cleaveland and Marvell, both stanch adherents to their opposite

parties. Cleaveland's famous lines on the Protector are well known, beginning with

> "What's a Protector? He's a stately thing,
> That apes it in the non-age of a king;
> A Tragick Actor, Cæsar in a clown:
> He's a brass farthing stampéd with a crown."

Whoever is curious to pursue the parallel between Cromwell,

> "An outward saint, lined with a devil within,"

and Charles, as drawn by Marvell, who "kept his father's asses," and

> "Who, in the mimics of the Spinstrian sport,
> Outdoes Tiberius and his goatish court,"

may be referred to these pieces of rampant satire, not only for familiar portraits of the individuals, but for the broad features of the ages on which they so vividly impressed their own likenesses. We here propose to confine ourselves to the racketting era of the Restoration, and especially to that distinctive aspect of it which we have ventured to call its town-life.

This town-life was a thing peculiar to the period. It never existed before, it never existed since, and it would be impossible to revive it. It was like the fair of Amsterdam (which, from the intensity of its abandonment, lasts only a single night), an uproarious carnival, sanctioned by examples that had all the influence of prescriptive authority, utterly independent of all law and morality, running riot at the perilous height of the animal spirits, inflamed with drink, and maddened with over-reaching lusts, that at last paralyzed the senses of the revellers, and smote their quivering pulses dead, while they were yet gasping in unfulfilled pleasures. This blood-wantonness, which, in its fearful and unbridled fury, bears some resemblance to the Image of Carnage, thrust itself, in the open daylight into the face of the people, fearless, shameless, lawless. It corrupted all the public places, it infected the tone of private society, swept like a pest from the court to the stews, contaminated even the literature of the day, and having first debauched the stage, ultimately elevated its polluted priestesses to the palace. Casting the loathsome responsibility of all this demoralization upon the right shoulders, Dryden, in his famous and fearless Epilogue to Fletcher's Pilgrim, branded the monarch with immortal infamy. Some of his lines fill the ear like a burst of trumpets:

> "Misses there were, but modestly conceal'd;
> Whitehall the naked Venus first reveal'd;
> Who standing as at Cyprus, in her shrine,
> The strumpet was adored with rites divine."

In all this there was nothing but grossness and the lowest depravity. It was a Monster of Selfishness, without Faith, without Love, without Reason; ready to trample down all laws, sympathies, and affections, for the gratification of the meanest of its own crawling desires. One of the most curious illustrations of the surpassing licentiousness of the age, is to be found in the fact that two of the royal physicians in ordinary recommended themselves to the favour of the king by advocating his two predominant vices—the one making the king's favourite indulgence a sixth sense, and the other maintaining, in a grave scientific treatise, the advantage of the constant use of wine for the preservation

of health!* Rochester is said to have left behind him a manuscript history of the intrigues of the court, which was burned by his mother, a woman of piety.† It is a great pity the papers were destroyed; they would have laid bare an *imbroglio* of profligacies such as the world has never conceived in its wildest dreams of wolfish prerogative let loose upon mankind.

The public of our day look back upon the orgies of that period with something of the same sort of feeling inspired by the dances of the witches on the Brocken. The whole scene is filled with similar wild and hellish gambols; and the only gleam of grace by which it is sparingly relieved, is that sparkling gaiety which distinguished most of the courtiers. But gaiety without heart is a very equivocal grace after all, and so its influence is but slightly felt. Yet there are many objects to provoke our curiosity in this strange hurly-burly. It is so opposed to our own experiences—so fantastic—so crowded with brilliant figures—so distracted with rays of light that seem to be perpetually melting each other down—that one wants to get a little nearer, to see how this dazzling life was actually carried on.

The habits and whereabouts of the wits and coxcombs, the Fribbles and Keepwells, the Beau Hewitts and Sedleys, suggest a variety of discursive inquiries that may be worth following out. If we get only a glimpse here and there of the town, under the influence of the delirium, it may repay the trouble of penetrating sundry obscure nooks and corners of a fugitive literature, frequently explored, but not yet exhausted.

The playhouse was the centre-wheel round which all the movements of the fashionable profligates revolved. The situation of the theatre-royal, abutting upon Drury-lane, was favourable to every species of intrigue, from the "lark" of the apprentice, at the Rose Tavern, to the more stealthy pleasure of an assignation in the Duke of Bedford's piazza. Covent-garden was a famous place for the rendezvous of lovers of all classes, and of all shades of morality. Martha, in Wycherley's comedy of Love in a Wood, speaks of meeting Dapperwit "in a piazza at midnight;" and Mrs. Frail, in Love for Love, jests about taking a turn in a hackney-coach with a friend, in Covent-garden square. The whole of that neighbourhood was the fashionable quarter, and Bow-street was the great lounge. Drury-lane was then an aristocratic locality, the stately piles of Craven and Bohemia houses occupying the greater part of that thoroughfare.

Descending towards the Strand, even but a few hundred yards, we at once get out of the fairy-land of our town-life. Once we leave Brydges-street to move southwards, or eastwards, we make as marked a transition as from light to darkness. The way by Craven house was scarred with pits and sloughs; and the Strand itself was nothing better than a bleak, rugged highway. The space round Covent-garden was covered with fields and gardens belonging to the abbots of Westminster; and the distant region beyond the village of Charing, now called Pall Mall, was a stretch of neglected pasture-ground, known as St. James's Fields. Fleet-street was in the same condition; and the actors were rejoiced when they were able to remove from the large theatre, called

* Beloe's Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 200.
† Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors.

Dorset-garden, which stood on the site of Salisbury-square, to the "warmer land" of the new barn in Brydges-street.* All this discomfort of exposed and ill-paved streets was rendered still more disagreeable by the imperfect mode of lighting then in use; the only escape from the "total eclipse" of the winter nights being in the dim shivering candle-lanterns which the inhabitants hung out from their houses, without the slightest reference to harmony of arrangement, or even economy of distribution. Yet this clumsy method of lighting the streets continued down to the last century; and when Mr. Winsor introduced gas, which he publicly exhibited for the first time on the front of his own house in Pall Mall, he was regarded as a foolish experimentalist, or something worse.

Some notion of the scattered state of the wondrous metropolitan hive at that period may be gathered from a snatch of crude verses, called "London's Progresse," published early in the seventeenth century. It is clear enough from the stanza, of which the first eight lines are subjoined, that the populous spots were divided from each other by empty spaces, over which, however, the busy labours of builders and projectors were rapidly casting a net-work of new streets. The poet, indeed, is so struck by the growing improvements, that he ventures to prophesy the extension of the town into the still retreats of husbandry and pastoral life, at remote Islington!

"Why how now, Babell, whither wilt thou build?
The old Holborne, Charing-Crosse, the Strand,
Are going to St. Giles's-in-the-Field:
Saint Katerne, she takes Wapping by the hand,
And Hogsdon will to Hy-gate ere't be long.
London has gone a great way from the streame;
I think she means to go to Islington,
To eat a dish of strawberries and creame.†

This prophecy was no doubt considered pure moonshine at that time; but it is no longer a joke. Hoxton has not only paid a visit to Highgate, and London gone to take strawberries and cream with Islington, but Brixton and Hackney are united by crowded avenues of houses, and Brentford and Bow may be said to be joined by an almost unbroken line of brick and mortar. If the worthy epigrammatist could be suddenly called up from his grave to take a peep at the western section of London, from the summit of the Duke of York's column, how he would stare and rub his eyes!

The principal streets in the city, such as Ludgate and Eastcheap, with the adjacent alleys and labyrinths of lanes, courts, and crosses, were nearly impassable by the nobility, being extremely crowded, incommodious, and badly paved and lighted, besides being everlastingly invaded by morris dances, fêtes of the may-poles, the uproarious game of foot-ball, and dense processions of guilds, fraternities, and men-at-arms. Even so lately as towards the middle of the seventeenth century, Sir William D'Avenant complains of this state of things. "Sure your ancestors," he says, "contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheelbarrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented." He adds, satirically, that the distance between the garrets

* See Dryden's Prologue for the opening of the Theatre Royal in 1674, and Powell's Prologue to Bonduca, 1676.

† Rub, and a great cast; and Runne, and a great cast. By Thomas Freeman: 1614

was so slight, that opposite neighbours might shake hands without stirring from home; that the roofs were so low, that he presumed people used formerly to stand bare to their wives; that there was no stirring out in coaches, because they were so uneasily hung, and so narrow as to look like sedans upon wheels (being also subjected to the obstruction of waggons and carts, which were literally protected in their right of way by royal proclamations); and that going a-foot was equally insecure, as one was almost sure to be stopped by some such heroic game as foot-ball.

D'Avenant's description of the low roofs is curiously illustrated by an anecdote told in the old chronicles of Queen Elizabeth, who, visiting Lord Burleigh one day at Burleigh house in the Strand, with that kind of pyramidal head-dress then in fashion, built of wire-lace ribands and jewels, shooting up to an enormous height, was requested by the usher to stoop as she entered; to which she replied, "For your master's sake I will stoop, but not for the King of Spain." This strange cock-a-too style of head-dress went out soon afterwards, but it was, nevertheless, still retained by some ladies in the time of Charles II., when the fashions became much more free, various, and elegant. Congreve evidently designed Mrs. Frail and her sister to be tricked out in this conspicuous mode. "An' you come to sea in a high wind," exclaims Ben, "you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head—top and top-gallant by the mess!" The attempts to reproduce this spire of ribands on the modern stage have not always been very successful. The best hint for the dresser is furnished by Mirabell's description of *Millamant*, in the "Way of the World." "Here she comes, i'faith, full sail, with her fan spread, and her streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders!"

THE SIMPLEST CHARM PREVAILS.*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"——— I did hear you talk
Far above singing."—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

I saw her dance, and wish'd the night were longer
To feast my eyes with motion, more and more;
But when she simply walk'd, the spell grew stronger,
And never had I seen true Grace before.

I heard her sing, and welcomes seem'd to greet her
From airy lips and lyres, in grove and glen;
But when she simply spoke, the charm was sweeter,
The soul of Melody was mute till then.

I saw her weep, and with a beauty finer
Than solemn Night's her starry brow was crown'd;
But when she smiled, her face grew still diviner,
And light like Morning's flash'd on all around.

* Set to music by John Farnett for the *Pianista*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN EXECUTION IN CHINA.

BY FRANK LESLIE.

In the month of March, 183—, Sam-se lost his life for having been found guilty of smuggling opium into the Celestial empire. The Chinese government had been for some time particularly indignant at the contemptuously open manner in which this forbidden traffic was carried on, and now that they had detected an offender, seemed bent on fully glutting their ire. Sam-se had been taken in a boat in the act of conveying opium from one of the traders which was then lying in the harbour to the shore. He was seen, pursued, and captured by one of his Celestial Highness's junks, against which he maintained a brave, though short resistance, having killed one and desperately wounded another of his opponents, a mandarin of inferior rank. The place of execution was a square, (the name of which I forget,) situated near the superintendent's house in Macao. Strangulation was the mode chosen for the fulfilment of his sentence.

It was a dark, lowering day on which Sam-se suffered. The time fixed for his execution was four P.M. Being strongly prompted by curiosity to witness the manner in which this kind of death was carried into effect, and fearful lest, if I delayed, I should not obtain a favourable view of the culprit and the machine, I was on the ground by a little after three. There were then only a few Chinese present. In a few minutes the instrument of death was brought forth, and was placed so near the spot on which I stood, that I involuntarily shrank from its contact. Behind me was a stone platform, about twenty feet square, and raised about four feet from the ground, in the centre of which stood a four-branched iron post, about the height of a lamp-post, on which, as I afterwards learnt, offenders were hung. On this platform I mounted, and within six feet of me stood the instrument, which, in ignorance of its proper name, I shall call "the strangling-table;" indeed, it presented much the appearance of a large and enormously strong kitchen-table. At the head, and about three inches apart, were two holes large enough to admit a tolerably stout rope; underneath was fixed horizontally a strong wooden beam, acting as a roller, and reaching to either leg. In this, also, were two holes, through which, and through two in a similar beam at the other end of the table, protruded the iron spindles of the rollers; in each of these, and immediately under the holes in the head of the table, was fixed a staple, having attached to it a small but strong rope, which, passing through the holes above, left a bight, or loop, of about a fathom's length, on the table. There were similar holes and rope at the foot; and at about arms' length from the head were two staples, to each of which was fastened a piece of small cord.

So interested was I in the observation of this horrible machine, that since its arrival I had not raised my eyes from it; and on doing so now, for the first time, I was surprised to see that, although it wanted but a few minutes to the fatal time, there were not above fifty or sixty persons present. The greater part of these were English or American sailors, with a few Portuguese residents. The sailors were "sky-larking"—pelting each other with oranges and bananas; while the rest of the spectators found sufficient amusement in laughing at their gam-

bols. The time was fast approaching, and I was anxiously on the look-out for the arrival of the victim. It now wanted but five minutes to four o'clock. An American sailor stepped up to me, and inquired the time. I told him—and he quickly communicated to the others the near approach of the minutes that were to hurry a fellow-mortal into eternity. In an instant all were breathlessly crowded around the table, which they seemed not to have previously noticed. Four o'clock came—and no prisoner appeared ; five minutes after—and still he did not arrive. The sailors were again growing restless, and were resuming their former merriment—the Portuguese laughing and chatting as merrily as ever—the Chinese impatiently prying for an opportunity of exercising their thieving propensities—and I had just prepared myself against their attacks, when the mournful tolling of the prison-bell gave notice of the setting-out of the sufferer.

All was silent in an instant. Again the thoughtless sailors crowded around the table, still preserving, as if involuntarily, on their countenances the reflection of that good-humour with which they had been sporting. Soon was heard a loud hum, appearing to proceed from a distant part of the town: gradually it neared, and might be recognised as the clamour of loud voices, and the trampling of hurrying feet. In a few moments, thousands rushed in through every avenue of the square; and in an incredibly short space of time, the large area was filled with a mass of people of almost every nation. Here and there were small clusters of English or American seamen, standing almost a head and shoulders above the under-sized Chinese and Portuguese; here, was a white turban—there, the showy head-dress of the Lascars, with their fine but savage eyes, peering like balls of fire from the mass by which they were surrounded. Not a sound was to be heard, except an occasional shuffling among the sailors, who seemed inclined to jostle aside the foreigners, that they might themselves obtain as favourable a view as possible. Presently was heard the monotonous rattling of a drum, and almost at the same time the mournful procession appeared, escorted by a few mandarins of inferior rank, (and amongst them the one whom the culprit had wounded, and who carried his arm in a sling,) accompanied by about twenty or thirty official servants. These pressed forward, the crowd eagerly making way for them, and ranged themselves around the table, the mandarins standing at each end. Lastly came the criminal, guarded by two well-armed Chinese soldiers, and looking as unconcerned as if he were going to his dinner! But his countenance soon changed; and on perceiving the instrument, he trembled excessively, shuddered, and turned deadly pale: indeed, he seemed as if, until that moment, he had not thought of the death to which he was doomed, and then the dread of it came upon him in excess. He was conducted to the head of the table, and immediately four of the officials, who proved to be the executioner and his three assistants, stepped forward and received him from the soldiers. His hands, which were tied behind his back by the wrists, were then unbound, and in no very gentle manner he was lifted, or rather thrown, upon the table.

The chief executioner now called aloud, inquiring whether any of the sufferer's friends wished a final interview. Immediately I felt a shock in the crowd behind me, and there rushed forward a man who, I afterwards understood, was the brother of the unhappy wretch ; he was

much troubled, but quickly produced about a dozen pieces of circular paper, about the size of shillings, covered with tin-foil. These he gave his brother, and then proceeded by means of steel, flint, and touch-paper, to obtain a light, which he held, that the prisoner might burn his paper antidotes against suffering in the other world. He did so; lighting one after the other until they were consumed: there were eleven of them. The brother then embraced him for the last time, and directly afterwards, setting up a loud, wailing cry, and covering his face with his hands, rushed amongst the crowd.

The executioner now called again; and, as he said, for the last time, making the same inquiry. No one answered; and the culprit was then placed in the position in which he was to suffer. He was now dreadfully affected, and seemed almost dead with fright. The rope at the head of the table was then placed over his neck—his face being upward; the rope at the foot was placed over his ankles, and his hands were bound to the staples I have mentioned, by the wrists. Each of the executioners produced a handle like that of a grindstone, and fixing it on the spindle of the roller, stood awaiting the signal to commence their horrid operations. It was given by the wounded mandarin; and the rope over the neck was soon drawn tight. Still they turned—tighter and tighter it became; the sufferer's face grew black and livid—his eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets—the blood spouted from his eyes and nostrils—his tongue protruded from his mouth, and was much swollen—his hands, too, were swollen almost to bursting—his ankles were broken, and his feet almost separated from the legs by the cruel cord. They wound the handles with extreme slowness, evidently anxious to protract the poor wretch's sufferings.

During this time neither of the mandarins had spoken, or in any way interfered; and on looking at them at this juncture, I perceived on the countenance of him who had been wounded by Sam-se, a most diabolically malignant smile. As his foe's pain increased, so evidently did his pleasure. He seemed to drink in unutterable gratification in thus beholding the ignominious death and agonizing sufferings of the poor culprit. And in this man—this mandarin, was fully developed the despicable character of the Chinese as a nation;—diabolically revengeful, dishonourably crafty, and despairingly brave.

The sufferer was now writhing in a dreadful agony. He raised his head, knocking it violently on the table; but on repeating this action two or three times, one of the executioners seized his hair, and held his head to the table. At this time a drizzling shower fell, and for a few moments the executioners suspended the turning. The rain which visibly refreshed Sam-se, threw an indescribable gloom over the multitude, who had until now, remained in awful silence; but now when the prisoner's sufferings were thus inhumanly protracted, loud threatening murmurs arose, which caused a mandarin to command the resumption of the labour of death. It was now plain that the dreadful scene was about to close, for the sufferer was apparently insensible. After a turn or two more he heaved two or three short gasps, and all was over.

On a signal from one of the mandarins the turning ceased, and immediately the rope was removed from the neck, shewing the head almost severed from the body. The interval between the first and last

signal was nineteen minutes! Such is their barbarous protraction of a culprit's sufferings.

More than once during the progress of this horrible transaction did I attempt to withdraw myself from its spectators, but the masses around me too successfully wedged me in to admit of retreat. I was sick at heart at the degrading brutality of the scene. Thank God, I have beheld but one such execution, nor will I ever see another!

THE ADVENTURES OF GANDERFIELD, THE BORE-HATER.

BY A CROTCHETY MAN.

"Jucundum nihil est, nisi quod reficit varietas."

PROSE II.

As I said before, I went abroad, after leaving premonitory P.P.C.'s for my three bores. Having furnished, as fools are proverbially said to do, a stick for my own back, I cut it, and started. They were three to one against me. Unable to compete singly against such odds, and obstinately determined to remain single,

My native land I bade adieu;

and let every man who finds himself bored in England, follow my example.

Everybody who is anybody has seen a bottle of champagne opened; everybody who is nobody a bottle of Guinness's stout uncorked. What joyous effervescence!—what impetuous bursting forth! Such is the result of crossing the Channel to the bore-ridden denizens of the lugubrious, coal-consuming empire of Great Britain.

No sooner had I reached Paris, than I seemed to see clearer, hear clearer, feel clearer, understand clearer. It was as though a climbing boy had applied his shovel and brush to the sooty crannies of my brain! What careless faces around me—what sunny skies above! The air was light with laughter, the trees bright with blossoms. "*O plaisant pays de France!*" quoth I—(in the words of the unfortunate Mary, who lived to find that life in other lands was far from a joke)—"oh! pleasant land of France! may I sport through life on your buoyant soil, and lay my bones under it at last."

I have a decided conviction that the first man, Adam, (the only man expressly created to be a happy one,) must have been exactly twenty-one years and three months old, when he first trod the paths of Paradise and peace. Twenty-one is the age of happiness—twenty-one is the acme of mental and physical enjoyments! The mere act of coming of age is the greatest action of our lives; the transition of the grub into the butterfly—of the boor-lover into the mercurial harlequin. When I visited France I was just of age, and consequently the happiest of mankind. The only bores this world contained in my estimation, were divided from me by the British Channel; and all Europe lay laughing before me, like the goodly countenance of the moon in an almanac.

Paris, however, seemed to stand apart as Chapter I. of my autobiography. Paris was the centre of attraction to my erratic planet. In

former days, the cities of Italy used to be surnamed, like the kings of other countries; and surely, if Bologna were called Bologna the Fat, the French capital has a right to the title of Paris the Agreeable?—In London, everything one eats, drinks, or talks to, from the sirloin of beef to the port and member of parliament, is good and solid. In Paris, everything is *agreeable;* agreeable to the palate—agreeable to the eye. If you walk along the streets, the people you meet appear to reciprocate your pleasant feelings. They look so much in concert with *you*, that they put you in concert with *them*. All you notice in the shop-windows, is inviting. The clothes appear to say, "Come, wear me;"—the comestibles to murmur, "Come, eat me!" You enter the theatres, certain of being amused; you go into society, sure of being conciliated. To be bored in such a city is impossible. The very word has no existence in the French language—"*Quelle corvée!*" *their* mode of expressing being bored means only, "What a *tax!*" The passive sensation is undreamt of in their philosophy.

In Paris, the pleasures of the day begin earlier than elsewhere. In so pleasant a place, sleep, instead of "knitting up the ravell'd sleeve of care," is only an interruption to enjoyments. That horribly domestic meal, breakfast, is accordingly made a pastime. A breakfast at Tortoni's, or the Café de Paris, with a lively party, overlooking the gay Boulevards, while you devour half a hundred newspapers with your iced prawns and turkey-pinions, or your kidneys *au vin de champagne, ou à la brochette*, is an agreeable prelude to a shooting-match in Lepage's Gallery, or forms a pleasant ending to a pigeon-match at Tivoli. For a Parisian déjeûner is always *à la fourchette*, diluted with wine and liqueurs and coffee;—being in fact the solid luncheon of plodding Great Britain.

Champagne maketh glad the heart of man—when man is his prime. It may be held a criterion of age, when the *déjeûner à la fourchette* renders a fellow heavy instead of light. For my part, after one of those capital *déjeûners* at the Union, or Tortoni's, or the Café de Perigord, or the Café de Paris, I was always light as eider down—ready to make a fool of myself in the way most agreeable to my acquaintance;—a match at tennis—a hurdle chase—a matinée musicale; all, anything they chose! In winter, I preferred billiards, or a rehearsal at the opera. In summer, a clean hack and the Bois de Boulogne. Frenchwomen, always charming, are never *so* charming as in summer weather. An Englishwoman does well enough by the fireside, with her sensible conversation over her snug workbox; but an Englishwoman's conversation is all large-talk—she has no more notion than Dr. Tickle of the small-talk so pleasant when the green lime-trees are rustling over one's head, or in the *entr'acte* of an amusing vaudeville.

A Frenchwoman is *all* June—June, *de la tête au pieds!* Even in the dog-days, an English beauty dresses as though afraid the wind may change, or as if the weather looked threatening. If not on her shoulders, there are always half-a-dozen shawls and boas in the corner of the carriage. But the Parisienne, like the cuckoo, has *no* sorrow in her song—*no* winter in her year. Her draperies are light as her heart. She comes forth for her parties of pleasure, gay as a butterfly;—fresh gloves, fresh shoes, her chip-bonnet trimmed with flowers from which one might almost brush the dew; and a dress, concerning which one longs to inquire, as George the Third did of the apple in

the dumpling, how she managed to get into it—so untumbled and neat is every fold! And then, she is predetermined to be amused, and consequently, sure to be amusing. Her day of pleasure has neither yesterday nor to-morrow; no unpleasant reminiscences; no jarring apprehensions disturb her cheerful mind; prepared to enjoy the bright sky which Heaven has placed over her head, the green herbage under her feet, the admiring friends who share these pleasures in her company,—self seems to have disappeared from her calculations when she took leave of it on quitting her toilet;—that is, self is so exquisitely a matter of worship with her, that she has hit upon the exact mode of rendering it a matter of worship to other people.

So much for a pretty Frenchwoman, in a neat calêche, with a handsome pair of horses, on a party of pleasure to St. Cloud, or with posters on her way to Versailles, across the heathy heights of Ville d'Avray!

"Molle meum levibus cor est violabile telis."

Conceive, reader—if you are of an age and steadiness to conceive it, without injury to decorum—a *diner sur l'herbe* with half-a-dozen of these charming creatures, either under the Spanish chesnuts of Montmorency, or the elms of Mendon, broomy knolls glistening like gold from a distance between the thickets, as if the sunshine had fallen to the ground and was too lazy to get up again; and all the foreground carpeted with wood-anemone or lilies of the valley! Conceive these laughing, light-hearted, light-headed beings, whose thoughts are winged like butterflies, and whose feelings ephemeral as the May-fly—conceive them bent on a day's pleasure, of which you are to supply a portion;—now cooing sentiment—now chattering raillery, while Chenet's baskets are unpacking, and the Saint Peray and dry champagne float, plunged into the rippling stream, in a basket moored to a boat-post;—conceive these volatile beings insisting upon your suspending their pretty bonnets to the trees and improvisating divans for them on the turf, by covering with their cachemire shawls the cushions of the carriages!—First, you find yourself commanded, as a slave; soon, employed, as a servant; next, requested, as a friend; and it will be your own fault if before the day is over, you do not obtain some prospects of promotion to a happier grade before the next party of pleasure. Even the friends, and friends' friends, of the one fair creature to whom you accord the honours of slave-driving you in the hopes of one day making her a slave in return, adopt you as a component part of their brilliant circle, or rather as a leaf of their garland of flowers; for nothing can be more harmoniously intertwined than the lovely blossoms of a Parisian coterie. No people better understand the truth of the adage, that "Union is strength."

These summer parties generally end with dancing; and dancing I was not then old or stupid enough to have attained the dignity of despising. Waltzes, impetuous as the whirl of a Catherine-wheel—galoppes, frantic as the flight of a rocket—and, after the dancing, fruit, and champagne, and whispering, and moonlight, and a drive home in open carriages, with the acacia-blossoms loading the air with their fragrance, and the stars twinkling through them, as though laughing in their spheres at human folly!

Then, we used to make parties to dine at Legriel's, to eat gudgeon,

as the idlers of London dine at Greenwich to eat whitebait, only that Greenwich has no promenades uninfested by old pensioners and tobacco, whereas St. Cloud has its avenues of chesnut-trees, freshened by the falling fountains and water-beds of forget-me-nots, infested by nothing less satisfactory than grisettes—and those only on Sundays. Or we dined at Courbevoie, and attempted water-parties at Neuilly; and of all the amusing creatures to get into a boat, except an ostrich or some other desert-bird, give me a Frenchwoman. Such terrors—such hysterics—such dread of wetting her feet or spoiling her dress—and all so gracefully expressed, as she imploringly appeals to "*mon ami*" for succour or redress. I am not sure that dry land had anything to offer half so pleasant as those ridiculous water-parties.

When one wanted something more private and confidential than the *whole* garland of flowers, there were *tête à têtes à quatre* at the Rocher de Cancale or Frères Provençeux, and the vaudeville or Palais Royal afterwards, in an *avant scène* box, which just holds four, two who can see without being seen, and two who neither see nor are seen. To such an evening of pleasant nothings, a *sorbet* or *tranche de melon* in the carriage, at Tortoni's door, forms a charming termination.

There are fifteen theatres, all as amusing as theatres can be, perpetually open at Paris, to afford diversification to these little anti-domestic domestic parties; and environs, rich in parks, woods, fountains, waterfalls, and other accessories of the picturesque, to vary the morning promenades. For those in search of wilder pleasures, there are the public balls at Tivoli, the Chaumière, and Heaven knows how many guinguettes besides! and Franconi's, and Musard's, and Hazard and Rouge et noir. Day after day, and night after night, I said to myself—"Laud me the gods, O Ganderfield! At Paris, the very notion of being bored loses its terrors." Amid this hurry of delight, one could encounter a bore without shrinking. Had I even heard that Harriet, Emma, and old Meanwhile, were arrived at Meurice's, I should not have fallen into a swoon!

Short-sighted mortal that I was! before the second year was half at an end, I had discovered that this very bustle of pleasure was in itself a bore. One was dizzy with enjoyment—dark with excess of light. The picture wanted shade—the music wanted an adagio. All was bewilderment — all was *prestissimo*. There was no saying to oneself—"Soul, take thine ease." One's soul was always wanted somewhere else—always on the stretch—always on the wing. One could never get rid for a day of the full-dressed gêne of blazing lights and a brilliant toilet. I began to sigh for the night-gown and slippers of life, the green lane, the secluded shrubbery, the nightingale in the thicket, the thrush upon the thorns. I suppose I was in love, or I never should have come to trouble myself (when I might have gone to hear Nourrit and Damoreau Cinti) with nightingales or thrushes!

If I *were* in love, to my disgrace be it spoken—for the only person who just then occupied my attention, (the fine ladies having all migrated to Baden or Dieppe, and the fine gentlemen, of course, to Dieppe and Baden,) was a *blanchisseuse enfin*. I was going to write it down in simple English—a clear-starcher. But a clear-starcher of the British Islands is usually a woman with bare, bony arms, a stuff petticoat, a gown drawn through the pocket-holes, and a face that might serve as a hatchet for the Last of the Mohicans; whereas

Ma'mselle Célestine was a fairy of two-and-twenty, with blue eyes fringed with black, tresses worn Madonna-wise, a close-fitting gingham gown, and a hand that, when wielding the iron, perfectly accounted for the stroke of fortune which converted Marie Mignot, the laundress, into the wife of a field-marshal, and all but promoted her to the throne of Poland.

Ma'mselle Célestine occupied a second-floor apartment on the opposite side of a court-yard into which I was constantly forced to look, because the sun shone enough to give one a brain-fever into my drawing-room, overlooking the Tuilleries Gardens. The first time I noticed the *blanchisseuse enfin* hanging up lengths of lace and embroidered caps and handkerchiefs to dry on a clothes'-line, I turned up my fastidious nose, and talked of changing my lodgings. A few hours afterwards, she seated herself at her ironing-board, facing my windows; and my curiosity was excited by the adroitness with which she wielded the quilling-iron, and produced those inimitable plaitings which constitute half the charm of a Parisian's summer costume. She was, as I soon discovered, the best getter-up of fine linen in all Paris, and

Quid est suavius quàm bene rem gerere bono publico?

By the time I had watched her ironing for an hour or so, I began to perceive that the face which hung over this delicate work was as fair as one of Guido's goddesses, and so I watched it for an hour or two longer; and the next day, and the next, found myself watching again. For there was always something new to be discovered. On Monday, I found out that I had never seen so delicate a waist; on Tuesday, I saw that Ma'mselle Célestine had a singularly well-made arm; on Wednesday, that her dress was as well made as herself; on Thursday, that few London Countesses have their hair half so elegantly arranged; on Friday, that the foot matched in symmetry with the hand; on Saturday, however, I made no discoveries. I was busy charging my valet de chambre to go and make all the inquiries in his power respecting my opposite neighbour; and on Sunday, I was *too* busy listening to the intelligence he had collected to think of anything else in the world!

Ma'mselle Célestine belonged to that peculiarly Parisian class—the *grisettes*. She was irreproachable in conduct, yet far from respectable. According to her own account, she was an orphan. Strange to tell, ALL *grisettes*, according to their own account, are orphans; and as they cannot all issue from the Foundling Hospital, it is scarcely uncharitable to conclude that not a few of them play the Regan and Goneril towards elderly vendors of plums and apples. It is probable that many a *portière* in her *loge* is perfectly aware—

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child!"

Ma'mselle Célestine, however, was really an orphan. She had lost her papa and mamma in the wars of Napoleon. Many lost their fathers —she was so unfortunate as to lose *père et mère*; the bullets had found double billets in her family. But though, even by this, her own account, she must have been an orphan from earliest infancy, it did not appear that anybody, except the Providence which feedeth young ravens, had taught her young ideas how to shoot, or provided her with food or raiment. Her skill as an ironer must, consequently, have been in-

tuitive: and according to the system which converts the callow down of the young ravens into their perfect plumage, it is to be inferred that Providence had also provided the well-fitting gingham gown and shapely prunella shoes and bonnet *à la belle*. Certain it was that Célestine, at two and twenty, lived alone, and took exceeding good care of herself; and not alone of herself, but of a certain Monsieur Gustave, a lawyer's clerk, who used to come and visit her every evening at dusk.

Before I obtained this authentic information, I thought that the visitor at dusk was a duke in disguise ; and *him* I might at least have *attempted* to supersede in her affections. But when I found that it was a lawyer's clerk pursuing an honest courtship "*pour le bon motif*," (as Paris politely designates matrimony,) I felt that *my* motives were by no means to be spoken of with *his*.

I no longer took pleasure in watching the lovely Célestine plait her frills, or quill her pélérines, in the well-fitting gingham gown; on the contrary, I took exceeding great pain. I was, nevertheless, always on the watch. I used to watch her watching for the arrival of Monsieur Gustave. Nay, I knew her delight to be so exquisite when her door opened and the well-known hand was laid upon her shoulder, that I took, at last, to watch for him myself, and even longed to communicate to her the interesting fact, when I discovered him, from my front-window, about to enter the court-yard, full three minutes and a half before she could be apprised of it herself. Poor girl!—had I not known of his arrival, I should have guessed, by her heightened complexion, and the rapidity with which she dashed the flat-iron up and down, to the irreparable injury of many a flounce, the moment she caught the sound of his step upon the stairs! What would I have given to have been loved by Célestine as she loved that lawyer's clerk!

My eyes were always upon them. To an ironer *enfin* a clear light is indispensable—and there were, consequently, no curtains to her room. I had a sort of curiosity (*pour le bon motif*) to ascertain the progress of such an attachment as theirs; and as I said before, it ended with my finding such an attachment indispensable to my happiness; not *such* an attachment, however, but that very *identical* attachment.

There is no sort of folly a man will not commit when he is in love, even with a clear-starcher. As I could not make Célestine my love, I made her my washerwoman; and in order to increase the measure of my benefits, bought dozens of shirts loaded with dozens of frills—and dozens of dozens of pocket handkerchiefs, as if I had been suffering from dozens of influenzas and catarrhs. I determined to try her constancy by the amount of my weekly bill—not reflecting how dirty a fellow Célestine was entitled to think me, on finding that three dozens of shirts and six dozens of pocket-handkerchiefs a week scarcely sufficed me. It was only on hearing from my valet her observation, that since she was a laundress, she had never met with a gentleman who required so much keeping clean, I determined to pay her a visit, and not rely upon my pocket-handkerchiefs to officiate as billets-doux.

How lovely she looked when I entered the room—presiding over half a dozen wash-tubs, each having its appropriate nymph or undine. I have little doubt that my six dozen had occasioned a necessity for an extra three or four ; and never shall I forget the air of deference with which Célestine dried her hands from the suds—placed a chair for me

—wiped it down with an apron which left soapy traces on the steam—and awaited—*my orders!*

At first, the warm humidity of the atmosphere delighted me. It was like living in a vapour bath, or a Sicilian climate. Even the saponaceous particles in the air revived me. I felt proud—I felt happy—I felt almost as great a man as the lawyer's clerk! For *him*, indeed, I had never seen the nimble fingers of Célestine wipe down a chair!

Every day after that visit, the chair was set for me; though after the first, there was no further occasion for its de-saponification. Endless variety presented itself in the domestic life of the lovely clear-starcher which I might have vainly sought for in households of more aristocratic nature. The Duchess of Monday is the Duchess of Saturday; and from July to eternity, the monotonous propriety of the inane fashionable remains monotonously inane! But at Célestine's, one day did *not* certify another. There were the washing days—the drying days—the ironing days; and I soon began to take as much delight in the bright atmosphere and scorched emanations of the latter as in the moist vapour of the former. I tried all three in alternation. There was always something that required improving in the plaiting of my frills to demand my personal superintendence; and as the prudent lawyer's clerk wore, of course, no *jabots*—nay, perhaps restricted himself to dickies—I had so far the advantage over him. The *ouvrières* declared that they had never had so particular a gentleman under their irons as "Monsieur *Gants de fil*."

On the other hand, the moral existence of the *piquante* and charming Célestine was everything that the most fastidious man could exact. *She* required no bleaching fluid—*she* wanted no starch;—*she* was clear from spot as a lawn kerchief of her own washing! By degrees, as I had the gratification of seeing the lawyer's clerk less punctual in keeping his terms, I began to dream of the possibility of converting a clothes'-line into the silken tie of matrimony. As Simonides hath it—

Γυναικος ουδε χρημ' ανηρ λιζεται
Εσθλης αμεινον, ουδε ῥιγιον κακης,

and if Ma'mselle Célestine did not make me a matchless wife, at least she would make me an irreproachable laundress.

I went on watching and watching—and Célestine washing and washing—and the course of true love for once ran smooth—ay, smooth as though it had been ironed! My new modes of life, though *soap*-orifically tranquil, rendered me the happiest of men, till one day, on the entrance of Mademoiselle Célestine's neat wicker basket, containing my half dozen dozen shirts and *mouchoirs* of supererogation, I detected a supercilious smile on the lips of my valet. Now, though a man may make up his mind to the desperate act of committing matrimony with a fair one of low degree (yet why not speak it out, since I did *not* marry her, and say boldly with a *blanchisseuse de fin?*) I could not make up my mind to be laughed at for my weakness by my valet de chambre. One can bear the sneers of the world—for the world lives at a distance—but the sneers of the fellow to whom one disburses wages once a quarter, come nearer home.

Yet where was my remedy! If I dismissed the facetious rascal, his successor might prove equally jocose, and another, and another. I foresaw a whole perspective of grinning footmen! How did I know, moreover, that this jocular fellow was not laughing at me more as a dupe than as a lover? Perhaps he was further behind the scenes than myself in this new edition of "Love in a Tub?" Perhaps he was aware that Célestine and the lawyer's clerk were in league to deceive me?

Never did I feel more bored than when this suspicion entered my head. From that moment, the pungent aroma of soap became hateful to me, and the sight of starch, even in a grocer's window, made me turn blue. I was thoroughly in the suds!

I have but one system of policy on such occasions. When anything or any one bores me, I take up my garments and flee. I always beat a retreat. If I get into any other species of scrape, I stay and fight it out; but there is no shame in running away from a woman. So, at least, I said to myself when (having fairly stared Monsieur Gustave out of the laundry, and instead of paying my court in his place, paid nothing but my weekly bills,) I ordered post-horses, and made the best of my way to Baden-Baden.

To have come to any explanation with the lawyer's clerk would have been double derogation. I should have expected to find *des bulles de Savon* discharged at me, instead of *des balles de pistolet.* I therefore judged it best to place a distance of four hundred miles betwixt me and the bore of such an affair.

TO ——.

BY MISS SKELTON.

Ask me not *how* I love thee.—Feel this heart
Beat to thine own with pulses wild and high;
Let its mute throbbings tell how dear thou art—
Take from these gazing eyes a passionate reply.

I cannot speak my love.—But I can be
Thine own through life and death—and only thine.
Thy love may fail or cool, but mine for thee
Is life-long worship at a changeless shrine.

That raven hair may blanch—that lofty brow
Lose its calm beauty—that pure heart its truth;
But *mine* shall keep these perfect—mine shall throw
Round thy sad failing age the hopes and power of youth.

Thy path is now amid the bright and gay,
Thyself so gay and bright; but change must come;
And those who share thy noontide's sunny way
Will enter not with thee thy quiet evening home.

Then shalt thou know how deeply I have loved—
Then wilt thou turn to me; and, heart to heart,
We, from our calm retreat, will watch, unmoved,
The fickle summer friends of thy proud life depart!

THE OATH.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

At a later hour than usual one evening in the black and dreary month of November, lights were still to be seen in the humble Parsonage House, situated in the village of Tylehurst. The pious old curate, who had resided in it for more than half a century, had read the usual evening service to his grandchild and their only attendant, the latter had retired to rest, but the old man still lingered, and seemed anxious to retain his grand-daughter near him.

He had that day heard that the home which had sheltered him for so many years was soon to become the abode of another. He had risen from his knees resigned, if not consoled; but as he looked on the little object of his fond and anxious love, the orphan girl bequeathed to him in her infancy by a dying son, and since cherished in his inmost heart as the living image of her lost father—as he beheld her eyes raised to his in anxious inquiry, and remembered that she also must go forth a houseless wanderer, the cup of sorrow overflowed, and, folding his loved Mary in his arms, he wept over her long and silently. The affectionate girl, who had never before seen her grandfather so affected, almost feared to ask the cause of his unwonted emotion, and with her arm fondly encircling his neck, she remained silent, while her tears mingled with his as they chased each other down his furrowed cheek. "We must go hence, my precious Mary—we must leave our home!" at length uttered the curate—"and the flock I have so long guarded and watched over, till their joys and sorrows have become my own, will henceforth be tended by a stranger."

"But why, grandfather—why must we go? Surely all here love you, and none would wish to part with you? What would have become of that poor boy who caused his parents so much sorrow, and then came home to die, hardened and unrepentant, if it had not been for your warning voice and pious counsel, which led him to see his error and turn to his Saviour for mercy? And what will become," continued she, "of the poor old men and women who cannot, from their age and infirmities, go to church to hear the word of God—who will read the Bible to them to comfort them under their afflictions, if you are going away? And where are we going?" added she, something of new-born pleasure springing up in her young mind at the prospect of change—a journey, perhaps—and Mary's eyes became bright through her half-dried tears.

"I cannot answer your questions, to-night, my child; to-morrow's dawn will, I hope, find me resigned to the will of Him who, with the trial, will doubtless give me strength to bear it. Good night, my Mary!" said he, as he fondly embraced the child of his tenderest love ere he released her from his arms and bid her seek her pillow. But Mary could not sleep; and soon after daylight, she was at the door of their nearest neighbour, to relate all she knew of her grandfather's affliction, and his assertion that they were to leave the Parsonage. Something of the kind had been whispered about in the village the evening before, and already had the parishioners determined to use their utmost endeavours to keep with them him who they styled their friend and father (such, indeed, had he been to one and all!) Mary's early visit confirming the previous rumour, it was soon spread abroad,

and as it chanced to be market-day in the neighbouring town, a large assembly of the parishioners gathered together, and when the 'squire passed through their village, submitted to him their wishes, and besought him to aid them with his advice.

As the cause of this dreaded change arose from the death of the late rector, and the promise of the bishop, in whose gift was the living, to bestow it on a young man, who, in his turn, had promised the cure held under it by the poor old curate to a friend of his own—the parishioners could only appeal to the new rector, or to the bishop of the diocese; and the latter being at hand, while the immediate residence of the former was unknown, they determined on signing a memorial, to be drawn up by the 'squire, importuning the bishop's interference, and beseeching him not to suffer the removal of the pious and worthy minister who had so long dwelt among them, and whose ministry had, for so many years, made them a happy and united flock.

Not a signature was missing to this memorial;—the bed-ridden, the infirm, were supported while they affixed their names or their mark—the young and helpless had their hands guided by their parents, who bid them pray for the success of their petition. When all was complete, the 'squire himself took it to the curate; and though the poor old man had known and felt himself beloved by his little flock, this proof of their faithful attachment nearly overcame the calm he had been struggling, by prayer and reflection, to re-establish in his usually placid mind; but when he found it the wish of his parishioners, and urged by the 'squire, that he should himself wait upon his bishop with this memorial, he felt that something was yet to be attempted for their good, and he prepared to set out, with his beloved Mary, on their journey—for though in reality but a short distance, and, in these days, coming within the denomination of a drive, it was, in the primitive years of which we are writing, considered a journey, especially for one who, like our curate, rarely passed the boundary of his parish.

The Bishop of —— was a man distinguished for his courteous and accessible habits as much as for his learning and piety. Our travellers were at once admitted to his presence, and the aged curate received with that kind and cordial warmth to which his years and known character entitled him. His story was soon told; and as the bishop's eye glanced rapidly over the rich tribute to his worth contained in the memorial he presented, his interest became greater, and his wish to befriend his petitioner increased. "My promise of this living," said his lordship, "was long since given to the gentleman who has now so hurriedly appointed a curate to succeed you. I hope my influence with him may be sufficient to induce him to rescind the appointment, and that you may still be continued to watch over the flock on whom your ministry has evidently not been expended in vain. I will write this very day," added he, "and you shall know the result of my mediation as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, comfort yourself, my dear sir, with the hope that all will be well, and that the issue of this, as well as every other event, is in the hands of Him who knows best what is good for us." The aged pastor and his grand-daughter returned to their beloved parsonage—he with a faint hope that it might still afford a shelter to his remaining days, and she in all the freshness and innocence of happy youth, satisfied that the bishop, whose presence had been so imposing to her, could not be unsuccessful in his promised interference.

More than a fortnight elapsed without any news reaching them, when, one afternoon, while they were seated in the same parlour where we first found them, watching the bright fire's blaze (for the pale and watery sun had sunk below the horizon), they were startled by a tall, dark shadow in front of the window. "Oh, it is the bishop!" exclaimed Mary, as she sprang from the low stool on which she had placed herself, by her grandfather's knee—"he is come to tell us we are to stay." The pastor thought differently; he felt that the bishop's visit to his humble home was more likely intended to soften the blow which awaited him, than to announce good tidings. And the curate was right. The bishop's first application had been unsuccessful—he had essayed again—and had even proposed to provide some other curacy for the gentleman to whom the one of Tylehurst had been promised—but in vain; there was a perseverance on the part of his friend that vexed him; and he told his disappointment with all the tenderness and consideration a good and kind-hearted man would feel when forced to pain another. The aged pastor, on hearing the result, raised his hands to heaven, saying, "God's will be done! the workhouse must be our shelter, for I am penniless!" The cry of distress that broke from Mary's lips as she threw herself on her grandfather's breast, as though she would shield him from his impending fate, awoke the deepest sympathy in the bishop's heart. "Must they, then, be driven hence?—is there no alternative?" he asked himself; when suddenly a new thought occurred,—his promise had been given, but no forms had yet been gone through—his friend had not been inducted to this living—and seizing the curate's arm, he exclaimed—"But one course is left me: I cannot command the curacy, but I will give you the living." The old man wildly started up, and "Will you by ——!" issued from his lips; but in an instant, his face became crimson, his lips trembled, and he had nigh fallen to the ground from excess of shame and confusion. During a long life, such an expression had never stained the purity of his lips, had never sullied the holiness of his language—and now, before his bishop, to have thus forgotten himself! Mary—his gentle Mary—either disbelieved her senses or feared for her grandfather's reason,—both child and sire remained motionless, with downcast eyes, awaiting the censure which would doubtless crush their new-born hopes, and rebuke the old man's sin.

But the kind-hearted prelate saw it all; he knew the frailty of the best of mortals, and felt that he had overtasked the heart-stricken and aged curate's mind by his precipitancy in holding out such an unlooked for prospect of earthly good. No rebuke hovered near his lips—pity was his only feeling for the aged being, who appeared sinking under the weight of the impious expression he had unguardedly and unintentionally uttered, and, with the kindness of an angel's heart, he sought to raise the humbled man by debasing himself, as he exclaimed—"By —— I will!"

The aged curate—the young girl—were in an instant at his feet,—both felt the value of that echoed oath. The old man prized the promise which raised him from beggary to wealth, but he adored the delicacy which had restored him to himself, and taken from his cheek the blush of shame. Meekly and reverently his spirit turned for pardon from the bishop to his God,—but where human love had been so indulgent to error, could he doubt of divine mercy!

THE ROYAL HUNT.

BY JOHN MILLS,

AUTHOR OF THE "OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

EARLY in March, and nearly twelve at night, I arrived at the well-known inn at Salt-Hill, cold and weary. The host received me with a profusion of smiles and bows, holding the stirrup while I dismounted, and offering to see my horse attended to while I obtained those little consolatory indispensables—refreshments. But a sportsman's maxim being to attend personally to the wants of his horse ere he attends to himself, I declined the offer, and proceeded to the stable with my favourite.

"A likely hanimal, this ere oss, sir," remarked a little bandy-legged ostler.

"Yes," I said; "there never was a better. The rasper cannot be too great, nor the run too long."

"So I ad a hidea from his shape-an'-make, sir. Bit of a warmint, tho', I suspect."

"He is very high couraged, yet an excellent temper," I replied.

"Them's *my* pips! Nothin' like blood-an'-bone from the queen to the oss, sir. I know'd he was the right sort. I should think I was a bit of a judge," said the egotistical ostler, with a self-satisfied chuckle.

"The throw off will be unusually great to-morrow," I said. "Have you any gentlemen sleeping here?"

"No we ain't, sir; only von. Our stalls, 'owever, is full o' osses; and taking the lump, I never see'd greater clippers. But," he added, laughing, "I 'spect some on 'em 'll shake their tails a few afore to-morrow at this time; for old Ripley's to be turned out, I 'ear. Mr. Davis gives a brexfast to-morrow morning," he continued; "and her Majesty is a comin' to see the hanimal turned out. There *will* be a set of muffs a riskin' of their precious necks, I've a hidea."

This was no news to me. The papers had announced the intention of the Queen to honour the last day of the season with her presence, and great were the preparations made by all classes to join in the sport. Saddles, bridles, boots, coats, spurs and whips, received an extra rub and polish. Many, who never intended to risk the chances of the chase, determined to stand the hazard of the die for once, and metamorphose themselves into daring Nimrods.

"That oss next to yourn belongs to the gen'lman wot's sleeping 'ere. A wery spicy kid he is, and no mistake," observed my loquacious friend.

I looked at the animal, and, to my delight, saw that it was my friend McDonald's picture of a horse. He was a superb animal. His blood as pure as that of the Ptolemies, and black and shining as the polished jet. His limbs were perfect symmetry, and shaped in Nature's faultless mould.

"That is the only horse I ever coveted," I said; "and yet I think my own can do as much across a stiff country."

"A uncommon good match they'd be, by what I can judge, sir. Howsomdever," addressing the horse, "you're *done up* for this night, my boy; and if I don't mistake, you'll be *done up* to-morrow night, haw! haw! haw!"

I smiled at the intended facetiousness of the remark, and proceeded

to the house, where I found McDonald comfortably sprawled upon a sofa before a roasting fire, smoking cigars and joking with a pretty smart chambermaid, who was holding a candle and warming pan.

As soon as he saw me, he sprung up, and seizing my hand, said, "My dear fellow, how are you? I was just going to my dormitory, not having any one to talk to, except Susan here, who began to get tired. Susan, my dear, take away that candle and sheet-warmer, we intend making ourselves comfortable previous to availing ourselves of your kindness. Now, my boy, for the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

After discussing some excellent viands and divers quantities of foaming ale, we commenced relating anecdotes and adventures over a bowl of punch of capacious dimensions.

"I will tell you how I managed to obtain Ellen's consent," said McDonald, after some previous conversation. "As you know, we are to be married this day week. To mention, in a direct manner, my wish, was impossible, out of pure gallantry—bless her heart! However, I managed it like an artful old fox. 'Ellen,' I said, 'you must persuade the governor to take you to the hunt on Thursday; the scene will be extremely gratifying.' 'Papa has already offered to do so,' she replied; 'but I shall not go unless you accompany us.' 'Nothing would give me greater pleasure,' I said; 'but promising you never to hunt again, of course the affair is impossible.' 'But you can ride with us and see it,' she replied. 'Ride in the carriage and *see* it!' I said—'it would break my heart; and,' added I, in an under tone, just sufficient for her to hear me, 'it will almost, if I keep away.'

"If you could have seen her at that moment, God bless her! she looked so beautifully unhappy—her large blue eyes filled with tears—I felt such a rascal! But Heaven forgive me! I thought more at that moment of to-morrow's fun, than her tears. 'You wish to ride,' she said, 'do you?' I placed my arm round her taper waist, and giving her a kiss, whispered, 'If you allow me this once, it shall be the *last*.'"

I awoke about seven. The "glorious orb of day" tinged the sky with varied and glowing hues; the refreshing tears of morning sparkled brilliantly upon Flora's lap; the birds sang joyously their matin thanksgivings, setting a worthy example to beings of a larger growth:—In plainer language, it was a very fine morning.

Under my window lounged a careless-looking, handsome young man, smoking a cigar. He was equipped in scarlet and top-boots, and occasionally sung a verse or two of a sporting song. Upwards of fifty noble horses were being paraded in their clothes up and down a paddock, in front of my window, taking a sniff of the morning air, which, by the learned in equestrian science, is deemed indispensable previous to great exertion. My horse was among the number; and as he proudly arched his neck, and disdained to touch the earth with his daisy-trimmers, I determined he should this day win a wreath of laurel, by putting his best leg foremost.

Carriages, tandems, buggies, gigs, dog-carts, donkey-carts, coaches, omnibuses, waggons, every description of vehicle, from the ancient and dilapidated to the most dashing modern four-in-hand, now came rattling to the door. "Here he comes! Here he comes!" shouted a hundred voices. Five or six hundred yards from us a beautiful carriage with four horses approached. The harness and trappings were covered with silver, which glittered in the sun; and as if conscious of their

attractive appearance, the high-blooded animals lifted their feet nearly to their chests, as they came tearing along. It was Lord ——, the Master of the Hounds, and his friends, consisting of young sporting noblemen. His lordship was driving, and as he pulled up at the inn, and threw the reins from his hand, the people gave a hearty cheer.

Preparations were now made for the sport. Some were mounting, others were dismounting against their inclination; and as a new disciple of Nimrod found himself biting the dust in a sprawling attitude, loud laughed the crowd, much to the discomfiture of the fallen hero.

It was just eleven, when an elegant little carriage, drawn by two white ponies, came quickly along the road. In this quiet and unostentatious style approached the Queen. A diminutive, ragged, shoeless urchin lifted the remnants of a straw hat from his head, as the carriage passed him, which was most graciously acknowledged by her Majesty. The well intended and studied politeness of the little fellow was returned with more observance than to the highest in the kingdom. As the carriage neared, the loud cheers caused many of the horses to rear and become very restive. McDonald, who had been talking to some ladies in a carriage, joined in the hurrahs! But no sooner had he given one shout than his horse gave a furious plunge in the air, whirled round and round, snorted with distended nostrils, and his eyeballs shooting fire. At every plunge he neared the carriage where the ladies he had left were sitting. McDonald appeared glued to the saddle, and used every exertion to prevent approaching the spot where the ladies were. The horse's fury increased, and when within a few yards of the carriage, finding no other means left, McDonald plunged the rowels deeply into his flanks, and lunging him with all his power, hurled the excited animal to the ground. One of the ladies screamed "He's killed! he's killed!" and sunk upon the seat of the carriage; but McDonald, to the astonishment of all who witnessed the accident, was not in the slightest degree injured, and disengaging himself from the stirrups, he struck the prostrate horse, and making him rise, mounted again as if nothing had occurred, amid innumerable cheers and compliments. He proceeded to the carriage, where I joined him, and found the lady, who had fainted, a young and beautiful girl, just recovering from her fright. The dazzling brilliancy of her eyes was most striking, increased no doubt by the excitement she had undergone. Her lips were white with fear, and although suffering under intense emotion, a more lovely creature I never saw.

"Ellen," said McDonald, "don't be so alarmed; I'm not injured. Come, come, let me introduce my friend to you."

As I bowed, and saw her swimming eyes, I thought a day's hunting was dearly purchased by giving her a moment's uneasiness.

"Pray," she said, addressing me, "prevail upon him not to ride that mad wretch, for I, apparently, have no influence. Oh, do not, Donald! pray do not!"

"Ellen, do not be so childish. You gave me your consent to ride, and because Black Prince had a caper, you now wish me to look very like a man-milliner, and get into that bandbox of a carriage. A pretty exhibition I should make!" replied McDonald, somewhat irritated.

"Well, well!" said she, "do as you please, Donald. But really you make me very unhappy."

He then went close to her, and leaning upon the side of the car-

riage, whispered something which made the anxious girl in a moment appear consoled and happy. Her features beamed with sunny smiles, and all remains of tears were at once dispelled. I entertained no doubt but that it was a promise not to proceed, and merely start with the hounds for the sake of appearance. This, however, was but surmise. Lord ——, with his gold dog-couples slung across his shoulders, the badge of Master to her Majesty's Hounds, proceeded to the royal carriage to inquire "if her Majesty wished the stag to be thrown off then, all things being prepared." An assent being returned, all moved towards the deer-cart, placed in the centre of a spacious grass field. The appearance of the *cortège* at this moment was imposing in the extreme. At least five hundred gentlemen, attired in scarlet and mounted on the finest horses, lined the road on each side for the Queen's carriage to pass ; numerous vehicles, filled with England's fairest daughters, followed ; then came crowds of pedestrians, the light of gratification glowing in every face. After them slowly followed the royal hounds, accompanied with the huntsman and whippers-in, splendidly accoutred in scarlet and gold.

Expectation being roused to the utmost, the signal was given for the deer-cart to be unfastened. Open flew the door, and out leaped the noble antlered monarch of the forest, his horns gaily trimmed with "ribands rare, streaming in the wind." He stood for an instant, as if contemplating the multitude before him; then, turning round with head erect and outstretched limbs, he sniffed the wind, and determined what course to take. After a measured haughty step or two, as if scorning to seem afraid, away he bounded. I lingered near the carriage where McDonald's devoted Ellen sat; and as he was leaving, I saw her give him a searching look.

"Heaven bless you, dearest! Remember your promise," she said. But he could scarcely have heard what she uttered, for the moment his horse felt that he was to move, he bounded in the air like an antelope, and curvetted with delight, anticipating the enjoyment that was to follow.

"Hold hard, gentlemen!" shouted the huntsman; "let them get at it. Plenty of time, gentlemen."

In a few seconds, on swept the ardent horses, men, and dogs, over everything in their way; ditches, hedges, gates, walls, brooks, fields, and gardens, came all alike. A few, certainly, found the first water-furrow a desperate impediment, and in various postures hugged mother earth, while their animals, disencumbered, heartily enjoyed a gallop by themselves.

My horse required, as usual, much coaxing and caressing to be induced to keep behind, for believing the run would be great, I endeavoured to curb his impetuosity as much as possible; but the numbers sweeping past caused him to pull and fret, until his veins swelled like fibres on a vine leaf. The perspiration rolled from his glossy coat and the white foam flew from his bit, as his speed still increased, despite of all my exertions. At length the soaked reins slipped through my fingers, as I fruitlessly pulled upon him. On he was determined to go, at his own pace; and on he rushed. Losing all control over him, the mad, but noble creature, carried me with the swiftness of a hawk : like a bird he topped the fences, whirling me with unnecessary desperate leaps, proud of his prowess, and careless to consequences. I soothed him at length with my voice, but not

sufficiently so as to guide him. A railed fence was within a few yards of us, at least six feet in height, towards which he was making a direct course. The speed he was going at was alone sufficient to render it impossible to clear it ; as we neared, however, I gave him his head, and striking my spurs deeply into his sides, he bounded from the earth, and falling across the fence, pitched head foremost on the ground.

Heaven only knows how far I was sent! But it appeared to me that I never should reach the ground. Millions of stars flashed in my eyes, as I rose on my knees to discover the damage effected ; blood was flowing from an undiscovered source, which, upon examination, proved to be from the prominent feature of my face. I rose from the ground, and found my horse standing, uninjured, gazing steadfastly in the direction of the hounds : his sleek ears were pricked forward, and huge drops of sweat rolled down his body, and from his fetlocks a clear stream trickled to the earth. I examined my limbs, and finding them whole and sound, with the exception of a few slight contusions, I again mounted. Not a horse was in sight, not a hound to be heard. I listened, and strained my ears to catch a sound that might lead me in the direction of the chase; but all had gone far, far away. After sitting a few minutes in my saddle, I prepared to return, thinking my pleasure at an end. While slowly proceeding down a lane, I caught a distant cry, and felt assured that it was the deep-toned note of a hound. I galloped in the direction of it ; and clearing a thick-set holly-bush fence (an uncomfortable spot to be thrown into), I saw the object of the hunt, the noble stag, flying along the banks of the Thames. I halted, and watched him. He stopped at intervals, and seemed undetermined what course to take to baffle his pursuers. At length he drew back from the verge of the stream, and rushed towards it ; then stopped suddenly upon the brink, and turned his head from the river in a listening posture. The hounds could now be heard distinctly approaching; when gently gliding into the water, with his head thrown back, he buffeted the rapid stream, and landing on the opposite side, he continued his rapid flight. The hounds came to the spot where the stag took the water, and were "at fault." Not discovering immediately what course he had taken, I was not anxious that they should find it out very soon, feeling the effects of my tumble still ringing in my ears.

The flower of the field now arrived, all the "cocktails" shaken off, and only the select few left alone in their glory. In a few moments, the leader, a gallant old hound, placed his nose to the water's edge and gave one deep, beautifully-toned cry, as much as to say, "This way, my boys!" when all obeyed the mandate by springing into the river, and following the track of their victim. But if the dogs were so willing and ready to wet their coats, the sportsmen were not.

"What *shall* we do?" inquired a gentleman in patent leather boots and a bright pink coat. "There's literally no bridge for seven miles."

I took my horse quietly to the edge of the bank, and giving him a pat with my hand, set the example of the quickest method of crossing the water by going into it. After a little difficulty in reaching the other side, I jumped from his back, and scrambling up the bank, safely landed. My horse placed his fore feet on the side, and sprung up the bank with a loud neigh, much pleased at regaining his native element.

McDonald now arrived on Black Prince, covered with foam,

Without hesitation, he urged his horse to take the water; but not desirous of being turned into one of the Hippocampi, he unequivocally declined treating his rider with a swim. Spur and whip were applied with the effect of creating only a few decided kicks and plunges. McDonald became enraged at his refusing, and began whipping and spurring without mercy; but all to no purpose. Finding force of no avail, he determined upon stratagem. Dismounting, he tied his handkerchief over his horse's eyes, and taking him about thirty yards from the river, struck his rowels into his flanks with cruel force, and drove him towards the stream as fast as he could come. Over the bank they fell with such force that both sunk in an instant, and remained under the water for some seconds. When they came up, the horse commenced plunging violently, and McDonald endeavoured to reach over his head to take off the handkerchief, so that he might see his way to shore; but from his struggles, he could not accomplish it. At length, McDonald rose in his stirrups, and stretching out as far as possible, almost reached the handkerchief, when, losing his balance, he fell over the horse's head, taking the reins with him. From some unaccountable misfortune, these became entangled round his body, and prevented his disengaging himself from the blind and struggling animal. The horse, infuriated with fear, raised himself out of the water as far as possible, and, with short jumps, dragged his ill-fated master with him. Both hurried with the rapid current, while every exertion was being used to render assistance. The horse rolled from one side to the other, snorted and plunged, till at last worn out with violent and useless exertion, he buried his head between his knees and sunk, leaving but a few air-bubbles to rise and burst where, but a moment before, one loving and beloved, in the exuberance of manhood's strength and beauty, gasped for life thoughtlessly sacrificed.

I galloped to the nearest cottage, in a state of frenzy, for assistance. The frightened cottager followed me with ropes, with all possible speed; but when we arrived at the river, upon the bank laid the lifeless body of McDonald, his pale and ashy countenance turned upwards, upon which the beams of the sun glowed faintly. By some means he had been dragged from the water, and a vein had been opened—but, alas! the heart refused its functions—the blood refused to flow!

I thought of Ellen—the beautiful, and soon to be—heart-broken Ellen! Tears came to my relief, or a few moments more, and my heart would have burst. Others followed my example. And there might be seen many a rough hunter brushing the moisture from his cheek, sorrowful for the fate of the gallant McDonald.

STANZAS.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

TO A YOUNG LADY, IN WHOSE SCRAP-BOOK WAS A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, PAINTED BY HERSELF.

BLEST as the gods indeed is he
Who thus beholds his form portray'd,
In hues that soft and radiant be,
By thy fair hands, enchanting maid.

And, oh! forgive, if while he views
Within thy book this imaged scroll,
He feels that every day renews
Thine image in his inmost soul.

ANYTHING FOR A QUIET LIFE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Whenever you meet with a poor wretch whose fate it is to be cuffed continually; buffeted by his betters, abused by his fellows, and halloed after in the streets by those free-born Britons, the little boys; tossed up and down like a crazy hull on a rough sea; driven to and fro like a canine lunatic, and assailed from morning to night with thoughts that scold, and words that hit,—whenever you meet with this poor fellow, depend upon it, he is one who, from his very cradle, was fond of a quiet life.

Is he a fag in a factory when the world of machinery is all at work —is he a porter stationed in the rotunda of the Bank, a waiter at a London chop-house, an usher in a genteel seminary, a drudge to a letter of lodgings, a prime-minister, a curate in a populous metropolitan parish, a clown in the comic pantomime, an engineer on a railway, a cab-driver, or a queen's counsel in full practice,—be sure that his maxim ever has been and ever will be—anything for a quiet life!

The lovers of quiet lives are rarely to be found at the lakes, or among the hills; in the solitudes of the land, the rustic paradises of nature—amid simple dreamy scenes, far from the noisy haunts of the populace, with all their rabid passions and riotous pursuits;—no, but they are to be met with constantly in Cheapside. They spend their days in a great Babel, hungering after quiet, and fancying eternally that they are just securing it.

The doctrine laid down in their ever-ready exclamation, "anything for a quiet life," implies the wisdom of making continual sacrifices to attain a desired end, but not the wisdom of previously ascertaining whether it be possible by sacrifices ever to attain it at all.

It is clear that what seems the shortest road to an object is often no road to it at all. There is an example in the story which the witty moralist relates of the false expedient adopted by a mournful son to procure sorrowful faces at his father's funeral. He gave the mutes crown-pieces, to purchase their sad looks; but they seemed now livelier than before, and he accordingly advanced their pay to half-guineas, whereat, instead of sighs and mourning airs, they smiled outright; when, to buy their deepest gloom, he paid them down guineas, at sight of which every vestige of sorrow vanished, and indeed he found that the more money he gave them to look gloomy the more merriment was in their faces.

In like manner, we may cite the popular practice of calling out in public assemblies, "Silence!" and "Hear, hear!" with sufficient loudness and constancy to ensure the vast and regular increase of the tumult; and it may happen that a continual struggle to secure a quiet life, is the very reason why it is invariably missed. A constant endeavour of any kind is scarcely compatible with the idea of quiet; and a life spent in sacrificing, in giving up every bit of ground, in yielding every point, and in beating an incessant retreat, for the sake of quiet, can hardly perhaps be called a quiet life.

Squalls was the person who of all others used to act most doggedly upon the principle of sacrifices for the sake of tranquillity. When he first entered the world, he set out on a journey in search of Quiet, and

a precious noise he always made about it. His life was a pilgrimage to the shrine of Peace, but he was for ever getting into a "jolly row" on the road; and getting out of it, by a sacrifice that was sure to come too late—a surrender that purchased no quarter—a desire for pacification that only provoked the enemy to further hostilities.

He never in all his days avoided a quarrel for the sake of quiet—he only avoided, for the sake of quiet, the sole means of bringing the quarrel to a peaceful end. He would begin a contest, but would never fight it out; content, when it was at the highest, when victory was all but his, and the desired calm could be commanded, to give in philosophically, to put on the air of a martyr, and to re-nerve his adversary by an exasperating panegyric on quiet. When the prize contended for was within reach, he would infallibly run away, but not in time to save himself. After an hour's yelping and barking, the dog would lie down, expecting to be allowed to repose because he left off.

How pleasant it was to obey his social summons, to take one's seat at his round table, and prepare, with three or four kindred spirits, to enjoy what he used to call a quiet evening! What a rare notion Squalls had of a quiet evening! After the toil and hubbub of a day of business, delicious indeed it was to settle down, all peace-lovers together, for a quiet evening!

The only misfortune was, that Squalls would wrangle; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the instant we had finished the prelude, the little discussion upon the weather, and had agreed that it was a delightfully calm night, a stiff breeze sprang up, and the storm opened upon us. In other words, the moment the contemplated quiet chat commenced, the "argument" began. Start what subject you might, Squalls had just one quiet observation to make, totally objecting. Remind him that the point might hardly be worth a dispute, and he would beg leave quietly to remark that a more vitally important point never could be pointed out. He would advance from an opinion to an allegation, meekly suggesting now, and confidently asserting by and by—combating every principle laid down, resisting every argument raised, and protesting against everything that had been said, until, when he had succeeded, by fierce disputation, in setting us all by the ears, disturbing the peace and endangering the safety of the table, he would discover that the question of vital importance was really not worth talking about.

"I give in," he would cry; "I yield the point—dare say you're all right—anything for a quiet life; a little quiet is worth all the argument in the world!"

And even this point, he would at the same moment be ready to defend most turbulently—just as a man might bet you two to one that laying wagers is an insane practice.

Squalls wrangled by the hour, by the day, week, month, and year; but was all the while in love with nothing but a quiet life. If in the nightly contention for the prize of tranquillity, there were sometimes added to the horrid din of many human voices bellowing for peace and order, the clatter of tongs and poker; or, if a shower of glasses aided their contents in taking a too-powerful effect upon his brain, he rather enjoyed than otherwise his broken head and fever-draughts, with the blinds drawn down, and the kind servant creeping so softly about in

thick shoes, and the door creaking so very gently that it only just sufficed to wake him every time it closed or opened.

"There is something deliciously lulling," he would say, as he rolled his eyes about, "in this profound calm; I hope my head wont be better to-morrow—anything for a quiet life."

He resided in one of the streets in the Strand, leading to the river, "out of the noise," as he said. But he had a country-house, a most serene and rural retreat, in a district dedicated to silence and solitude, where there was never noise enough in a day to break the flying slumbers of a lynx—a spot where you might hear nothing but

> "The motion of the elements, a song
> Of silence that disposed the listening soul
> To meditative quietness, and lulled
> Not passions only, but the animal powers
> With all their violent feelings.
> So entire
> Was the Dominion of Tranquillity."

"Come hither," wrote the sympathetic Squalls from his remote retirement; "hither, where peace and I reside, and finish your Ode to Contemplation." Once, and once only, was the invitation accepted. What a dominion of tranquillity it was!

For the quiet morning, after the early crowing, cawing, and chirping were partly over, there were the ringing of bells, the shouting of children, the clatter of forks and tankards at a never-ending breakfast, the barking of dogs, the rolling of wheels, the lowing of cattle, the laughter of rosy girls in high spirits, the report of fire-arms, and the loud bawling of divers of the smockfrock-tribe uttering no language at all, though severally convinced that they were all speaking plain English.

Then for the quiet evening; there were the most riotous rubbers of whist, tumultuous piano-playing, harp-playing, and flute-playing; forfeits, and how-d'ye-like-it; loud haw-hawing at frequent intervals, with songs comic and sentimental, and an occasional ear-splitting "yoicks" from a lively sportsman, when his heavier partner in the field-adventures of the day began to snore a little too vigorously.

Strolling into the garden to walk off the deafening effects of the day's delights, "How charming is the quiet country!" would Squalls exclaim.

"Very," was the natural answer, "impressively reminding one of the soothing serenity of Covent-garden Market, and the silent pleasures of Smithfield-bars."

Quiet to Squalls was what the rasher of ham was to the thunder-stricken Jew—a delicacy which he could not enjoy, because there was such a terrible noise about it. At length, by and by, when by a course of accidents, our friend dropped down in the world, and it became necessary to seek some occupation, he made a rather sagacious choice. Far from the neighbourhood of noise he could not prevail upon himself to go; but he nevertheless sought freedom from trouble and tumult. He therefore accepted the office of money-taker at one of the leading theatres. "Here," he said, tranquilly, "I shall have a quiet time of it."

The desire of peace took a much firmer but scarcely more consistent

hold upon another member of the same circle. Poor Pax! you and your wife, Bella, were an ill-matched pair. How came you to marry her?—it was like going to Donnybrook-fair in search of some New Harmony!

The truth was, she would have him. She claimed him for her partner in waltz, galope, and quadrille seven times in one evening, and screamed him six bravuras between the dances. She talked him into fits, and assailed his nerves by means of the thundering double-knocks of postmen. The affair began to make a little noise—which he couldn't bear. Anything for a quiet life. It was easier to marry than to escape. He therefore quietly offered her his heart and hand, well knowing that as a wife she would neither want to dance with, nor to sing to him, to pour agreeable nothings in his ear incessantly, nor employ tyrant-postmen to batter at his peace.

Pax had but a single idea, and a single mode of putting it in action; the idea of quiet, and the giving up everything—but one—in the wide world, to attain it. The one thing excepted was the one thing he should have given up first; but this he never thought of. It was his wife, Bella.

He was as meek as a mouse, but with a soul so small that a mouse would have been ashamed to be caught in a good-sized trap with it. He would not have dared to nibble cheese, while there was a cat left in Christendom. He would have preferred dying, half a grain a day —anything for a quiet life.

When he had put on his hat to go to his whist-club for the evening, he was desired to take it off again. Well, quiet was everything to him; so he sat down opposite his wife, to hear the maid-servant rung for every five minutes to be fresh scolded.

When clad in a new sable suit, just ready to attend the remains of his relative to their last quiet home, he was desired to array himself again in his brown and drab, stay where he was, put some coals on, and keep his feet off the fender. Mrs. Pax "could never see, for her part, why a man should want to follow people to their graves, while he has a quiet home of his own." Well, compliance was easier than resistance; so down he sate, to be lectured in shrill tones, for the remainder of that day.

But there is always one bright spoke in Fortune's Wheel, and it comes round now and then; in Pax's case the bright spoke consisted in this:—his wife was sometimes sulky, and wouldn't speak to him for days. "How providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" he would cry. "What a blessing it is that even the best of wives has her sulky fit occasionally—one has such a quiet time of it then!"

The life of Pax was, during many hours of the day, a cool and easy one, in a public office; his official duties were chiefly mechanical, and his mind was generally far away from his desk, deep buried in a monastic seclusion—dim, quiet, and monotonous. He envied the old monks; their repose was true rapture. To do nothing, and be undisturbed, uninterrupted all the while, was an existence more glorious than that of the gods; unless we except the supreme felicity pictured in the line of Keats—

"There sate old Saturn quiet as a stone."

Quiet, in the mind of Pax, had long been associated with "a stone;" but

Bella was not destined to be laid under it yet. So home he daily went, to a tranquil abode, situated between a boarding-school for young gentlemen, and the residence of a "thorough bass" at the Opera. This house Mrs. Pax always refused to quit, because it afforded her the full enjoyment of these two nuisances—of which she approved when he complained, and complained (thus doubling the noisy evil) when he was silent. The thorough bass would have carried him off to the Opera on some occasions, but Bella opposed the proceeding, and—anything for a quiet life—Pax always stayed at home to be soundly "rated."

Plays of any kind pleased him but little. The comedies were too noisy; and the actors themselves laughed, instead of following the excellent example of the audience; while the tragedies were moving, and he liked everything quiet. Once, when the people applauded, the quiet little soul, not liking the noise, set up a "hish," which being mistaken for a hiss, provoked a desperate assault upon him by a theatrical enthusiast behind. By command of his wife, he had the enthusiast bound over to keep the peace. "Ah!" sighed Pax, "I wish his worship could bind *me* over, to *keep* it. Wouldn't I!"

Of course he never attended a public meeting, except a Quaker's. Of every species of *lusus naturæ*, the Agitator was the most anomalous to him. How people could delight in excitement, turmoil, and contention, to the total sacrifice of a quiet life, was as mysterious as to hear of fish enjoying the butter they are fried in. Nothing puzzled him more than such political convulsions as the Polish insurrection. Why could not Poles, he wondered, "take things easy," and remain in peace and tranquillity. He conjectured that people lived very quietly in Siberia.

To the Chinese war he was gently opposed, deeming it lamentable that a breach of the peace should have arisen out of the question of opium—a thing which, if taken in sufficient quantities, was calculated to make people extremely quiet. He gave himself no concern about the matter, but he used to wish, as he passed through the streets, that the mandarins in the grocers' shops would keep their heads still.

His favourite story-book was "Robinson Crusoe;" although he thought it a pity that Friday should ever have escaped, to interrupt the course of the solitary's remarkably quiet life. His pet poem was the "Prisoner of Chillon," who passed his time—particularly when he had the dungeon all to himself—very quietly.

It was Bella's pleasure, one day, that he should throw up his snug situation, and open a magnificent hotel at the terminus of a railway. Anything for a quiet life; and he ruined himself accordingly, with more expedition indeed than was strictly consonant with comfort.

After spending a few weeks in the hot season at Margate, to get a little repose, he began to undergo the exertion of thinking that something must be done to recruit his finances—that some slow, steady, tranquil avocation had become eminently desirable. But what should it be! When a boy, he used to think how he should like to be a London watchman—the watchmen led such quiet lives. But these, to the very last of the roses, were faded and gone; and as cad to an omnibus—for one who along the "sequestered vale of life" would keep the "noiseless tenour of his way," there was small chance perhaps of uninterrupted felicity.

Happily, in this dilemma, a patron in the post-office proffered a carriership, and Bella determined that it was the very thing. Burthened with a full-sized packet of penny missives, the devotee of quiet and ease went forth on his several daily rounds ; but he had a tranquil little spirit, and a snail's pace—he had never hurried himself in his life, and hated loud knocks at the door—so he rapped with extreme gentleness, waited five minutes at every house, and then crept serenely on his way to deliver the next letter.

A large quantity accumulating daily on his hands, for want of time to complete his rounds, Bella insisted that he should not think of delivering them at all—they should be burnt. He almost ventured to protest audibly against this step, and he did look reluctant, but—anything for a quiet life—they were burnt upon the spot.

When he sneaked back into the noisy streets again, after his twelvemonth's imprisonment, the last month solitary, "Well," said he, in his small, calm way, "I must say I've had a very quiet time of it there. I'm so glad poor Bella got off!"

Shortly after, with unexampled serenity, he took leave of these turbulent shores, to settle tranquilly, and secure a quiet life, in a far-distant colony—forgetting however to leave his direction with his amiable wife. It would have been of no service to her ; for the ship foundered, and Pax quietly went down with her—in the Pacific Ocean.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PICTURE.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

Travelling many years ago in the South of France, I inquired at a small town, whose name has now escaped me, whether it contained any pictures, public or private. My host replied in the affirmative; and under the guidance of a ragged urchin, I found myself, after a walk of four miles through muddy lanes, at the gates of a château. From the account which the boy, who was communicator, gave of its owner, *en route*, I was led to suppose him either a misanthrope or a hypochondriac; and the pitiable condition of the house, and the long grass waving between the interstices of the flagstones that paved the court-yard, tended to confirm me in this opinion. I, therefore, to the sight of some Watteau, or Le Brun, or, perhaps, Karl de Jardin, or Mignard, or Greuse, expected to add that of a living curiosity. Great, however, was my surprise, on being ushered into the gallery, to recognise, in the "Seigneur de Village," a friend whom I had not seen or heard of for twenty years ; he having changed his name with this estate, inherited from a distant relative. The Count and myself frequently met at Rome and Florence; and had been, in more than one instance, rivals for works of art ; but his affections were divided. If a connoisseur, he was also a religious enthusiast. Often and often, in visiting one of the three hundred and sixty-five churches which the City of the Faithful boasts, have I seen this French *dévot* kneeling before some Madonna, or with uplifted eyes rapt in contemplation of an Assumption of the Virgin, and half fancying himself borne by the skirts of her robe to heaven.

Our meeting seemed agreeable to him; and when he pressed me to pass the day at his house, I did not decline the invitation; shrewdly suspecting, at the same time, that could I have dived into his heart, I should have found that he was somewhat of a La Rochefaucault, and that ostentation and pride, and a hope of exciting my envy and jealousy, were among the motives that stimulated him to this unaccustomed effort of hospitality.

His collection entirely differed from what I had been led to conjecture—was exclusively confined to the Italian school, and the subjects strictly devotional. Among them were many undoubted originals; but they depicted, with such circumstantial minuteness, the sufferings of St. Sebastian, St. Agnes, and other worthies, as chronicled in the Martyrology, not to speak of Infernos and Purgatorios, that their merit, as works of art, was forgotten in the unmitigated pain they produced in me, which I could not altogether disguise. The Count was grievously disappointed; but he was determined to have his *revanche*, and had it.

Supper, the principal meal among the French, ended, and a bottle of exquisite Bordeaux (Comet wine) scarcely discussed, my host, who, like a picture-dealer or auctioneer, had reserved his *chef d'œuvre* to the last, said—"I have one more treasure to shew you. Come!"

I followed somewhat reluctantly, and after many windings, we entered a chapel brilliantly illuminated, where, over the altar, a green veil hid from the gaze of the profane the mysterious picture, which I had been brought, at what I deemed so unseasonable a moment, to admire. The obstacle being removed, my eyes rested on a painting such as I have never beheld, which I firmly believe excels whatever yet was looked upon, or hand of man hath done. Shall I call it a painting or a reality?—a woman or a goddess? I needed now no other proof to be convinced of the empire of imagination over art, or rather, how much the ideal excels the actual. I fully comprehended what the ancient writer meant by saying of a hero, that he as far surpassed his son as a statue does a man.

Absorbed in such contemplations, I stood riveted to the spot, gazing with all my soul on this apparition, till I gifted her with life—thought that the bosom actually rose and sunk, and the limbs moved from beneath the folds that flowed around them. If such was the effect on me, could I wonder that some poor penitent should deem that this Madonna might listen to her prayers, and look on her with eyes beaming forth pity and tenderness and consolation? Meantime, I had not once thought of the Count: he had been lying motionless on the steps of the altar. At length he rose, and, with three prostrations, replaced the curtain, and beckoning to me, led the way out of the chapel, carefully locking the door, as a miser does that of his chest, when I had passed.

We neither of us spoke till we were reseated at table. There we could talk of nothing but the picture, whilst we emptied flask after flask of his Lafitte. At length, his heart was opened, and he said—

"Many years have now elapsed since I have lived here in the strictest retirement. Those years seem to me but a day. They have fled, winged with ever new delight, full of a sweet intoxication. You smile. I allude not to the fumes of wine, but to my intercourse with that picture—to my companionship with it, which has been to me better than all society. Listen to me. Three summers ago, this very

month, if not this very day, I had, till a later hour than usual, lingered in the chapel, and had no sooner retired to my couch than I fell into a trance, and under the influence of somnambulism, proceeded to my sanctuary. You have seen the *Notte* of Correggio, where the light proceeds from the Bambino; in like manner, the chapel was dazzlingly brilliant with a glory that issued from the Madonna. I was neither awe-struck nor surprised, when about to worship at the shrine, to see her stretch forth her hand in the act to raise me, nor—so prepared was I for a miracle—did I wonder to see her lips move, and hear myself, in soft and silver tones, thus addressed:—

" ' Your devotion has conquered my silence—your more than mortal love prevailed—you shall hear my story and adventures.' "

Overcome by the remembrance of this scene, my friend here paused, and gave me time to glance rapidly in my mind over the relations, as told in romance, of portraits slipping out of their frames, of statues that walked and talked, and I was quite prepared to believe all that might follow. The Count seemed to read my thoughts with exultation, and thus continued the narrative of the Picture:—

" ' I am from the hand of Raphael; on the day that he was crowned in the capitol, after refusing the purple, that he might not be distracted by worldly cares from his immortal pursuit, I saw, for the first time, that greatest of painters. At that moment I experienced what may be deemed an inspiration from above, and in obedience to its impulse, presented myself at the studio of the artist. Do not mistake me for a Fornarina—no, you behold the only daughter of the Prince Colonna! a name, great in itself, but still more ennobled in the page of Petrarch.

" 'It is erroneously supposed that the last of Raphael's works was The Transfiguration. He afterwards painted one, and a greater—painted, I say, for of that divine picture I am the sole record—that picture was an Annunciation ; and in compliance with the custom of the times, that the sacred personages should each have their living representatives, I sat for the Virgin. If the author had wished to commemorate that event historically, he would have represented her, as has been often done, in a simple room, with no other attendant save the Angel, bearing her emblem flower; but Raphael resolved to treat the subject with mystery; and in order to make me the principal figure in the piece, placed me on a sort of throne, as you see, surrounded by a throng of patriarchs, sibyls, and angels.

" ' Scarcely had a year elapsed after the mighty painter's untimely removal from this world when I was attacked by a rapid consumption, and fell a victim to its inroads. As it is permitted to those translated to a better sphere occasionally to visit what is dearest to them below, so it was fated that I should, by way of a purgatory for early sins—for I had too much loved—animate this "dead likeness;" becoming what the Lares and Penates of old were, a blessing and a safeguard to our house, making honour and virtue the characteristics of the Colonnas.

" ' Nor did my good offices stop here. As the fame of The Annunciation got abroad, our chapel, of which I was the presiding genius, became thronged with the first and noblest, and through my powerful mediation, the weak were strengthened, the wavering supported, and the afflicted consoled. Nor let me omit to mention that my glory was still further enhanced, when, on the great festivals and

solemn occasions, carried in the processions, or suspended from the tapestried balcony of our palace, I received the homage of assembled Rome.

" ' But evil days came; and, alas! I must now enter on the narration of my sad history.

When the Gallic hordes, under the false pretence of liberty and equality and brotherhood, swept down from the Alps and Apennines upon our smiling plains, not even the Goth and the Vandal, who, at the sacking of the eternal city, encumbered the bed of the Tiber with the ruins of temples and the wreck of statues, made a more barbarian abuse of conquest. Who can describe my horror, when a band of lawless soldiery burst into my sanctuary, laid their profane hands on the work of the divine Raphael, and cast lots, on the steps of the altar, to part it among them? I felt the knife—it seemed to lacerate and dissect me limb from limb; separating me from all that I loved—patriarchs, sibyls, angels, one by one were torn away, till I found myself in a frightful solitude, and not without a struggle and bloodshed.

" ' Happy was it for me, great as my sufferings were, that I had not been painted in fresco, and immovably fixed to a wall, or I might have shared the destiny so many masterpieces of art were doomed to undergo* in " the time of the French." I shudder to think that I might else have been shut out from the light of day—" dark! unutterably dark!"—lost to the world for ever! My fate, indeed, was far from enviable. Sometimes, I lay smothered beneath a pile of baggage on the *fourgon;* or after a battle, always a victory, was dragged forth, diced for, raffled for, and transferred, from hand to hand, till I fell into that of a heretic, who transported me to London, where I at length became pledged at a vile price, and deposited in a vile place,—*where* you may suppose, when I tell you, that over the door hung the arms of the Medici. Here, nailed against the wainscot, I grew familiar with misery and degradation in all its forms; my ears assailed with profane jests and drunken laughter; my eyes not less shocked with the sight of the degraded beings who bartered their filthy rags—thrown afterwards contemptuously at my feet—for the means of supplying their necessities or their vices.

" ' After a twelvemonth, being unredeemed, I was exposed to public sale, and purchased by one of those unconscionable plunderers—a picture-dealer. By him I was dispatched to Leghorn, whence I was conveyed to Florence. Here, despised and rejected, I was made over to a broker, who hung me up, and not in the most conspicuous part of his stall, nor the best sheltered from the sun and wind and rain; and here, for four long years, no passer-by deigned to honour me with a look, much less to bid for me the lowest coin in the Tuscan dominions.

" ' A canonico of the Dominican order, stricken in years, poor as an apostle, and remarkable for his saint-like piety, was seized with one of those malignant fevers common in the autumnal season, which he had taken by infection from a peasant in administering the last unction in extremis. As he lay on his sick pallet, and death stood in act

* The chapel that contained the Supper of Leonardo da Vinci, was turned into a stable at Milan; and the beautiful medallions of Perrin del Vaga—equal to any works of Julio Romano's—when it was made the quarter of the French general in command, were covered with distemper, and utterly obliterated.

to strike over his head, his niece, a lay sister of the Santa Maria Novella, was unremitting in her attentions to him; and passing daily, in her way to the convent, the stall of which I have just spoken, bethought her of me, purchased me for two pauls, and hung me, fronting the good old man, over the crucifix in his cell. His eyes, already dim with the coming shadows of dissolution, were mechanically fixed on mine. I regarded him with a look of pity and affection. That look shot comfort into his soul. He prayed devoutly to the Virgin—I seconded his prayers. From that moment his malady abated; and in fourteen days he resumed the holy offices of the church. But he did not forget her to whom he firmly believed he owed his recovery; nor did he forget me; and after having collected several scudi by the contributions of pious communicants for the praiseworthy purpose, he determined on my restoration. I was now placed in the hands of an honest and excellent young painter, who, a rare thing in Florence, had, with a conscientious regard and veneration for the martyr, just completed the cleaning of an Andrea del Sarto, that formed the altar-piece of the Dominican Chapel. Had you beheld me on the eve of this operation, you would have shed over me heart-wrung tears.

" 'I have detailed to you what I had suffered, now shudder to hear what I was! Blackened and begrimed with layer after layer of varnish and dust and smoke—my canvas mildewed by damp and pierced by worms—mutilated and disfigured;—such was the ruin the artist was engaged to repair.

When he began to tear me from my original canvas, and with a pallet knife to make the adhesions yield, in order afterwards to glue me on a new 'fond,' not the tomahawked Indian, Marsyas, nor the martyred Bartholomew, endured agonies more intense. Then, indeed, in utter despair, I deemed myself ruined and undone, torn in pieces, and irreparably destroyed. But no: after the manner of the practitioner, who, with steady hand and unerring eye—a full confidence in his own skill, and a thorough knowledge of the nature of the disease—cruel only to be merciful—separates the morbid from the sound, and by the very wounds that he inflicts, restores the patient to renovated health—thus did the painter create for me a new constitution—lay the foundation, as it were, of a new life and being. This accomplished, he proceeded to remove, with certain cosmetics, the filth of centuries; and this very accumulation was it which proved, as he had expected to find, my preservation; that alone tended to save me from decay. Inch after inch was developed, till, to my perceptible delight, I issued forth, like a butterfly from its chrysalis, glowing with immortal youth—nay, more beautiful than I first appeared, fresh from the easel of the master—my complexion richer, my robe more graceful and easy in every fold, and my whole mellowed and softened down into a more exquisite harmony of colouring. But on this I need not further enlarge—you see *what* I am.

" 'The discovery of a new work of Raphael was soon noised about Florence, and multitudes flocked, on all sides, to the studio of the artist. I was seen, admired, adored! All desired to possess me. An English nobleman was willing to cover me with pieces of gold, as my price, but he found a rival in you—a more successful competitor. The ten thousand scudi you offered were too great a temptation for the fortunate Canonico. With tears in his eyes, he counted out the coins,

and handed me over to my new master. Since when, you know my fate—for you have made it.' "

At this moment, a bell of silver sound ringing through the chateau announced the vesper hour, and the Count, rising and waving his hand almost imperceptibly to me, hurried to the chapel. I now heard the pealing of an organ, and three voices, a bass, a tenor, and a treble, joining in the evening hymn to the Virgin. The shades of twilight had begun to deepen; and without wishing to take a formal leave of my host, I made the best of a bad way to the auberge. There I reflected on all I had seen and heard, and became the more convinced, that in making " nil admirari" my motto and rule of life, I had judged rightly. I felt no surprise that a bigoted Catholic, immured in a dilapidated chateau, with no other companions than a confessor, a chorister, and a Madonna, should confound dreams with realities, and speak and think as Count B—— had done of his picture.

It was a new version of the old story of the Sculptor and his Statue.

The history of the picture is not yet completed. The Count is dead; and the Madonna forms one of the most distinguished ornaments of the Munich Gallery.

SONG OF THE WINTER BLAST.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

From the frozen clime of my birth, afar,
Is begun my fitful march;
Where the golden car
Of the bright Pole Star
Is the key of heaven's blue arch,
While for ever around its steadfast throne
Whirl, one by one,
(As if they were vassals, who, meek and true,
Thus to their liege pay homage due,)
The orbs that move on, as they circled of old,
Led by the Bear and the Hunter bold,*
Which as they bound
Round and round,
Measure the flight
Of the long, long night,
That reigns for the time,
Which in softer clime
Maketh two seasons upon the earth.
But bright is the dome 'neath which I have birth,
Where the Boreal lights, like banners unfurl'd,
Shed their glory upon the northern world;
And the silver band of the galaxy,
Like a loosen'd girdle, spans the sky.
From this Polar home,
Where no man may roam,
I burst through the cleft
Of an ice-berg reft,
And my hitherward course began.
Over pillars of ice and plains of snow,
Prepared for my coming ages ago,
My chosen pathway ran,
Till I leap'd with a bound
Which echo'd around

* The constellation Bootes; the fable of which is, that with his two dogs he is perpetually driving the Bear round the Pole.

To Norway's rocky shore.
Then with threat'ning roar,
In my hurried race,
I shook the spectre larch,
Or with rough embrace,
As I onward march,
My caresses are known
By the full deep moan
Which the pine-tree breathes to me;
Or in anger and strife
I war with their life,
And uproot each lordly tree.

Now again on the shore, where the cataracts lead
From on high to the dark and fathomless deep,
I kiss the white foam that gambols with me,
And dash with it down to the restless sea.
Then wildly I play o'er the ocean wide,
When man is not near to humble my pride;
But so fearless is he, that seldom I fail
To meet in my passage some venturous sail,
And fierce is the struggle that passes between,
And fierce my revenge is, full often, I ween,
For the daring that prompts him to wrestle and gain,
The empire I strive for—the sway o'er the main;
But like a wild beast by the hunters at bay,
More often I crouch till he passes away,
Though wildly I rage, and my fury I vent,
Till I find, when too late, that my strength is spent.

So, something subdued in my wrath and power,
I visit your land in its wintry hour;
And here, as I pass, I crisp the streams,
Though over them glow the faint sunbeams;
And the fanciful pendules of ice I hold,
Where the rain-drops stay'd in their course had roll'd;
And I patter the hail and drift the snow,
As a remnant of majesty here I shew;
While sometimes in pity I temper the brow
That fever had burnt, and send back the tide
Of health to the veins that sickness had dried,
And brace up the frame, till its twin-born, the mind,
In gratitude loves the Wintry Wind.
But little for love or hate I try,
I do but the bidding of ONE on HIGH!
And often I creep to the chamber warm,
(One chink is enough to work the charm,)
Where the high-born and gifted, and young and fair,
Is guarded and tended with anxious care;
But the hectic is there, and the cough so quick
Heard through the folds of the curtain thick,
And the sparkling eye, and the fingers weak,
And the heart that dares not its fulness speak;
But here is my mission—my icy breath
Is the herald, and signal, and signet of death!
Then I bluster away to a hovel low,
But quicker my work is there, I trow.

And so for awhile I lord it with all,
Though weaker and weaker my power doth fall,
Till the golden sun and the zephyrs mild
Chase me again to the northern wild!

WHITEHALL AND THE BATTERY.

A FARCICAL SCENE OF ACTION.

BY UNCLE SAM.

SCENE.—*"Whitehall" and the "Battery," New York.—Great collection of loafers (loungers).—A steam-boat advances: enter from it a "News Collector" and "Commodore Martin," of the "News Collectors' fleet," with an enormous bundle of newspapers.*

FIRST NEWS COL. Three cheers for the "Morning Herald" and the cash system! Down with the locofocoes and kitchen cabinet!

[*The loafers cheer. Enter two News Collectors in haste.*

SECOND NEWS COL. Are we too late?

FIRST NEWS COL. To be sure you are, you loafing Wall-street incapables. I snuffed the steam when it was a hundred and thirty-five miles off at sea: seven editors and a hundred and fifty compositors are all ready for a second edition frolic, and in twenty minutes we shall have the Herald out with the most talented extracts from the European papers ever seen in this or any other country. Another cheer for the go-a-head principle!

[*Loafers give a faint cheer. Exit first News Collector with the newspapers.*

SECOND NEWS COL. I say, Commodore Martin.

MARTIN. Out with it, as I says to the knife when I opens a clam.*

SECOND NEWS COL. Couldn't you give us some of the news by the Great Western?

MARTIN. I guess I could purty smart. I carried the whole of the papers ashore with my own hand, and read some of 'em while boating.

SECOND NEWS COL. How many passengers did you see on board? How many are there?

MARTIN. Why, I saw twenty, and another man saw thirty; that makes fifty altogether.

SECOND NEWS COL. (*Writes in a pocket-book.*) "Fifty passengers." Did you hear any of their names?

MARTIN. Yes, there was the Hon. Aldin Stephanoff, of Alabama, and the young Marquis of Wilfulton.

SECOND NEWS COL. (*Writes.*) "One of our most talented citizens, the Hon. Aldin Stephanoff; and his Excellency the Marquis of Wilfulton, a young European nobleman, about to make the tour of our great country." But what political news did you read?

MARTIN. Why, the Lord Mayor of London or Liverpool, I forget which, had dined with two famous giants and other men in armour, counted twenty nails before Lord Chancery, and had gone swan-hopping up the river.

LOAFER. He's joking; that's a fact.

MARTIN. Well, I may be, but don't know as I am, for I'll take an immortal oath I read it.

SECOND NEWS COL. O, like enough! I've made more curious extracts than those.

MARTIN. Another paper I read said that all the ministers in

* A shell-fish like an overgrown muscle.

England, without exception, (and there must be considerable of them,) had dined on a Black Wall on fish.

SECOND NEWS COL. Kind of what they call solemn fast. What new religion have they raised since we sent them Mormonism from the Mississippi Jerusalem?*

MARTIN. Why, one paper said some heads of houses were turning out to be pussey-cats and catholics, and it might raise the price of red mullet by next fish day.

SECOND NEWS COL. Ah! that wont do at all. However, I'll write it down, and shall head it "curious if true." Anything more?

MARTIN. No. But let me see. Ah! I have it. The Duke of Wellington has turned fishmonger, and has dined with the Fishmongers' Company along with his Imperial Majesty the Duke of Sussex; and the Prince of Wales is going to be a goldsmith.

SECOND NEWS COL. None of your nonsense, Commodore. Don't poke your fun at me.

MARTIN. Well, if you don't believe me, here comes a boat load of passengers. Ask them. If you want news from me, you must chew what I give you, and not what you choose, as the 'coon said when it gave an empty clam-shell to a terrapin. [*Exit Martin.*

[*Enter from a boat the Marquis of Wilfulton in a yacht jacket, and his valet in plain clothes.*

MARQUIS. I have a strong suspicion that this is a lounging place for the New Yorkists.

SECOND NEWS COL. Stranger, in the American language we call ourselves Yorkers.

MARQUIS. Thank you for correcting me, sir. What may the name of this place be?

SECOND NEWS COL. The Battery.

MARQUIS. And which is the way to Astor's Hotel?

SECOND NEWS COL. Why, stranger, if you go through Chatham-place, and up Broadway to the Park, you'll find it on the left. Are you British?

MARQUIS. No, sir.

SECOND NEWS COL. Why, you're not American?

MARQUIS. No, sir.

SECOND NEWS COL. Neither British nor American, that's singular! (*Writes.*) "Suspicious character, says he is neither British nor American, yet speaks our language. Beware of London thieves." When you go through Chatham-place, stranger, you'll see the spot

* Some readers may not be aware (and therefore is it noted) that Mormonism is a religion invented to raise the price of land in the smiling, but hitherto unwooed Valley of the Mississippi. It has been revealed by means of a book, engraved on gold plates, and buried in one of the United States fourteen hundred years before the discovery of America, that the exact centre of some property, owned by a few "latter-day saints" in the Mississippi State, is the most proper place in that or any other country to build "The New Jerusalem," which is to become and remain (during a thousand years before the end of all things) the seat of an universal, theoretic, theocratic government. It is expected, therefore, and the admirers of "new lights" are petitioned, to come forward religiously, and purchase town lots and water privileges in this "happy valley," and dissect the adjacent country with zigzag fences and pike improvements—and the latter-day saints will ever pray!

where there was a leaden king, which we melted down into bullets for the English. I hope none of 'em hurt any of your family.

MARQUIS. I believe not.

SECOND NEWS COL. That was considerable of lucky as you're British.

MARQUIS. I am not British, sir.

SECOND NEWS COL. You're very mysterious. How did you learn our language?

MARQUIS. Egad, I don't recollect.

SECOND NEWS COL. Is the Marquis of Wilfulton on board the Great Western?

MARQUIS. No, he is not.

SECOND NEWS COL. I was told he was. Commodore Martin, who carried the news ashore, advised me. Commodore, said I, what is curious and genooin from the old country? Two bull-dogs, a grey-hound, and a marquis, said the Commodore.

MARQUIS. The Marquis of Wilfulton *was* on board.

SECOND NEWS COL. (*Writes.*) "Prevaricates when asked questions. Is dressed as a sailor, but the quality of the cloth shews the disguise." I say, stranger, those are curious buttons of yours.

MARQUIS. (*Aside to his valet.*) This fellow is determined to become a nuisance. Walk up and down, sir, stiffly. I shall tell him *you* are the Marquis of Wilfulton, and I am your servant. Play my lord well, and you shall have five pounds.

VALET. Eh, my lord.

MARQUIS. I beg your lordship's pardon; five dollars, I think, will be sufficient for so easy a performance.

SECOND NEWS COL. His lordship! Why that prim fellow must be the Marquis of Wilfulton! How came I not to think of that before? How he *is* strutting to be sure! Broadway wont be wide enough to hold that lord, even if he takes up both sides of the street at once. What a specylation it would be to make him come to our boarding-house! Mrs. Miggs would make a fortune after it. All the vacant beds would be engaged in no time. Two hundred dollars a week coming in: I would in two years leave off news-collecting and reporting, go to the west, establish a *Polar Star and Beacon of Liberty*, buy land, and go gunning in my own woods twice every day, and all day on Sunday. This now, I take it, is a real white man-servant. I'll see. Stranger, I calculate you were going to tell me what sort of buttons those are.

MARQUIS. Why, they are livery buttons.

SECOND NEWS COL. What on earth is a livery button?

MARQUIS. Why, you must know the Marquis of Wilfulton, that exalted individual whose noble mien and graceful carriage cannot have failed to arrest your attention, is a captain in the Royal Yacht Club, and *I* wear his livery. He is my master.

SECOND NEWS COL. I guess you speak like a slave in the south. There are no masters here. I expect this is a free state.

MARQUIS. It appears to me you think so.

VALET. John.

MARQUIS. That's my name, I suppose. Yes, my lord.

VALET. Look after your lordship's, I mean *my* lordship's, baggage,

and be cussed to you, you idle dog. D'ye think I'm going to wait in this place all day?

SECOND NEWS COL. What an air of dignity he gives himself, and how neatly he words his oaths. I'll make a leading article of this interview, and call it a "chalk inkling at the Battery." I'll ask him right away to come to our boarding-house. Lord Wilfulton.

VALET. Cut your lucky, you meddling son of a puppy.

SECOND NEWS COL. What does the lord say?

MARQUIS. His lordship wishes you'd not intrude your impertinence.

SECOND NEWS COL. You are considerable of a blackguard, you slavish help you. Where were you raised, you loafing white nigger, speaking our language, and yet neither American nor British. I guess you'll be taught better manners than to prevaricate in that style here. It wont do at all, you unnatural emigrant you, no way you can fix it. Look here, Lord Wilfulton ; I keep a most superb boarding-house.

VALET. Do you, sir? I hate boarding-houses.

SECOND NEWS COL. But mine's a real elegant establishment. I *can* say that. It's a fact, and I give reference to Col. Zwilchenbard, of the "Spirit of '76."* Only three beds in each room, except in the large dormitory; and an extravagant sight of market stuff every meal hour. As a lord, you couldn't do better than come to my house, no way. Now, if you go to Astor's Hotel, you'll find yourself in a fix. The hundred and fifty boarders there, when they find you're a lord, will be frightfully angered if you don't take a glass each with them, in the bar-room, and a hundred and fifty glasses would draw any man over the line and up Salt River, lord or no lord.

VALET. Why certainly that number would make my lordship as drunk as a lord; but I never interfere with these unimportant matters. Help my man there with the luggage, and receive his instruction.

[*The Valet struts up and down, and then exit.*

SECOND NEWS COL. That's cool, however, when he doesn't offer to lend a hand himself. I say, stranger, Lord Wilfulton says he will come to my boarding-house if you've no objection.

MARQUIS. D—— your boarding-house.

SECOND NEWS COL. By no means; it wouldn't pay. Don't be fearful. I can tell you it's a real first-rate establishment, in a not-to-be-improved locality, 325, Broadway, not far from Tattershall's horse store. You may be either fastidious or not; the accommodation is equally given out. Chicken fixings as often as you like, the bakings executed by Mrs. Miggs herself, and none of y'r boiled meat, sixteen or seventeen times watered, as they have at the Franklin coffee-house, where they profess to do things on the English principle. Give your consent, and when the lord pays his bill I'll owe you a five-dollar note.

MARQUIS. Really you are very generous. Pray how much a week may your charge be?

SECOND NEWS COL. Will the lord have a bed-room to himself, like some of the other British I've had?

MARQUIS. Most decidedly.

SECOND NEWS COL. But I expect you'll have no such absurd objection to our large fine airy dormitory—three windows in it, and only ten beds.

* A newspaper so called.

MARQUIS. His lordship and myself are always equally well accommodated.

SECOND NEWS COL. Well, I guess then you shall both have private rooms; but mind, I'll have none of that stupid pride that I've heard some of the lords have, of making their men dine in the kitchen. Mine is a moral family. All my helps are females, and I'll not allow you to go into the kitchen, young man. You must dine with *us*, or not at all.

MARQUIS. I begin to relish his proposal. I shall see some of New York life in a boarding-house.

SECOND NEWS COL. And I'll just advise you, if you take that lord to Astor's, he'll be most particularly ryled sixteen times a-day. He'll have to drink to order, and they'll not let him off with sarsaparilla, soda, and congress water. Not they. Nothing under sangaree, juleps,* and iced champagne. Every gentleman he refuses to join at the bar will invite him to the Elysian fields.

MARQUIS. Why, they wouldn't murder him, would they?

SECOND NEWS COL. Not exactly murder; but they'd invite him to cross the North River, and fire a few rounds in the Elysian fields in New Jersey state.

MARQUIS. (*Aside.*) I think this change of position I have accidentally assumed may be the most pleasant way of spending a week in New York. The gross attention this man speaks of, shall be lavished on my servant. I'll be a free and independent help. What now would have been the use of bringing over a servant from England if I could not make him suffer martyrdom instead of myself!

SECOND NEWS COL. (*Aside.*) But let me be cautious and spry. They say London thieves sometimes call themselves lords. Stranger, what's your name?

MARQUIS. My name? John, of course. I'm a valet. Time out of mind my name has been John.

SECOND NEWS COL. Where were you raised?

MARQUIS. Raised! What d'ye mean, sir?

SECOND NEWS COL. Where were you located when you were born?

MARQUIS. In Ireland.

SECOND NEWS COL. Don't prevaricate, stranger; you don't talk like an Irishman. I know something of those cattle.

MARQUIS. I *am* an Irishman.

SECOND NEWS COL. Well, that certainly accounts for your being neither British nor American. And you two, profess to be really and truly a lord and his help, neither more nor less.

MARQUIS. Decidedly.

SECOND NEWS COL. Well, then, let us all start for my boarding-house. Where's the lord? Oh, there he is, looking at the floating-bath. These niggers will carry your luggage, or you can engage with a carter. You can help and follow us.

MARQUIS. Look you here, sir——by the bye, what is your name?

SECOND NEWS COL. Miggs, sir; Beniotowski Miggs, one of the reporters for the "Jeffersonian," and boarding-house-keeper, 325, Broadway, not far from Tattershall's horse-store.

* The word *Julep* is to be found in Fielding's "Tom Jones," where it is applied by Squire Western to some kind of drink. It is now exclusively an American word.

MARQUIS. Well, sir, you must know the marquis is a most singular character—very proud, sir; and he invariably looks after his own luggage.

SECOND NEWS COL. Indeed! What is your department?

MARQUIS. Why, I manage all his lordship's pecuniary transactions; spend his money, keep his accounts, and prevent, as much as possible, his committing himself by gaming, drinking, fighting, etcetera. I am his *factotum*—his travelling-companion and tutor.

SECOND NEWS COL. Oh, then, you are not what one might call a real white nigger?

MARQUIS. Not exactly. But his lordship is very proud, I can assure you. You will see that he will not allow either of us to walk with him, but he will make us walk on before whilst he has an eye to the valuables in those trunks.

SECOND NEWS COL. Now, I *do* just calculate that if I had a male help, I'd make *him* take that department. [*Re-enter valet.*

MARQUIS. Ah, his lordship is very eccentric. You will see how it will be. Will your lordship order us to walk on, whilst your lordship looks after the luggage?

VALET. Yes; I'll take care that you don't play me your usual trick of leaving the luggage when I don't look after it myself. Walk on, sir, with that man.

MARQUIS. There, I told you how it would be. Come along. His lordship is proud, sir—devilish proud.

[*Exeunt Marquis and Second News Col. Two or three Niggers who have been watching this scene (lying under the trees) here come forward to examine the supposed lord. The valet stands by the trunks, and the Niggers walk round him.*

FIRST NIGGER. Ha, yah! if this beant a real genooin curosity ob de ole country! Ha, yah! a markiss! A never seed one afore.

SECOND NIGGER. Dib oo eber see one behind?

THIRD NIGGER. He's not a markiss. A hud 'em call'm a laud a expec.

FIRST NIGGER. Well, a calcylate a laud is a markiss any day. 'Em can't go higher den laud. Duke ob Wellenten's a laud.

VALET. Which of you black fellows will carry this luggage the cheapest?

FIRST NIGGER. Well, a admire dat.

SECOND NIGGER. So do ai.

THIRD NIGGER. Bery good ob de kind ob imperence as 'tis. Shall a call a cart? Onny charge oo a shellen.

Enter Carter.

CARTER. I have a clever cart here, sir. One dollar to Astor House for carriage, and twenty-five cents for hauling in and out.

VALET. Well, take them up; and I tell you what, you blackamoors, the next time I come by this here place, if I catch any of you grinning and shewing your ivories in that way again, I'll pitch into ye, and tap some of y'r Dantzig black beer, for you've got never a mug of claret, blowed if I don't.

END OF THE "FARCICAL SCENE."

THE LEADER'S DEATH.*

(From the German of Ferdinand Freiligrath.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

"O'ER the creeks the mist is rising,
From the sail 'tis dripping fast;
Grey the sky, and grey the water,
Light the lantern at the mast!
Hither, with your wives and children,
Haste to pray'r, and bare the head;
Hasten, and in yonder cabin,
You shall gaze upon the dead."

Gliding after him of Boston
Haste the German lab'rers all,
And with sunken brow they enter
Yonder cabin, low and small.
They, who far across the ocean,
Seeking a new home have stray'd;
See the aged man that led them,
In his shroud before them laid.

He it was who, roughly joining
Planks of fir, had built their boat;
For the Rhine it left the Neckar,
Thence unto the sea to float.
From the soil his sire had left him,
He had gone with heavy heart;
Saying, "Let us form a compact,
Let us from this land depart.

"Brethren, let us hasten westward,
Where the red of morn is bright;†
Let us build our huts, where freedom
Holds the line, and measures right.
There, where not a grain can perish,
Brethren, let us spend our toil;
There, where he who ploughs may gather,
Let us gladly turn the soil.

"Where the forest grows the thickest,
There to set our hearth were well;
Grant me this,—in the Savannas
As your patriarch to dwell.
As the shepherds in the Bible—
Brethren, let us live as they;
Let yon light that ever beameth
Be the pillar of our way.

"Yes, its radiance I confide in,
Sure, our path 'twill rightly trace,
Joyfully in these my grandsons
Can I see a rising race.
As for me, my limbs could moulder
Here at home; my staff I take,
Gird my loins, and journey hoping,
But 'tis for my children's sake.

"Up! and from the land of Goshen!
Follow, for your path is clear."
But the aged guide, like Moses,
Never saw his Canaan near;
He and all his wishes slumber—
On the sea he breathed his last;
Hopes fulfill'd, or disappointed—
Every choice alike has pass'd.

Now the throng their guide must bury,
Lost and without hope they feel;
Silently are mothers weeping,
Frighten'd babes their heads conceal,
And the men are gazing vaguely
Tow'rd the rising, distant shore,
Where their old and pious leader
Shall direct their steps no more.

"O'er the creek the mist is rising,
From the sail 'tis dripping fast;
Breathe a pray'r, let go the cable,
Let him in the sea be cast!"
Tears are flowing, waves are roaring,
Shrieking loud the sea-mew flies;
Fifty years the earth he cultured,
Now in ocean's depths he lies.

* This poem, though it still shews the author's tendency to fly to a rude nature from cultivated society, is of a more gentle character than most of Freiligrath's. The subject is the death of the eldest of a number of German emigrants, who have left their country for America, and it is one that was familiar to the poet; as from 1831 to 1836, he was in a mercantile house, in Amsterdam, and had an opportunity of seeing many such expeditions. For a very full illustration of the life and characteristics of Freiligrath, I cannot do better than refer the reader to a work now coming out in numbers, called "Deutsche Dichter der Gegenwont," by M. Nodnagel. Before concluding this note I would observe, that the very primitive and almost ludicrous expression, "him of Boston," is exactly given from the original.—J. O.

† This morn is most expressly put in the west, to shew that it is a moral and not a physical morn that the poor old leader contemplates.—J. O.

THAPSACUS, THE FATAL PASS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The alternate contractions and expansions of a great river, as its waters are narrowed by some bold, rocky channel, or spread over a lower and more level territory, constitute, in the absence of the more stirring incidents of inhabited towns and ports, objects of lively interest in a first navigation. The Euphrates, in its long course, presents many points of view of this description, each having its own peculiarities, as if in rivalship of beauty. The expansions of the Southern Euphrates, with their rich palm-groves, backed by a clear, light, green sky, are softer and mellower than anything in the northern parts of the same river; but the crumbling ruins of ancient times, the historical associations of every step of its banks, and even of its onward flood, lend to the more naked districts a charm peculiarly their own.

The points at which the river is fordable are very few; from its narrowness and other circumstances, there were zeugmas, or bridges of boats, in ancient times, at the northerly points of Rum-Kaleh, "the Roman Castle," and at Birijik (Birtha), where there are ferries in the present day; but in its central portion there is only one ford, now designated as that of the Anaidi, or Bedwins, and it is only available at certain seasons, and that not every year.

This ford, the steamers *Euphrates* and *Tigris* passed over on a first navigation, in the month of May, without difficulty, but the two steamers *Nimrod* and *Nitocris* struck on it, when there was only twenty inches of water, from the months of October, 1841, till February of the ensuing year.

The Euphrates is at this spot full of beauty and majesty. Its stream is wide, and its waters clear and blue. Its banks are low and level on the left, but undulate gently to the right. Previous to arriving at this point, the course of the river is southerly, but here it turns to the east, expanding more like an inland lake than a river, and quitting, as Pliny has previously described it, the Palmyrean solitudes for the fertile Mygdonia.

Taking a boat and native pilot with us, Colonel Chesney and myself went in advance of the steamers to examine this ford. We landed on the right bank, where were the remains of a paved causeway, leading to the very banks of the river, and continued on the opposite side. This causeway is of great antiquity. It is marked on the Augustan and Theodosian tables, and was carried from Auranitis, by Palmyra, to Babylonia; and from Palmyra, by Resapha and Sura, to Carrhæ,*

* According to Gosselin, the merchants of Syria and Egypt passed, in ancient times, the Euphrates at Thapsacus, from whence they proceeded, by Ecbatana, to the Caspian gates. The trending of the river Euphrates to the south-east renders the passage at a higher point south of the parallel of Birijik, as at Hierapolis, Balis, or Giaber, of little or no advantage in proceeding eastward; and a barren country extends between the Euphrates and Carrhæ or Harran, Batnæ, or Serug, and Anthemusia and Ischines; but these districts may be reached in safety by Thapsacus and the fertile valley of the Belicha. Hence it will be understood why

Edessa, and more remote countries. When Al Mundar, Christian Prince of Hira, on the Euphrates, was restored by Nurshivan, after his deposition by Kei Kobad, the Gassanite Prince, Arethas, appealed to the Latin name, *strata*, of this paved causeway, as an unquestionable evidence of the sovereignty and labours of the Romans.

A long line of mounds, disposed something like those of Nineveh, nearly in the form of a parallelogram, lay below us to the left, and appeared to be all that remained of the Thiphsach, from whence Solomon had dominion over all the regions on this side the river, even to Gazzah, (1 Kings, iv. 24.) This Tiphsach, or Thapsakhi, "a pass, a passing over, or a ford," of the Hebrews, became the Thapsacus of the Greeks and Romans.

Out of the plain on the opposite side rose the ruins of a castle of more recent times, and the view was terminated by the more distant double ramparts of Rakkah, the ancient Nicephorum and Callinicus, situated where the Euphrates again resumes its southerly course.

I sat upon the greensward above this causeway as the Colonel was making some examinations around, and a feeling of melancholy and deep emotion crept over my mind as I inwardly contemplated the different fortunes of those who had crossed, as invaders, conquerors, or in flight, this celebrated ford of the Euphrates. As each passed in review, the fatality attached to them appeared to become more striking, and so characteristic as really to appear, by a strange superstition, to belong to the place.

First came the hosts of Xerxes, speeding their onward way to overthrow a young and rising civilization. The combustion of Athens, and the engagements of Salamis, Platæa, and Mycale, stand among the list of fatalities produced by this invasion from across the Euphrates.

The misled Greeks and barbarians collected by Cyrus the younger, for the purpose of overthrowing his brother Artaxerxes, followed in the van. Cyrus, in his march in Asia Minor, by Sardis and Celænæ, followed the footsteps of his predecessor, and crossed the Euphrates at the same point. Thapsacus is described by Xenophon as being then a large and flourishing city. It was here that the troops were first informed that they were going against the Great King. Xerxes, who, according to Herodotus, crossed the Hellespont by a bridge of boats, in which one was tied to the other, had constructed a similar one at Thapsacus, but this was destroyed by Abrocomas on the approach of Cyrus. Anxious to shew his allegiance, Menon first led his gallant Thessalians across the stream, the waters of which did not reach above the men's breasts. The whole army followed the example thus set to them, and the flattering Israelites declared that the river was never fordable before, and that it visibly submitted to Cyrus as to its future king. And

Crassus and Galerius, who were going east, took the same road as the armies bound to Babylonia. Hence, Ammianus describes Nicephorum, as in the time of Julian, a strongly-fortified and commercial city, and hence its importance under the Khalifate and the early Turks. Gibbon must have had Xenophon's description of the country south of the Chaboras in his mind, when he describes the district intervening between Nicephorum and Carrhæ as "a smooth and barren surface of sandy desert, without trees, and without fresh water." Nothing can be farther from the truth. The districts of Carrhæ and of Batnæ are everywhere fertile and productive, and constitute the richest rice-granaries of Mesopotamia. They were the first territories seized by Ibrahim Pasha after the defeat of the Turks at Nizib.

what was the result?—the death of Cyrus on the plain of Cunaxa, killed probably by his brother whom he had just wounded, and the disastrous but memorable retreat of the ten thousand Greeks!

The favourite mistress of Cyrus, Milto by name, but whom, in honour of her wit and beauty, he designated his Aspasia, crossed the Euphrates with the army, and was left behind as an apple of discord. Beloved by Artaxerxes, she was asked of him by his son Darius, on the occasion of his being declared successor to the throne, and when it was customary to ask a favour which was never refused. The king told his son, that, if she consented to be his, he should not oppose it; and Milto declared in favour of the son, which so displeased Artaxerxes that he doomed her to perpetual chastity in the Temple of Anaïtis, the Diana of the Romans. This exasperated Darius to such a degree that he conspired to put his father to death; but his design being discovered, it ended in his own destruction, and he became the second princely victim of the passage of the Euphrates.

The unfortunate Darius, surnamed Codoman, advanced by Thapsacus, to resist the invading legions of Alexander; but defeated at Issus, he was allowed to retreat leisurely and destroy the bridge, while the Macedonian hero besieged Tyre and advanced into Egypt. Alexander arrived at Thapsacus on his way to subject the Oriental world. He crossed the river, according to some, by means of a double bridge, attached at the opposite side of the river; but according to Arrian, by a succession of boats, slung crosswise, and retained in that position by great osier panniers, full of heavy stones, sunk in the stream. The connexion between the boats was then established by means of two planks carefully tied together. It appears that he afterwards crossed the Indus by a bridge of contiguous boats, after the Persian fashion. Darius was miserably murdered by Bessus, and Alexander himself died, subsequently, in a sadder manner, at Babylon. This event changed the fate of the existing world. The foundation of an empire, with that ancient city for its centre, was—by an intervention of Providence, somewhat similar to that which ensured the first dispersion of nations—frustrated, and its different territories broken up among his rival generals.

Alexander, as was his custom, celebrated his successful passage of the Euphrates by founding a town, which he called Nicephorum, the "City of Victory." And under the Seleucidæ, Thapsacus was embellished and adorned, and became Amphipolis. Four centuries afterwards, Trajan offered oblations at the grave of Alexander; and a century later, Severus sealed up his desecrated tomb.

The next who came to pass the fatal bridge was Crassus, the haughty representative of the Roman republic in the east. Ominous events had foretold evil on his quitting the despoliated Hierapolis. His son had fallen; and he stumbled over him at the gateway of the rich and sacred city of the Syrians; and this event, combined with other ill omens, had filled his mind with melancholy. Dion Cassius relates that Crassus crossed the Euphrates at Zeugma; "thus the place was called from the expedition of Alexander the Great, who crossed here." Plutarch says he began his march along the side of the river, hence he no doubt went to Nicephorum, from whence he could follow the Bilecha, the ancient Carrhæ, or river of Anthemusia, and the "royal river" of Strabo, to the city of first name, and which is the same as

the Harran of Scriptures. But after quitting the river, he was led astray by the wiles of Abgarus, the Armenian chief of Edessa: and the events of Carrhæ (*Carrhæ clade Crassi nobiles*) determined that the fate of the next trans-Euphratic invader should not differ from the others.

"——————— by his miserable death, Crassus
Stained with his Latian blood the Assyrian Carras."
Lucanus, lib. i., ver. 104.

His death was effected by the treachery of Surenas, a short time after the battle in which the unfortunate father had seen his gallant son's head carried on the victorious spears of the Parthians. "This misfortune is entirely mine," said he to his dismayed troops; "the loss of one person cannot affect the victory. Let us charge—let us fight like Romans: if you feel for a father who has just lost a son whose valour you admired, let it appear in your rage and resentment against those insulting barbarians!" But it was too late.

Dion Cassius, in his account of the wars of Trajan, will admit of no other interpretation than that the Emperor, after sending for his materials for boat-building to the woods of Nisibis, constructed his fleet on the Tigris, and sailed down that river. But this narrative is positively contradicted, by Trajan's visiting the bituminous pits of Hit and the ruins of Babylon on his way, as related by the same authority; of his having also intended to make a canal from the Euphrates to the Tigris; and still more particularly, by his having dragged over his vessel from the former river to the latter; all these transactions having occurred previously to his construction of a bridge across the Tigris for the purpose of attacking Ctesiphon.

Many considerations point out the Chaboras—the modern Khabur—as the river which would alone present the combined advantages of a recipient for his boats, as a branch flows past Nisibis, and a means to convey them down its waters to Creusium.

It appears from Xiphilinus, that Severus invaded Babylon and Seleucia from the same points. He went to Nisibis, which had been a short time previously besieged by the Parthians, and vigorously and successfully defended by Letus. He then sailed upon the Euphrates, which he must have joined, like Trajan, who was his example, at Chaboras, with all expedition, attended by a great number of vessels. The circumstances of Nisibis, on the one hand, and Creusium on the other, being so long limitrophal towns of the Roman empire, is strongly presumptive of their being made the points of departure in incursions carried into the neighbouring countries. Trajan and Severus thus escaped the fatal passage; and appear also to have avoided the oft-inflicted penalties.

The unfortunate young Antonius Gordianus passed the river at the same point, in successful pursuit of the Persians, only to be assassinated by Julius Phillipus, surnamed the Arab. The tomb of the emperor was still visible in the time of Julian, in an olive grove a little south of the Chaboras.

In the third year of the reign of Diocletian, Tiridates, son of Chosroes, was invested by the Romans with the kingdom of Armenia. Notwithstanding the valour of the Armenian, who had received his education among the Roman legions, he was ultimately overcome, and expelled the country by Narses. Galerius was sent by Diocletian to

his assistance. He led his troops across the fatal passage, and was defeated on the plains of Carrhæ. At the return of Galerius, commenced those civil wars which ended in the overthrow of the empire of the West, the supremacy of Constantine at Byzantium, and the miserable death of Galerius.

Julian next led the most numerous army that ever accompanied the Cæsars to Persia, across the Euphrates, at this too celebrated passage. He had been accompanied from Antioch to Hierapolis by the learned Bishop of the last-mentioned place; but the arguments of the Christian prelate were listened to, while disregarded, by the apostate king, notwithstanding the sad omen of the gate of the holy city falling upon, and killing fifty soldiers.

Passing the Euphrates, he went to Carrhæ, where he sacrificed to the moon, a masculine deity among the low Latins. It had always been so in the East: the Men of the Egyptians and Cappadocians being a masculine deity. Even after the established supremacy of Diana, many, who thought that by adoring the moon as a female it might contribute to certain matrimonial inconveniences, continued the traditional form of worship. The Arabs still speak of the moon (Gama) in the masculine gender.

Julian was, at this period, much disturbed and troubled with dreams, and another bad omen occurred. The day of his march from Carrhæ to the Chaboras, the temple of Apollo Palatine was burnt at Rome. Referring, as Ammianus relates, to the acts of Trajan, he took boats at the mouth of the Chaboras, and descended the Euphrates, when his fleet was nearly destroyed by a hurricane from the desert, on which occasion many boats were sunk and many lives lost. This occurred at Anah. A definite engagement took place on the plains of Ctesiphon, when Julian was mortally wounded. The Christians relate that he threw the blood, streaming from his wound, into the air, exclaiming, in vexation of spirit, "Hold, Nazarene! there is enough to satiate thee!" But the Pagan historians make no mention of such an occurrence. The fatality attendant upon this passage of the Euphrates did not end here, for Jovian, the successor of Julian, perished on the retreat, at Dadastana, a small town on the frontiers of Bithynia and Galatia.

The first time that Nicephorium is mentioned as Callinicus is in the account given by Eutropius of the campaign of Galerius. This, to a certain extent, lends force to the statement made by Valesius, that it was so called because Callinicus, the sophist, was slain there; for this Callinicus, surnamed Sutonius, lived in the time of Galerius; but in the chronicles of Alexander, it is said to have been so named after Seleucus Callinicus.

Thapsacus also became Sura in the time of the Roman Cæsars, for it is so called by Pliny, and afterwards by Ptolemy. It is so written in the tables; and in the Notitiæ of the Oriental empire, it is called, "*Flavia firma Sura.*" The site is still designated as Suriyeh.

With the rise of Muhammedan power, Callinicus became Rakkah, "the White," or "the Illustrious," to distinguish it from Rakkah, the Dark, or Obscure, a large village lower down the river. Harun al Rashid built himself a splendid summer palace at this place, where he was accustomed to dwell with his favourite wife, Zobeidah, "with

great delight." The remains of this palace still adorn the precincts of the city, and are a beautiful specimen of Saracenic architecture. The building is polygonal; and in the interior, tapering columns rise up to spring off with groined arches in the characteristic horse-shoe form. The walls are richly ornamented and painted with arabesques; and the peristyles and ceiling are also beautifully ornamented with arabesques and fretwork of exquisite workmanship. Interlined are the words, Wala ghalib illa lla—" God alone is conqueror," and extracts from the Koran. The visitor feels himself as if magically transported into one of the fairy palaces described in the Arabian Nights, yet the material is but hardened mud, and the style has evidently no more remote origin than the tented habitations of the wandering tribes. Harun al Rashid collected around him here the literature and learning of the age; and among them was the chieftain of Batnæ al Bategni, a distinguished astronomer, who computed new tables superior to those of Ptolemy. Rakkah became also a favourite residence of the Khalif al Mamun, under whose direction an arc of the meridian was measured on the neighbouring plains. This was the Augustan age of the Arabs.

Rakkah is surrounded by an outer fosse, now crowded with foxes and jackalls, and two battlemented walls, the outer one lower than the inner. There are only two semicircular towers at the south-east and south-west angles. There are four gateways, rather ornamental. The interior contains three piles of buildings; all the rest is desert, and tenanted by large lizards (monitors), two feet and a half to three feet in length. One of these piles was the palace; the other the college, having eleven arches supported by caryatid pilasters. There was also a tower, fifty-eight feet in height, rising out of this building. Near the gateway, called that of Timur the Tatar, are the ruins of a guard-house. Outside the walls are the remains of a mosque, and of a square tower, resembling the one at Carrhæ; also, ruins of a castellated building, and of a khan.

At the decline of the Khalifat, Togrul Bey, the first of the Seljukiyan sultans, having driven the Arabs before him, crossed the Euphrates at Suriyeh, and was invested at Rakkah, as conqueror of the Gasnevides, and in great solemnity, with the title of Khalif, which comprehends the concrete character of prophet, priest, and king; and is used to signify, the Vicar of God. This was a fatality of a most serious complexion—it was the first and earnest step to the overthrow of the Byzantine empire, and led the way to, at the present moment, four centuries of Muhammedan domination in Europe.

Suleiman, one of the noblest of the Turkish tribe of Oghuz, and the great ancestor of the Osmanli Turks, migrated from Khorasan, at the head of 50,000 souls, and arrived at the fatal passage. Muhammedan enthusiasm was scarcely ever attended by much prudence or caution. The bridge had long ceased to exist, and Suleiman threw himself on horseback into the current, to shew the way; but both were carried away by the stream and drowned, and the body of the Turk chief was with difficulty recovered. It was taken reverentially, and buried under the marble walls of Kaleh Jaber, by tradition one of Alexander's forts, and one day's journey to the north of Thapsacus; but beloved by Muhammedans as the seat of a tekkiyeh, or monastery, of the

Sheikh Abou Bekir. Sultan Selim, of the Osmanli dynasty, afterwards built a mausoleum over his remains, at a place still called Mezar Turk—"the tomb of the Turk," a distinctive appellation seldom used. An Oriental poet sang Suleiman's death, in allusion to his impetuous anger at the obstacle which the river presented to his march:—

> "Since he the river Saile did not love,
> He in that very river met his death."

Timur Bey, our Tamerlane, next besieged Rakkah, but being defended by a double wall, he was obliged to have recourse to stratagem, to effect its reduction. Breaking up the siege to all appearance, he took his departure, leaving behind him only such superfluous baggage as could be supposed to be dispensed with by a discomfited army. This was taken into the town by the rejoicing inhabitants; but it contained soldiers, who the same night opened the gate, still called that of Timur, to Tatar troops, secreted in the neighbourhood, and waiting this opportunity.

Thus Timur secured the passage of the Euphrates, boding fatality to the pride of Bajazet, who was led about imprisoned in an iron cage. He had carefully preserved throughout the whole course of his life the dust which in his expeditions had stuck to his clothes, and at his death he beseeched the bystanders, with direful imprecations, to make a brick of it, and place it in his coffin under his right arm, instead of a cushion, adding, that it was in fulfilment of the Hadiz, or sacred saying—"If any man's feet have been sprinkled with the dust of the path of the Lord, him will God preserve from hell fire."

From an inscription which we found at Rakkah, it appears that the walls were repaired, and the city embellished by Sultan Suleiman, son of Selim, in the year 1090 of the Hejira. This was the same sultan who first extended the Osmanli dominion to Baghdad and Mosul, or to the limits of the Tigris.

I was aroused from this long reverie by a call from the Colonel, and found that the steamers were approaching. We had no time to explore Thapsacus more closely; but crossing a plain cultivated by the Weldah Arabs, arrived at another promontory, from whence we took boat to intercept the steamers. Opposite to us, and far out in the stream, there rose a gigantic isolated mass of rock, called Hadjar Rasas, and resembling, but not so large as, the Baba Kai, or "Father of rocks," near the iron gates of the Danube. The steamers were plying their rapid course onwards, the *Euphrates* leading the way, by a mile or so; and we soon began to give up all hopes of fetching her, and intended making away for the *Tigris*, when she lay to, and we happily reached our own berths.

Was it connected with the same fatality, above related, that, twelve days after passing this ford, the *Tigris* steamer was lost in a hurricane, when nineteen persons perished, and our commander was saved by providence alone?

THE NECROMANCER.

BY MISS SKELTON.

He sat beneath a cresset's ray, in a dark and lofty room,
With eyes and hair of raven black, and brow of midnight gloom;
I stood before that mighty seer—I brought him gems and gold—
"All this shall be thine own," I cried; "do thou my fate unfold."

"Lady," he said; and as he spoke, his voice was soft and low,
As singing winds that through the trees in summer evenings blow;
"Take back thy wealth—take back thy gems; I do not need thy gold;
For the sake of thy bright eyes alone will I thy fate unfold.

"But first I ask thee,—hast thou strength beyond the strength of man?
Courage to see the past return—the coming hour to scan?
Canst thou behold them *all* pass by, with brow and lip unmoved?
They, the deceiving or deceived! the loving and the loved?"

And then I answer'd, "Mighty seer, draw thou the circle round,
I have strength beyond the strength of man—I dread not sight or sound;
I would but see my mother's shade, fair as on earth she moved—
I would but see mine own true knight—the loving and the loved."

Then thrice he drew the charméd ring, three times the incense flung,
Till o'er us both a smoky cloud of sable darkness hung;
And, when the darkness pass'd away, forth from the opening gloom,
My mother's gentle form appear'd in all her vanish'd bloom.

As one up-risen from deep sleep, her look was strange and wild—
She gazed upon me as I knelt; but did not know her child.
The gloom return'd—the figure pass'd, back to its long decay;
"Now shew to me mine own true knight—my lover far away."

Again the charméd ring was traced, again the incense flung,
Again the smoky cloud around in thickest darkness hung;
Again the darkness clear'd away, beneath an open sky,
Gazing upon my pictured face, I saw my lover lie.

"Well hast thou done, oh, mighty Seer! the present and the past
Have both been mine. One trial more—the greatest and the last:"
Then spoke the Wizard,—"Now will I thy coming fate unfold;
One little month shall pass away—look! what dost thou behold?"

I saw *myself*—all pale and wan; my dark and floating hair
Fell o'er a face most sad and changed—a face that once was fair;
I saw my lover—holy saints! that guile like his should be!
A fairer bride was by his side; he did not think on me!

I could no longer keep the vow to mark all things unmoved;
I could not see him pass away, unloving, though so loved;
But with a wild and bitter shriek, I started to my feet;
I cross'd the ring—I stretch'd my arms, my faithless love to greet.

Loud yells arose, above, around—I faint—I swoon away;
But I have waken'd from that trance, I hail the light of day.
Ah! sister mine, thou weepest sore; my lover—where is he?
"A fairer bride is by his side; he doth not think on thee!"

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"I laid my account with seeing my play appear at last, with such advantage as should make ample amends for all my disappointments."—*Smollett's Preface to* "THE REGICIDE."

VII.

MOST of our readers are aware of the untoward circumstances which attended the production of Colman's drama of the "Iron Chest"—that the essential incidents of the piece were taken from Godwin's novel, ("Caleb Williams;") that it was first represented at Drury Lane Theatre in March, 1796; and that the event was disappointment and failure; upon the cause of which great diversity of public opinion was let loose, though the mind of the author was at least free from any embarrassment of doubt, as appeared by a "*Preface*" to the publication of the above—a production which at the time excited very general and animated attention.

That Mr. Colman might have had many grounds for regret, and some for complaint, the very subsequent success of this drama is a sufficient proof; but nothing surely could justify an attack on Mr. Kemble, which, for loud invective and an impudicious use of *local* language, (for the first time, then, the weapons of a gentleman,) is certainly entitled to the distinction of the "memorable." That a rhapsody so furious should seize on public attention was no matter of surprise; but attention may be engaged without approbation making one of the party. We are amused at the fury of the man more than we admire the science of the combatant, and are not with great difficulty led to believe that he who could pen so impotent a piece of reasoning might possibly have written a play not worth the acting.

Into the cause of the dispute itself we do not enter. Its interest passed away with the moment that begot it. Satisfied we are that no provocation can acquit Mr. Colman either of doing violence to his friend or injustice to himself. As he was not nice in respect of implements of offence, it is the more mournful that he should have been without a triumph; for triumph this was none, except with those who, like himself, could mistake fury for argument, and "calling names" for the pungency of satire.

No sooner was Elliston safe in Colman's hands than the manager disclosed his purpose—namely, the resuscitation of *Sir Edward Mortimer* in the person of *Robert Elliston*.* Having taken some liberties with Mr. Colman's Preface, we must now, in justice to the drama itself, pursue its history to the close. The "Mirror," a great theatrical authority of the time, had pronounced this play to be beyond all hope; that it was a very defective piece of work, which under no circumstances could possibly make a permanent stand. But the experiment Colman was resolved to make—the magic lamp he was determined to possess; and on looking round for a fit instrument to his project, fixed on the young *Aladdin* he had purposely enticed to London. Elliston was of

* Many were the poetic germinations on the Colman and Kemble case—the best, perhaps, a quotation from the Roman Satirist:—

"————— populus me sibilat; at mihi plaudo
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in *Arcâ*."

an ardent, but not a presumptuous temper. *Hamlet* he had regarded with becoming diffidence of his immature powers, and the proposition now made to him of rescuing from the very grave a subject which the faculty had pronounced beyond all cure, and emphatically given over by the great *Paracelsus* himself, inspired him with no slight sensations of fear.

Having played *Octavian* on the 12th of August, and repeated it on the 22nd, he resumes his correspondence with his uncle:—"Here am I once more in London, and have again paid my respects to a London audience, by whom I have been received with renewed, with increased demonstrations of welcome. Colman's 'Iron Chest,' which has made some noise in the dramatic world, is published, and with it a 'Preface,' or a *prescription*, which the author no doubt intended for Kemble's malady. You will be much diverted with it. The 'Iron Chest' is now to be performed at the Haymarket, and I am fixed on to take the character of *Sir Edward Mortimer*. It is thought by many a bold attempt, but by none more so than myself. If this succeeds, it will do greatly for me; if it fails, the blame will remain where the public voice has already declared it—on the play and the author. Young Bannister, eaten up with spleen, has positively refused my repeating *Sheva*, which he claims his unalienable own; and as I do not think it prudent to perform *Hamlet*, or indeed anything I could not confidently offer to the public, I am at a stand. The 'Iron Chest' engages all my attention—I am already in the stirrup of my purpose—wish me, dear sir, success."

The morning of the 29th arrived. Never had Elliston felt himself more depressed, not even when at Hull he believed himself abandoned by his revered relative. Bannister had not treated him kindly of late,—the words of a respectable journal, speaking of Elliston's *Sheva*, rankled perhaps in his memory, "We may set it down as one of the first exhibitions of the day,"—so that Elliston began almost to sour at that success which had purchased him the "slings and arrows" of distempered friends. He remembered Colman's words, "A new play redoubles the hazard to a new actor." How disheartening, therefore, had become his present chance! He almost fancied this manager-author was sacrificing him to the desperate hope of his own extrication. The state of his nerves was something like that of a young barrister on the first day of term, having "to move" in a court as yet unconscious of his accents. A thousand times did he wish the "new trial" were already granted.

A full house and loud encouragement greeted the appearance of the Haymarket *Sir Edward*, which, like the first shot in the field, freed his spirit from its bondage, and he entered gallantly on the fight. The experiment was adequate to the purpose—Colman's object was fully accomplished, and Elliston's fame in a considerable degree advanced. The play met with success, the chief performer with approbation and applause, and from that moment the "Iron Chest" became a stock-piece in the acting drama!

The "Mirror" now found itself in an awkward predicament. Fain would it still declare, "No looking-glass was half so true!" but its face became not a little wavy, and gave a somewhat distorted line to the features, like some of those cheap glasses which hang about the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. The "Mirror"—a Kemble reflector—had

hitherto represented Elliston in rather showy colours; but now, although brighter hues were before it, it had been breathed upon by some interest or other which materially dimmed its surface. But Elliston, who by this time had himself manifested sundry inclinations for "taking another glass," was constrained for a moment to accept the goods the *gods* provided. The paragraph is curious:—"Had Mr. Kemble played *Mortimer* infinitely better than he did, the 'Iron Chest' would, nevertheless, have been condemned at Drury Lane." (It has been acted at Drury Lane a hundred times since with success.) "Had Mr. Elliston not played half so well as he did, the 'Iron Chest' would have been successful at Mr. Colman's *own theatre*." (The insinuation is clear; the charge easily made; but does the history of the piece for forty years bear out the assertion? Had its success been the work of "*claqueurs*," the pages of the "Iron Chest" had long since gone to the trunkmakers.)

Elliston, of course, transmits the earliest intelligence to his uncle. "I have played this part," he says, "at a fortnight's notice; and the 'Iron Chest,' by the spirited exertions of the performers, has been entirely successful. For myself, I feel I have been equal to many of the points, but know, at the same time, my deficiency in others. This I must endeavour to supply. Our author is delighted—talks of a very great triumph; nor do his looks belie him. I am, consequently, in high favour—too high to remain long on the wing."

The "Iron Chest" was acted every night from the 29th to the last of the season, with the exception of those appointed for actors' benefits. For his own, Elliston played *Romeo*—a free benefit, by which he cleared 204*l.*

But not merely with the young and ardent, to whom novelty is as the very dayspring of existence, had Elliston become an object of interest, but he shared also the regard of those in whom passion is said to wait on the judgment, and sobriety to approve the whispers of imagination.

Of the mature class to which Bath had long been a haven and a refuge, was a Mrs. Collins, a widow lady, who, having here buried her husband three years since, with whom she had lived in tolerable peace for full thirty, was content to make the experiment of her viduity in the same place which had yielded her so fair an average of connubial profit. Mrs. Collins was a respectable, well-meaning woman; though sometimes falling into errors to which good intentions are notoriously prone. She had, however, one peculiarity, which, as it ran into extremes, we fear we must place in the catalogue of sins; and this was, that she never destroyed, parted with, or lost sight of anything which had ever once passed into her possession. Not that she was a niggard: on the contrary—she was liberal with her means and generous in her sentiments, but she was incurably possessed with the acervatic spirit of *hoarding*. Neither note, slip, scrap, bill, nor account had she ever sentenced to the flame: however trivial the document, however perished the occasion, the senseless record was still enrolled in her "*Cottonian*" museum. "Mr. Jones will see Mr. Fitz Simons at two o'clock this day," she had already preserved for twenty years; prospectuses of schemes never carried into effect; shop cards of parties long since in the "Gazette," London Directories previous to the days of Wilkes, and hallowed almanacs nearly coeval with herself. Saddles

and stoves, frames of pictures and remnants of carpet ; locks of doors and stoppers of decanters ; injured Daphnes and noseless Strephons ; spectacle-cases and snuffer-stands; boot-hooks and bell-wires; old turnpike-tickets and wine-corks.

This well-saved, heterogeneous mass, occupying sundry attics, and yielding but little rent, the good widow at stated periods deemed it necessary to overhaul and examine. Taking stock in an extensive retail concern was a trifle to this job—it was her occupation for days—the whole went through the operation of fresh pepper for preservation, and new labels for inventory ; and according to Elliston, who was ever mightily amused with the original, she had actually an old jack-weight brought once a-year before the kitchen fire, to be well aired and made comfortable with the other articles.

With this besetting propensity to conservation, it may be well supposed that she guarded with Papistic zeal every relic of her sainted husband. There was his wig, his hat, his walking-stick, and every thread and button that had encased his perishable form. In fact, she had saved all things but him.

But these eccentricities destroyed not the more sterling quality of Mrs. Collins. She had the interest of her young friends really at heart. Mrs. Elliston she always valued, and Robert William she sometimes admonished. This she did occasionally by letter; and though we do not consider her grave exhortations so necessary to our readers, as the object to which she addressed them, we cannot refrain from giving one or two examples, which constitute, in fact, so positive a part of the history of our subject itself.

The following characteristic epistle Elliston received before leaving Bath—addressed, " Milsom Street :"—

" I am always in *terror*, my dear young friend, when I hear you are to dine at the houses of *those* who love to *push the bottle*, and think robbing persons of their *reason* is an evidence of *hospitality*. In this class is Sir J. Cope—and I deem it a kind of duty to let you into his *character*. Beware of going a second time to the ' Harmonic' with a head full of *discord*. I heard, with concern, the *dispute* you got into ; but forbore defending you to Mrs. E., lest *she* might really have heard *nothing of the matter*. When your enemies (*for so they are*) would lead you *astray*, repeat to them your own constant expression, ' *professional people should be cautious*.' What is become of Mr. Foote ? Pray let me know if he is to perform *again*—I have a particular wish to see him, *because* he was recommended to Mrs. C. Brownlow by Colonel Greville. Your faithful friend, A. C.

" P.S. The benefit tickets which were *not used* I have *put by*."

Not many days after the first representation of the " Iron Chest" at the Haymarket, Elliston received offers from both Mr. Harris and Mr. Sheridan. The latter gentleman, having appointed to breakfast with him, was *so far* true to his engagement, but arrived in Frith Street at a quarter before six o'clock P.M., just seven hours after the time that had been named. Sheridan, however, immediately entered on the business of his mission, and appeared extremely anxious to see this new star shining under the dome of Drury Lane Theatre ; but Elliston, a newly married man, his wife settled at Bath, in partnership with Miss Flemming under a bond of 500*l.*, and himself the paramount

favourite as an actor in the same place, was not easily persuaded to the project. He therefore made such proposals to Sheridan as he pretty well knew could not be acceded to—namely, 1000*l.* to be paid down—the forfeit sum of his articles with Dimond, the penalty of the bond in respect of his wife, "and in conclusion," a large weekly salary for his own professional exertions. Besides which, his preference would have been decidedly in favour of Covent Garden, as he fancied better security for payment would be there forthcoming—a consideration which we trust our readers will deem reasonable enough. The result was, that Mr. Harris proved the successful bidder—his proposal being, that Elliston should play twelve nights in the course of the season; to receive 200*l.*; and in the event of his being found greatly attractive, to be paid an adequate additional sum.

In the meantime, our new acquaintance, Mrs. Collins, again addresses him. Like Mr. Gore, she was a nice observer of manners, and, like him, passionately fond of the drama:—

"Ashley Grove, August 19, 1797.

"Dear Friend,—I have heard with *pleasure* from *sweet Mrs. Elliston*, who *kindly* enclosed a paragraph from the "*Oracle*," which gave me *infinite satisfaction*. As you request me to become your *monitress*, I do not think I should discharge the trust *faithfully*, unless I were to transmit my sentiments as you may give occasion for them, lest by *delay* they might be *too late* to be *useful*. I have been perusing the part of *Colonel Fainwell*, with much attention—and it strikes me as *one* calculated to portray your powers and versatility to *great advantage*.

"But on a subject infinitely of *greater importance* (no less, my young friend, than the preservation of your *health and morals*), it now behoves me to say a *few words*. You will readily believe I wish you to consult Mr. C.* on *theatricals* only. Avoid being led by *him* into *convivial parties*, which may be ruinous to your *purse*, and, above all, to your *peace of mind*. Be wary of *him* when the *playhouse doors are shut!* Of his *abilities* I think *highly*, and therefore wish you to talk with him on your performing *Belcour* and *Don Felix* on the *stage of the theatre;* but on the *stage of life* have as little to do with any of them *as possible*. I am pleased to hear you are to appear in *Walter*. You outshone *Bannister* in *Sheva*, and may do no less in *Walter*. If it be *practicable*, I will attend on *your night* at the Haymarket, therefore let me have your *bill of fare*.

"In a *few hours*, I set off for *Bath*, where I hope to find *Mrs. Elliston* and my pretty *god-daughter*† well.

"Believe me, my dear friend, your faithful well-wisher,

"Anne Collins."

"To Mr. Elliston,
Frith Street, Soho, London."

VIII.

On the 21st of September, 1797, Elliston made his debut on Covent Garden stage, in the part of *Sheva*. His observant friends had long confirmed the opinion of Tate Wilkinson—namely, that too frequently he had wanted power, and they were consequently not without some apprehension that he might not be fully successful in so large a theatre.

* Colman.

† Eliza, Elliston's first child, born at Bath, May 22, 1797.

But in himself he had better confidence; the hint he had taken wisely, and had so cherished the very necessary faculty to metropolitan excellence, that he opened new beauties in the impersonation of this character, and produced an effect that, while the most sanguine were taken by surprise, the backward and unwilling confessed he was indeed an actor. The night's receipt, amounting to 258*l.*, was welcome as summer to Mr. Harris ; and on Elliston's repeating the part on the 28th, the amount was 300*l.*—on the following evening he acted the same character at Bristol ! On the 9th of October, after repeating *Sheva* at Covent Garden, the bills announced that the proprietors of the Bath Theatre had consented that Elliston should perform in London once in every fortnight throughout the season, and that his subsequent characters would be those of *Philaster* and *Don Felix*. On the 26th, he played *Douglas;* and on the 16th of November, Elliston acted *Sheva*, by command of their majesties. On the 24th of the same month, he appeared in *Philaster*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of the same title, as altered for William Powell by the elder Colman in 1673.

On Elliston's being announced for *Douglas*, Colman writes a hasty note to him, saying, " I don't much admire this schoolboy, water-gruel *Douglas*—he will not advance you ; and I am decidedly averse to *Don Felix*. I have more than hinted to Mr. Harris he should not run you out of wind. ' Slowly and sure—they stumble who go fast.' *Philaster* should be a hit."

" Philaster" is a piece of bilious mosaic, compounded in a great measure of the ravings of *Hamlet*, the jealousy of *Othello*, and the turbulence of *Posthumus*—requiring a versatile abundance of mental and physical power for the stage illustration of character. Elliston's success in *Octavian* and *Mortimer* suggested, no doubt, the probability of a "hit" in this new part ; and though he seems to have aimed with good success in those passages wherein tenderness and suspicion alternately prevail, yet, on the whole, it does not appear that *Philaster* was one of his triumphant undertakings. The receipt to " Philaster" was only 148*l.*—the play was not repeated, nor did Elliston's name appear in the Covent Garden bills after that occasion. He acted only seven nights, for which he received 200*l.*

Elliston again settled at Bath; Colman renews his correspondence with him—" All I shall observe," he says, " of your Covent Garden business is, that never was so promising a child so ill nursed. Your letter bears with it an air of disappointment ; but you are so unused to this, that trifles seem to upset you. I must see you fighting under my banner in the summer ; but as you cannot be with me throughout the season, how can I, my dear Elliston, write a part for you without injury to the theatre on the whole? I must apply whatever strength of authorship I have while you are away; and when you come to town, you in your own person will be attractive in the old pieces. I am now deep in the business of a new comedy ;* as far as I have proceeded, there is nothing which I think would suit you—it is all sock, not a shred of buskin—nor can I introduce anything likely to shew you off to advantage. The cut and dry you can still make palatable. I am for Macbeth ! Open my booth on the 12th of June."

After some further correspondence, the Haymarket engagement

* This was the " Heir at Law."

being fixed, Elliston—as fond of rest as an armadillo—desirous, no doubt, of the *repose* attendant on a state of theatrical proprietorship, from what he had seen in Colman's affairs, proposed to himself no less than a similar indulgence. Mr. Palmer, the principal shareholder of the Bath Theatre, had just served the office of mayor of that city, which he carried through in a most expensive and spirited manner, and was conjectured, at this moment, to be in want of money—this Elliston thought a good opportunity for endeavouring to effect a part purchase of the theatre. Measures were taken for this object, and his most conciliatory uncle agreed to advance the funds necessary. But Elliston's calculations appear to have been erroneously made : the offer was not entertained by the other parties ; and although year after year he renewed his advances, yet his proposals were never accepted. When, however, the new theatre was building in 1805, he fancied himself sure of his object: his offers were not rejected—but so many obstacles were raised, that he finally abandoned the project altogether.

Mrs. Elliston—in all things a good example—gave pleasing indications of "Lucina's" favour, or in other words, of a thriving wife; and in the Master's consent, by letter, to become godfather to the daughter already born, he observes, "I had fancied the period arrived in which I should not again appear in the character to which you have invited me ; and you may doubt the wisdom of your choice when, in all probability, before the damsel is able to reply to the first words of her catechism, I may not be found to put the question."

Elliston now took a spacious house in Pulteney Street, estimating that he should stand rent-free by letting off part of it—a calculation on which so many similar successes have been built, which, like fortunes made on the slate, appear at the outset so natural and easy.

Owing to the lateness of the Bath season, Elliston was not able to join the Haymarket company before the 9th of August, when he made his appearance in his favourite *Octavian*. His reception was highly gratifying. He seemed to have surmounted the prejudices even of the enthusiastic followers of Kemble in this part, and obtained credit for that which always charms—originality. The great improvement he had attained was, a certain energy which had before been wanting; for the taste of Elliston had so little affinity with the vulgarity of rant, that he would not unfrequently rein up the impulse of passion whilst bounding to the goal of some powerful effect.

Having next played *Sir Edward Mortimer*, he appeared in the part of *Walter*, in "The Children of the Wood." Here Elliston had the same obstacles to contend with as in *Octavian*—namely, stepping into a character rendered singularly attractive by a living popular actor. Bannister had justly acquired a perfect command over the feelings of the auditor in this part of *Walter:* his acting was natural, simple, yet deeply impressive ; a part, also, in which he was constantly before the public. The stand, however, which the Bath actor made was greatly flattering—"Elliston's *Walter* was only inferior to Bannister's because it did not precede it," said a great theatrical authority ; but although the pathos of the part was a material which he was expected successfully to deal with, perhaps he was somewhat too stilted for the impersonation of lowly and familiar scenes—"*Difficile est communia dicere*"—it was the pathetic of tragedy, not comedy. This, like all Elliston's previous attempts, was no copy—confirming his reputation as an original actor.

Elliston, "the child of fortune," was now in a fair way of becoming a man of fortune; for not only was he making money, but what is more rare, he was saving it. The sensation, also, he had lately produced, rendered him quite "the observed" of the gay metropolis; so that he was nearly as much courted by the *elegans* of London as he had been at Bath itself. But London affords a vast variety of scenes to lads of metal, other than the halls of science or the chambers of the polite—many places which young men, not absolutely "content to dwell in decencies for ever," would just like to *witness once!*—scenes which, being fortunately hidden from the world, and loving darkness rather than light, are sometimes sought under the most curious plea which was perhaps ever advanced—namely, of *seeing the world!* Thus your "good sort of man," stroking his boy's forehead, observes, "the lad should see everything, that he may know what to avoid!"—in other words, "We will lose no time in making him acquainted with folly; so that if he never acquires anything else, he shall at least be accomplished in that."

But to proceed: there existed at this period (1797), as now, in the neighbourhood of the theatres, certain conventions, yclep'd "clubs," which, though not containing the peculiar essence of Will's, or the precise quality of Button's, had yet an essence and quality of their own. Here was no narrow eligibility or invidious proscription; "order," in fact, under every denomination, was totally irrecognisable—their doors, like a box of charity, were open to the whole world, *pro hâc nocte*, on the payment of sixpence. These were frequented chiefly by a class of persons who had but one plan in life, which was, to give over work the first moment they had earned enough to get drunk for the remainder of the week. One of the principal establishments of the above kind was the "Court of Comus," which had laid its foundations in Wych-street, whereof a certain choice spirit of the name of Desborough was rated to the poor; or in other words, the landlord. This Desborough, as dull a rogue on most points as any in Christendom, was yet famous by a kind of concentration of genius, the light whereof became more vivid by the illimitable stupidity by which it was encircled. This outrageously stupid man was famous, in fact, for doing one thing well—well! surpassing, in sooth, any effort of the "Court of Comus" itself—and this was, singing Dibdin's song of "Fortune's Wheel!"

Stupid Desborough was, in truth, so far before all rivalry in this song, that Charles Dibdin actually sought him out, with another tap-room *Apollo*, known as Dick Mason, to give him assistance in his musical olios. Desborough most hopelessly failed in everything but "Fortune's Wheel;" and as for poor Dick, he succeeded in nothing.

But to return to the "Court of Comus." Precisely at nine o'clock p.m. by the chimes of St. Clement Dane, the doors of this sanctuary were thrown open to devotees, who, like crabs, moved only at night, and the "Flamen" of the sanded floor (Cussans) ascended the curule chair, before whom, a pickled herring, some strong waters, and an ounce of tobacco, were regularly placed. This celebrated youth was the son of an opulent West Indian, and educated at Marylebone school—an indubitable genius; but like Farmer Ashfield's horse of that name, "he would never work." Cussans had, in fact, many opportunities of mixing in the best society, but the company he preferred to *mix with* was a cordial far more suited to his taste.

" A lion cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
He loved the cellar's vulgar joke,
And pass'd his hours in ale and smoke."

Cussans lodged at a baker's, as it afforded him the means of getting in at any hour of the four-and-twenty, except on Saturdays, when he never went home at all. Sims, another lad, hopeful as young Filch himself, occupied one room of a tenement in Dark-House Lane, the door of which, for the sake of light and air, had not been shut for forty years; and Hawtin, the trumpeter and *stone-eater*, with one Smith, a glass-eyed clarionet-player, constituted the "leaders" in the "Court of Comus."

On Cussans' taking the chair, the official club cocked-hat, resembling very nearly that of Billy Waters, was handed to him by the serjeant-at-arms, Sims, and the moment he placed it on his head, "the kettle to the trumpet spake," and the court was declared sitting.

The first thing, as we have heard, was "Fortune's Wheel." Then the renowned Cussans, the court improvisatore, gave a *canzona*, in which, with some ability, he identified each visiter present; afterwards, in turn, every one present was separately called on to *do something*. This "doing something" was imperative, except, indeed, that indulgences and absolutions might be purchased—but these, though always marketable, were placed considerably beyond the reach of the generality of sinners, the price for each being half-a-crown. "Doing something" implied either a song, a speech, poising a tobacco-pipe or coal-skuttle; an imitation of cat, dog, or fowl, posturizing, or the more classic feat of quaffing to the dregs the pewter Amystis* of some potent compound.

" Qui canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora."

Each actor had his turn, and each effort its short pre-eminence, till drink alone was triumphant, which, like the sole survivor of the fray, claimed the mown field his own.

On gala nights, Cussans, as the clock struck twelve, from a god, descended, like Jupiter himself, into a beast,—not, indeed, as a rampant bull, but as a *dancing bear!* The scene of riot was thus conducted:—Sims, the bear-leader, beating the bottom of a pewter pot with a marrow-bone, threw a lasso about the loins of Cussans, now rolling in the sand, whilst Hawtin and Smith accompanied the exhibition with other signs and sounds fitting the occasion. The belluine judge, nobly sustaining his part, which, like *Snug*, the joiner, he might "do extempore, for it was nothing but roaring," danced, whirled, evoluted, till the poor excitement which drunkenness had produced left him at length as lifeless as an unburied corse.

" Man differs more from man than man from beast."

The insane exploits of Cussans would occupy a volume; but as it would not be that we meditate, we dismiss him with one further anecdote, to shew the keenness of his perception. On one of these occasions, when each spectator had been called on to "do something," an extremely well-attired spectator, who had taken his place in the vicinity of a person, evidently a stranger, was about commencing some characteristic "agendum," when up rose the presiding Cussans himself, and thus addressed the assembly:—"By the rules of this institution, each indi-

* "Amystis," a capacious cup, which to drain off at one breath was accounted a glorious piece of drunken Greek valour.—See *Hor.*, *Ode* xxxvi., lib. i.

vidual is called on to do something whereby he proves himself worthy a seat in this fraternity. The gentleman before me has already passed a most creditable examination, and is entitled to exalted honours, for, if I mistake not, his neighbour, on making an appeal to his coat-pocket, will find a snuff-box missing, which, perhaps, the *Count Fathom* in my eye may be able to account for." It is needless to add, this address produced the desired effect, and the pickpocket was forthwith kicked out of court, a punishment which, in the judgment of those present, he richly deserved; not for the strength of the theft, but, like the Spartan lad, for his weakness of concealment.

In this idiosyncrasy, Cussans had also a singular and conceited regard for his word of promise. This, whether given under a false representation from others, forced at the very point of the bayonet, or filched from him in the moment (the many hours!) of intoxication, he still invariably regarded. Having been reminded that, on one of these occasions, he had promised to hire himself as a pot-boy to a neighbouring house of call for wits, he actually entered on the ignoble service, at the "Red Lion," in Russell-street, for one entire month, at the expiration of which, he gave notice to his retainers that a "Lodge" would be held at the "Court of Comus." The procession of his manumission quitted the blushing lion at a certain hour—Sims, Hawtin, and others, occupying the interior of a hackney-coach, and Cussans, *ipsissimus*, in a harlequin party tire, perched on the roof—Desborough preceding, and, of course, singing "Fortune's *Wheel!*"

On another occasion, a review of troops taking place in Hyde Park, before the King and Prince of Wales, Cussans procured a military uniform and charger, and having effected his way on the ground, actually joined the royal party as they were passing along the line. The distinguished stranger attracted presently universal attention, his mock-heroic aspect and imperturbability of deportment bade defiance to the gravity of the whole staff, and shook the nerves of as gallant a brigade as ever entered the field.

Cussans was also a considerable actor; he played frequently at Sadler's Wells, generally choosing *Sneak*, in the "Mayor of Garratt," as he was much celebrated in the character song of "*Oh! Poor Robinson Crusoe!*" In this song, he had as many "encores" as he pleased; and on a certain evening, having sang it three or four times, the curtain drew up for another part of the night's entertainment, when, to the astonishment, but still greater delight, of the Sadler's Wells' auditory, Cussans started up from the very centre of the shilling gallery, vigorously singing "Oh! Poor Robinson Crusoe!" nor would the *Wellsites* suffer the drama to proceed till he had again sung it twice from the same spot.

Poor Cussans! brandy was his death, and water his grave, for he died on his voyage to a softer climate, and was buried in the deep.

Such were the "clubs"—such the "Court of Comus!"—*ex uno*, &c., and such was the place (we confess it with a blush) where Robert William, oblivious of dear Mrs. Collins, "when the playhouse doors were shut," satisfied his young curiosity. Shaking his plumes from the incumbrance of rule, and unbuckling the heavy breastplate of decorum—here, amongst the "free and easy," we track the footsteps of our adventurous hero, but (as the "bills" express it) "for this night only"—at least, we hope so—and will therefore leave him to all the gratification the adventure can afford.

LA GROTTA DEL CANE.

A NEAPOLITAN LEGEND.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

THOUGH year by year, and day by day,
Tourists to Naples bend their way,
The lions to espy there;
E'en when the beauteous spot they view,
'Tis strange indeed how very few
Feel any wish to die there.

See *Napoli*, the proverb says,
Then be resign'd to end your days,
But this they wont consent to;
They'd rather live, and parties make
To Baiæ and the Lucrine lake,
Pompeii and Sorrento.

Each sunny morn they start away,
Hiring a carriage for the day,
Not over clean or roomy,
With minds made up by turns to see
Castel-à-mar and Portici,
Vesuvius and Cumæ.

Some miles beyond Posilipo
There is a lake, which, ere they go,
Few strangers fail to visit:
'Tis not the lake that tempts them there,
'Tis not the scene, so still and fair,—
Then, you may ask, *what* is it?

It is—I almost blush to write—
Anxiety to see a sight,
Which none should e'er take part in,
Who look on dogs with kindly eyes,
And with their sorrows sympathize,
Like worthy Mr. Martin.

To see a cur, all skin and bone,
Howl, kick about with pain, and moan,
But not once only—ah! no,
Fresh doses of mephitic air
He sniffs, to please each *forestier*
Who visits lake Agnano.

And yet, connected with this spot,
There is a legend, which may not
Be found by those who hurry
From place to place, from dawn till dark,
Whose only guide is Mrs. Starke
Till they can get a "Murray."

And e'en to these at home, who read
The "Idler" or the "Invalid,"
Perhaps unknown it still is;
On this theme Mrs. Trollope's dumb,
Eustace and Forsyth both are mum,
And so is N. P. Willis.

Once on a time, long, long before
Tourists first sought the classic shore
From Washington and Moscow,
When folks knew nought of Italy,
Nor of the great De' Medici
Immortalized by Roscoe;

When of the wonders to be found,
As well above as under ground,
Knowledge was very scanty;
When English dames kept house at home,
And never thought of seeing Rome,
Nor dreamt of reading Dante;

When, bord'ring Napoli's fair bay,
The eye could trace no Chiaja gay,
No proud Chiatamone;
'Twas then there lived and died a man,
(No kin to the historian,)
One Stefano Giannone.

No fortune's favour'd child was he,
Yet shall his name remember'd be
Beyond the passing hour,
As one who loved the "good old plan,
That they alone should keep who can,
They take who have the power."

In short, he was a robber bold,
His home a secret mountain-hold,
Which e'en *la polizia*,
Though they tried hard from day to day,
Could never find, for where it lay
They'd not the least idea.

One morn, his carbine at his back,
He climb'd a barren mountain-track,
Intent on plunder wholly;
Paused once his trusty gun to load,
Then cross'd the heights above the road
From Naples to Pozzuoli.

Beside him crept an ugly cur,
A lean, ill-favoured terrier,
With no good point about him
As far as passing glance could tell;
Yet bold Giannone prized him well,
And couldn't do without him.

For though he *was* a shocking fright,
Yet he could shew his teeth and bite
Whene'er his master told him;
And growl, and fly at friend or foe,
No matter which, nor e'er let go,
When Stefano cried "Hold him!"

With hurried step and watchful eye
The robber strode on silently,
Nor dreamt of danger nigh him,
When suddenly he heard a shout,
And, ere he well could turn about,
A bullet whistled by him.

One hasty glance around he threw,
Then with sure aim the trigger drew,
Nor paused another minute,
But bolted swift as lightning's flash,
Thinking he'd settled *some one's* hash,
Or else the deuce was in it.

Scarce had he many paces fled,
When from some brushwood popp'd a head
Most fiercely warlike, as 'tis
By universal (stage) consent
The custom still to represent
The "army" of Bombastes.

Up came some half-a-dozen more
Bearing their leader, wounded sore,
Who, while his musket cocking,
Had, ere Giannone turn'd to run,
Been brought down by as sure a gun
As that of Leatherstocking.

They laid him on the grass hard by,
To take his chance, and live or die
Alone, for duty tore them
Away, to give the robber chase,
Whose flying form they still could trace
Some hundred yards before them.

But the *gendarmes* had met their match,
Thinking the brigand chief to catch
They nearly caught a Tartar;
They ran, but he had got the start,
And though their pace was pretty smart,
Yet Stefano's was smarter.

And he could run and fire too,
A feat they tried in vain to do,
Dame Fortune seem'd t' assist him;
His shots all told, but strange to say,
Though in their turn they blazed away,
Yet every bullet miss'd him.

Straining each nerve to keep the lead,
And putting on new steam and speed,
A bright idea cross'd him—
A scheme, to gain both breath and time:
He darted on, they saw him climb
A hill, and there they lost him.

They follow'd close upon their prey,
The lake Agnano 'neath them lay,
Their path was rough and stony;
But down they scrambled, one by one,
And by the lake they found a gun,
But nowhere Giannone.

They stopp'd and stared in mute surprise,
Open'd their mouths and rubb'd their eyes,
In meditation moody:
No wonder if they *did* look glum,
'Twas hard to lose so rich a sum,
Five hundred Roman *scudi*.

Uncertain whither next to go,
They wander'd slowly to and fro,
With little hope to cheer them,
When all at once a dismal howl,
Something between a bark and growl,
Resounded very near them.

Another, and another too—
They paused, half doubting what to do;
Then, taking Teucer's motto,
Nil desperandum, for their guide,
They traced the sound, until they spied,
Scarce ten yards off, a grotto.

Not built of shells, nor clothed in green,
As in our gardens oft are seen,
Which ladies take a pride in:
No work of art, but rude and bare,
Not lined with ore and pebbles rare,
But just the place to hide in.

And there poor Stefano was found,
Holding his dog's head to the ground,
With many a vain endeavour
To silence him, for still he growl'd,
And kick'd and plunged, and bark'd and howl'd,
More savagely than ever.

The soldiers rush'd upon their prey,
And then began a fierce affray
Ere they could seize and bind him:
Full many a blow he dealt around,
Until they bore him to the ground,
And tied his hands behind him.

But while they held him, stooping low,
Exulting o'er their prostrate foe,
Whose coolness still provoked them,
From the damp earth an odour rose
Of sulphur, filling eyes and nose,
That very nearly choked them.

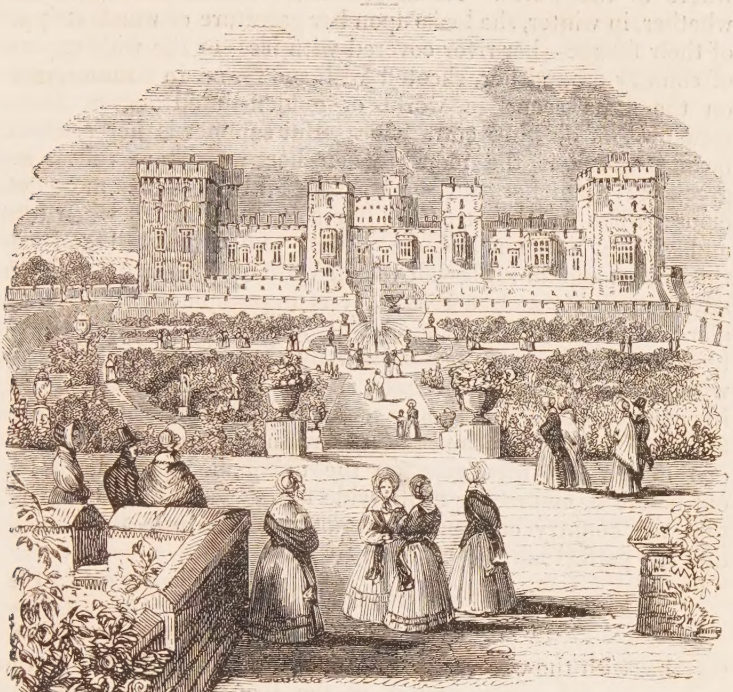
They cough'd, and sneezed, and groped about,
Sprang on their feet, and hurried out
With senses far from steady,
Like men benighted in a fog,
Gendarmes and brigand, but no dog,
For he was dead already.

To Naples, with triumphant air,
They bore the robber chief, and there
To "durance vile" convey'd him;
While in that cavern drear and dark
Lay the poor dog, whose luckless bark
Unconsciously betray'd him.

From ear to ear the tidings flew,
And people came the spot to view
Whose wondrous hist'ry thrill'd them;
And brought their dogs to ease all doubt,
Taking good care to pull them out
Before the sulphur kill'd them.

Ere long, a shrewd and cunning knave
Hard by the entrance of the cave
Took up his daily station,
And volunteer'd, (a fee to win,)
Presto, to let *his* dog go in
For a "consideration."

And still, as every trav'ller knows,
Each tourist to *la grotta* goes,
With Starke for *cicerone*;
They see a dog half-choked, but few
Think, while the lake and cave they view,
Of Stefano Giannone.



Windsor Castle.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Book the Third.

I.

It was now the joyous month of June; and where is June so joyous as within the courts and halls of peerless Windsor? Where does the summer sun shine so brightly as upon its

stately gardens and broad terraces, its matchless parks, its silver belting river, and its long line of proud and regal towers? Nowhere in the world. At all seasons, Windsor is magnificent; whether, in winter, she looks upon her garniture of woods stripped of their foliage—her river covered with ice—or the wide expanse of country around her, sheeted with snow—or, in autumn, gazes on the same scene—a world of golden-tinted leaves, brown meadows, or glowing corn-fields. But summer is her season of beauty—June is the month when her woods are fullest and greenest; when her groves are shadiest; her avenues most delicious; when her river sparkles like a diamond zone; when town and village, mansion and cot, church and tower, hill and vale, the distant capital itself—all within view—are seen to the highest advantage. At such a season, it is impossible to behold from afar the heights of Windsor, crowned, like the Phrygian goddess, by a castled diadem, and backed by their lordly woods, and withhold a burst of enthusiasm and delight. And it is equally impossible, at such a season, to stand on the grand northern terrace and gaze first at the proud pile enshrining the sovereign mistress of the land, and then gaze on the unequalled prospect spread out before it, embracing in its wide range every kind of beauty that the country can boast, and not be struck with the thought that the perfect and majestic castle—

> In state as wholesome as in state 'tis fit,
> Worthy the owner, and the owner it,—

together with the wide, and smiling, and populous district around it, form an apt representation of the British sovereign and her dominion. There stands the castle, dating back as far as the first Norman king, and boasting since its foundation a succession of royal inmates, while at its foot lies a region of unequalled fertility and beauty—full of happy homes and loving, loyal hearts—a miniature of the whole country and its inhabitants. What though the smiling landscape may be darkened by a passing cloud!—what though a momentary gloom may gather round the august brow of the proud pile!—the cloud will speedily vanish—the gloom disperse—and the bright and sunny scene look yet brighter and sunnier from the contrast.

It was the chance of the writer of this chronicle upon one occasion to behold his sovereign under circumstances which he esteems singularly fortunate. She was taking rapid exercise with the prince upon the south terrace. All at once, the royal pair paused at the summit of the ascent leading from George the Fourth's gateway. The prince disappeared, leaving the queen alone. And there she stood, her slight, faultless figure sharply defined against the clear sky. Nothing was wanting to complete the picture; the towers of the castle, on the one hand—the balustrade of the terrace, on the other—the woods beyond. It was thrilling to feel that that small, solitary figure com-

prehended all the might and majesty of England—and a thousand kindling aspirations were awakened by the thought.

But it was, as has been said, the merry month of June, and Windsor Castle looked down in all its magnificence upon its pomp of woods, and upon the twelve fair and smiling counties lying within its ken. A joyous stir was within its courts—the gleam of arms and the fluttering of banners was seen upon its battlements and towers, and the ringing of bells, the beating of drums, and the fanfares of trumpets, mingled with the shouting of crowds and the discharge of ordnance. Amidst this tumult, a grave procession issued from the deanery, and took its way across the lower quadrangle, which was thronged with officers and men-at-arms, in the direction of the lower gate. Just as it arrived there, a distant gun was heard, and an answering peal was instantly fired from the culverins of the Curfew Tower, while a broad standard, emblazoned with the arms of France and England within the garter, and having for supporters the English lion, crowned, and the red dragon, sinister, was reared upon the keep. All these preparations betokened the approach of the king, who was returning to the castle, after six weeks' absence from it. Though often suddenly executed, Henry's movements were always conducted with state and show, and his wishes in this respect were so well understood by his attendants, that they were ever on the alert to carry them into effect. Thus, on the present occasion, though information of his visit to the castle had only preceded him by a few hours, everything was ready for his reception—and the greatest exertions were used to give splendour to it. In spite of his stubborn and tyrannical nature, Henry was a popular king, and never shewed himself before his subjects but he gained their applauses; his love of pomp, his handsome person, and manly deportment, always winning him homage from the multitude. But at no period was he in a more critical position than the present. The meditated divorce from Catherine of Arragon was a step which found no sympathy from the better portion of his subjects, while the ill-assorted union of Anne Boleyn, an avowed Lutheran, which it was known would follow it, was equally objectionable. The seeds of discontent had been widely sown in the capital; and tumults had occurred which, though promptly checked, had nevertheless alarmed the king, coupled as they were with the disapprobation of his ministers, the sneering remonstrances of France, the menaces of the Papal see, and the open hostilities of Spain. But the characteristic obstinacy of his nature kept him firm to his point, and he resolved to carry it, be the consequences what they might. All his efforts to win over Campeggio proved fruitless. The legate was deaf to his menaces or promises, well knowing that to aid Anne Boleyn would be to seriously affect the interests of the church of Rome. The affair, however, so long and so artfully delayed, was now drawing to a close. A court was appointed by the legates to be

holden on the 18th of June, at Blackfriars, to try the question. Gardiner had been recalled from Rome to act as council for Henry; and the monarch, determining to appear by proxy at the trial, left his palace of Bridewell the day before it was to come on, and set out with Anne Boleyn and his chief attendants for Windsor Castle.

Whatever secret feelings might be entertained against him, Henry was received by the inhabitants of Windsor with every outward demonstration of loyalty and affection. Deafening shouts rent the air as he approached; blessings and good wishes were showered upon him; and hundreds of caps were flung into the air. But noticing that Anne Boleyn was received with evil looks and in stern silence, and construing this into an affront to himself, Henry not only made slight and haughty acknowledgment of the welcome given him, but looked out for some pretext to manifest his displeasure. Luckily none was afforded him, and he entered the castle in a sullen mood. The day was spent in gentle exercise within the Home Park and on the terrace, and the king affected the utmost gaiety and indifference; but those acquainted with him could readily perceive he was ill at ease. In the evening, he remained for some time alone in his closet penning dispatches, and then, summoning an attendant, ordered him to bring Captain Bouchier to him.

"Well, Bouchier," he said, as the officer made his appearance, "have you obeyed my instructions in regard to Mabel Lyndwood?"

"I have, my liege," replied Bouchier. "In obedience to your majesty's commands, immediately after your arrival at the castle, I rode to the forester's hut, and ascertained that the damsel was still there."

"And looking as beautiful as ever, I'll be sworn!" said the king.

"It was the first time I had seen her, my liege," replied Bouchier; "but I do not think she could have ever looked more beautiful."

"I am well assured of it," replied Henry. "The pressure of affairs has banished her from my mind ever since my last sojourn at Windsor; but now her image returns as forcibly as ever. And you have so arranged it that she will be brought to the castle to-morrow night?"

Bouchier replied in the affirmative.

"It is well," pursued Henry; "but what more?—for you look as if you had something further to declare."

"Your majesty will not have forgotten how you exterminated the band of Herne the hunter?" said Bouchier.

"Mother of Heaven, no!" cried the king, starting up—"I have not forgotten it. What of them?—ha! have they come to life again?—do they scour the parks once more?—That were indeed a marvel!"

"What I have to relate is almost as great a marvel," returned Bouchier. "I have not heard of the resurrection of the band, though for aught I know that may have occurred. But Herne has been seen again in the forest. Several of the keepers have been scared by him—travellers have been affrighted and plundered—and no one will now cross the Great Park after nightfall."

"Amazement!" cried Henry, again seating himself; "once let this matter of the divorce be disposed of, and I will effectually check the career of this lawless and mysterious being."

"Pray Heaven your majesty may be able to do so," replied Bouchier; "but I have always been of opinion that the only way to get rid of this demon would be by the aid of the church. He is unassailable by mortal weapons."

"It would almost seem so," said the king. "And yet I do not like to yield to the notion."

"I shrewdly suspect that old Tristram Lyndwood, the grandsire of the damsel upon whom your majesty has deigned to cast your regards, is in some way or other leagued with Herne," said Bouchier. "At all events, I saw him with a tall, hideous-looking personage, whose name I understood to be Valentine Hagthorne, and who, I feel persuaded, must be one of the remnants of the demon-hunter's band."

"Why did you not arrest him?" inquired Henry.

"I did not like to do so without your majesty's authority," replied Bouchier. "Besides, I could scarcely have arrested Hagthorne without at the same time securing the old forester, which might have alarmed the damsel. But I only wait your commands to do so now."

"Let a party of men go in search of Hagthorne to-night," replied Henry; "and while Mabel is brought to the castle to-morrow, do you arrest old Tristram, and keep him in custody till I have leisure to examine him."

"It shall be done as your majesty desires," replied Bouchier, bowing and departing.

Shortly after this, Henry, accompanied by Anne Boleyn, proceeded with his attendants to Saint George's Chapel, and heard vespers performed. Just as he was about to return, an usher advanced towards him, and making a profound reverence, said that a masked dame, whose habiliments proclaimed her of the highest rank, craved a moment's audience of him.

"Where is she?" demanded Henry.

"In the north aisle, an' please your majesty," replied the usher, "near the Urswick chapel. I told her that this was not the place for an audience of your majesty, nor the time; but she would not be said nay, and therefore, at the risk of incurring your sovereign displeasure, I have ventured to proffer her request."

The usher omitted to state that his chief inducement to incur the risk was a valuable ring given him by the lady.

"Well, I will go to her," said the king. "I pray you, excuse me for a short space, fair mistress," he added, to Anne Boleyn.

With this, he quitted the choir, and entered the northern aisle. Casting his eyes down the line of noble columns by which it is flanked, and seeing no one, he concluded that the lady must have retired into the Urswick chapel. And so it proved; for on reaching this exquisite little recess, he perceived a tall, masked dame within it, clad in robes of the richest black velvet. As he entered the chapel, the lady advanced towards him, and throwing herself on her knees, removed her mask—disclosing features stamped with sorrow and suffering, but still retaining an expression of the greatest dignity. They were those of Catherine of Arragon.

Uttering an angry exclamation, Henry turned on his heel, and would have left her, but she clung to the skirts of his robe.

"Hear me a moment, Henry—my king—my husband—one single moment—hear me!" she cried, in tones of such passionate anguish, that he could not resist the appeal.

"Be brief, then, Kate," he rejoined, taking her hand to raise her.

"Blessings on you for the word," cried the queen, covering his hand with kisses. "I am indeed your own true Kate—your faithful, loving, lawful wife!"

"Rise, madam!" cried Henry, coldly—"this posture beseems not Catherine of Arragon."

"I obey you now as I have ever done," she replied, rising; "though if I followed the prompting of my heart, I should not quit my knees till I had gained my suit."

"You have done wrong in coming here, Catherine, at this juncture," said Henry, "and may compel me to some harsh measure which I would willingly have avoided."

"No one knows I am here," replied the queen, "except two faithful attendants, who are vowed to secrecy; and I shall depart as I came."

"I am glad you have taken these precautions," replied Henry. "Now speak freely, but again I must bid you be brief."

"I will be as brief as I can," replied the queen; "but I pray you bear with me, Henry, if I unhappily weary you. I am full of misery and affliction, and never was daughter and wife of king wretched as I am. Pity me, Henry—pity me! But that I restrain myself, I should pour forth my soul in tears before you. Oh, Henry, after twenty years' duty and love, to be brought to this unspeakable shame—to be cast from you with dishonour—to be supplanted by another—it is terrible!"

"If you have only come here to utter reproaches, madam, I must put an end to the interview," said Henry, frowning.

"I do not reproach you, Henry," replied Catherine, meekly—"I only wish to shew you the depth and extent of my affection. I only implore you to do me right and justice—not to bring

shame upon me to cover your own wrongful action. Have compassion upon the princess, our daughter—spare her, if you will not spare me!"

"You sue in vain, Catherine," replied Henry. "I lament your condition, but my eyes are fully opened to the sinful state in which I have so long lived, and I am resolved to abandon it."

"An unworthy prevarication," replied Catherine, "by which you seek to work my ruin, and accomplish your union with Anne Boleyn. And you will no doubt succeed, for what can I, a feeble woman, and a stranger in your country, do to prevent it. You will succeed, I say—you will divorce me, and place her upon the throne. But mark my words, Henry, she will not long remain there."

The king smiled bitterly.

"She will bring dishonour upon you," pursued Catherine. "The woman who has no regard for ties so sacred as those which bind us, will not respect other obligations."

"No more of this!" cried Henry. "You suffer your resentment to carry you too far."

"Too far!" exclaimed Catherine. "Too far!—Is to warn you that you are about to take a wanton to your bed—and that you will bitterly repent your folly, when too late, going too far? It is my duty, Henry, no less than my desire, thus to warn you ere the irrevocable step be taken."

"Have you said all you wish to say, madam?" demanded the king.

"No, my dear liege, not a hundredth part of what my heart prompts me to utter," replied Catherine. "I conjure you, by my strong and tried affection—by the tenderness that has for years subsisted between us—by your hopes of temporal prosperity and spiritual welfare—by all you hold dear and sacred—to pause while there is yet time. Let the legates meet tomorrow—let them pronounce sentence against me—and as surely as those fatal words are uttered, my heart will break."

"Tut, tut!"—exclaimed Henry, impatiently—"you will live many years in happy retirement."

"I will die as I have lived—a queen," replied Catherine; "but my life will not be long. Now answer me truly—if Anne Boleyn plays you false——"

"She never will play me false!" interrupted Henry.

"I say, *if* she does," pursued Catherine, "and you are satisfied of her guilt, will you be content with divorcing her as you divorce me?"

"No, by my father's head!" cried Henry, fiercely. "If such a thing were to happen, which I hold impossible, she should expiate her offence on the scaffold."

"Give me your hand on that," said Catherine.

"I give you my hand upon it," he replied.

"Enough," said the queen—"if I cannot have right and

justice, I shall at least have vengeance, though it will come when I am in my tomb; but it *will* come, and that is sufficient."

"This is the frenzy of jealousy, Catherine," said Henry.

"No, Henry; it is not jealousy," replied the queen, with dignity. "The daughter of Ferdinand of Spain and Isabella of Castile, with the best blood of Europe in her veins, would despise herself if she could entertain so paltry a feeling towards the daughter of an English knight."

"As you will, madam," rejoined Henry. "It is time our interview terminated."

"Not yet, Henry—for the love of Heaven, not yet!" implored Catherine. "Oh, bethink you by whom we were joined together!—by your father, Henry the Seventh—one of the wisest princes that ever sat upon a throne; and by the sanction of my own father, Ferdinand the Fifth, one of the justest. Would they have sanctioned the match if it had been unlawful? Were they destitute of good councillors? were they indifferent to the future?"

"You had better reserve these arguments for the legates' ears to-morrow, madam," said Henry, sternly.

"I shall urge them there with all the force I can," replied Catherine, "for I will leave nought untried to hinder an event so fraught with misery. But I feel the struggle will be hopeless."

"Then why make it?" rejoined Henry.

"Because it is due to you—to myself—to the princess our daughter—to our illustrious progenitors—and to our people, to make it," replied Catherine. "I should be unworthy to be your consort if I acted otherwise—and I will never, in thought, word, or deed, do aught derogatory to that title. You may divorce me, but I will never assent to it; you may wed Anne Boleyn, but she will never be your lawful spouse; and you may cast me from your palace, but I will never go willingly."

"I know you to be contumacious, madam," replied Henry. "And now, I pray you, resume your mask, and withdraw. What I have said will convince you that your stay is useless."

"I perceive it," replied Catherine. "Farewell Henry—farewell, loved husband of my heart—farewell, for ever!"

"Your mask—your mask, madam," cried Henry, impatiently. "God's death! footsteps are approaching. Let no one enter here," he cried, aloud.

"I *will* come in," said Anne Boleyn, stepping into the chapel, just as Catherine had replaced her mask. "Ah! your majesty looks confused. I fear I have interrupted some amorous conference."

"Come with me, Anne," said Henry, taking her arm, and trying to draw her away—"come with me."

"Not till I learn who your lady-love is," replied Anne, pettishly. "You affect to be jealous of me, my liege, but I have much more reason to be jealous of you. When you were last at Windsor, I heard that you paid a secret visit to a fair maiden

near the lake, and now you are holding an interview with a masked dame here. Nay, I care not for your gestures of silence. I will speak."

"You are distraught, sweetheart," cried the king. "Come away."

"No," replied Anne. "Let this dame be dismissed. Leave the chapel, madam."

"I shall not go at your bidding, minion!" cried Catherine, fiercely.

"Ah!" cried Anne, starting; "whom have we here?"

"One you had better have avoided," whispered Henry.

"The queen!" exclaimed Anne, with a look of dismay.

"Ay, the queen!" echoed Catherine, unmasking. "Henry, if you have any respect left for me, I pray you, order this woman from my presence. Let me depart in peace."

"Lady Anne, I pray you retire," said Henry.

But Anne stood her ground resolutely.

"Nay, let her stay then," said the queen; "and I promise you she shall repent her rashness. And do you stay too, Henry, and regard well her whom you are about to make your spouse. Question your sister Mary, somewhile consort to Louis the Twelfth and now Duchess of Suffolk,—question her as to the character and conduct of Anne Boleyn when she was her attendant at the court of France—ask whether she had never to reprove her for levity—question the Lord Percy as to her love for him—question Sir Thomas Wyat, and a host of others."

"All these charges are false and calumnious," cried Anne Boleyn.

"Let the king inquire and judge for himself," rejoined Catherine, "and if he weds you, let him look well to you, or you will make him a scoff to all honourable men. And now, as you have come between him and me—as you have divided husband and wife—for the intent, whether successful or not, I denounce you before Heaven, and invoke its wrath upon your head. Night and day, I will pray that you may be brought to shame; and when I shall be called hence, as I may be soon, I will appear before the throne of the Most High, and summon you to judgment."

"Take me from her, Henry," cried Anne, faintly; "her violence affrights me."

"No, you shall stay," said Catherine, grasping her arm, and detaining her, "you shall hear your doom. You imagine your career will be a brilliant one, and that you will be able to wield the sceptre you wrongfully wrest from me, but it will moulder into dust in your hand—the crown unjustly placed upon your brow will fall to the ground, and it will bring the head with it."

"Take me away, Henry, I implore you," cried Anne.

"You *shall* hear me out," pursued Catherine, exerting all her strength, and maintaining her grasp—"or I will follow you down yon aisles, and pour forth my malediction against you in the

hearing of all your attendants. You have braved me, and shall feel my power. Look at her, Henry, see how she shrinks before the gaze of an injured woman. Look me in the face, minion—you cannot!—you dare not!"

"Oh, Henry!" sobbed Anne.

"You have brought it upon yourself," said the king, angrily.

"She has," replied Catherine; "and unless she pauses and repents, she will bring yet more upon her head. You suffer now, minion, but how will you feel when, in your turn, you are despised and neglected and supplanted by a rival—when the false glitter of your charms having passed away, Henry will see only your faults—and will open his eyes to all I now tell him?"

A sob was all the answer Anne could return.

"You will feel as I feel towards you," pursued the queen—"hatred towards her; but you will not have the consolations I enjoy. You will have merited your fate; and you will then think upon me and my woes, and will bitterly, but unavailingly, repent your conduct."

"And now, Henry," she exclaimed, solemnly, "I turn to you. You have pledged your royal word to me, and given me your hand upon it, that if you find this woman false to you, she shall expiate her offence on the block. I call upon you to ratify the pledge in her presence."

"I do so, Catherine," replied the king. "The mere suspicion of her guilt shall be enough."

"Henry!" exclaimed Anne.

"I have said it," replied the king.

"Tremble, then, Anne Boleyn!" cried Catherine, "tremble! and when you are adjudged to die the death of an adulteress, bethink you of the prediction of the queen you have injured. I may not live to witness your fate, but we shall meet before the throne of an eternal judge."

"Oh, Henry, this is too much!" gasped Anne. And she sank fainting into his arms.

"Begone!" cried the king, furiously. "You have killed her!"

"It were well for us both if I had done so," replied Catherine. "But she will recover to work my misery and her own. To your hands I commit her punishment. May God bless you, Henry!" With this she replaced her mask, and quitted the chapel.

Henry, meanwhile, anxious to avoid the comments of his attendants, exerted himself to restore Anne Boleyn to sensibility, and speedily succeeded in doing so.

"Is it, then, reality?" gasped Anne, as she gazed around. "I hoped it was a hideous dream. Oh, Henry, this has been frightful! But you will not kill me, as she predicted? Swear to me you will not!"

"Why should you be alarmed?" rejoined the king. "If you are faithful, you have nothing to fear."

"But you said suspicion, Henry—you said suspicion!" cried Anne.

"You must put the greater guard upon your conduct," rejoined the king, moodily. "I begin to think there is some truth in Catherine's insinuations."

"Oh! no; I swear to you there is not," said Anne—"I have trifled with the gallants of Francis's court, and have listened, perhaps too complacently, to the love vows of Percy and Wyat, but when your majesty deigned to cast eyes upon me, all else vanished as the stars of night before the rising of the god of day. Henry, I love you deeply, devotedly—but Catherine's terrible imprecations make me feel more keenly than I have ever done before the extent of the wrong I am about to inflict upon her—and I fear that retributive punishment will follow it."

"You will do her no wrong," replied Henry. "I am satisfied of the justice of the divorce, and of its necessity; and if my purposed union with you were out of the question, I should demand it. Be the fault on my head."

"Your words restore me, in some measure, my liege," said Anne. "I love you too well not to risk body and soul for you. I am yours for ever—ha!" she exclaimed, with a fearful look.

"What ails you, sweetheart?" exclaimed the king.

"I thought I saw a face at that window," she replied—"a black and hideous face like that of a fiend."

"It was mere fancy," replied the king. "Your mind is disturbed by what has occurred. You had better join your attendants, and retire to your own apartments."

"Oh, Henry!" cried Anne—"do not judge me unheard—do not believe what any false tongue may utter against me. I love only you—and can love only you. I would not wrong you, even in thought, for worlds."

"I believe you, sweetheart," replied the king, tenderly.

So saying, he led her down the aisle to her attendants. They then proceeded together to the royal lodgings, where Anne retired to her own apartments, and Henry withdrew to his private chamber.

II.

Henry again sat down to his dispatches, and employed himself upon them to a late hour. At length, feeling heated and oppressed, he arose, and opened a window. As he did so, he was almost blinded by a vivid flash of forked lightning. Ever ready to court danger, and convinced, from the intense gloom without, that a fearful storm was coming on, Henry resolved to go forth to witness it. With this view he quitted the closet, and passed through a small door opening upon the

northern terrace. The castle clock tolled the hour of midnight, as he issued forth, and scarcely had the clangour died away, than a tremendous peal of thunder broke overhead, and seemed to shake the strong pile to its very foundations. But, undismayed by the clatter, Henry went on.

"Who goes there?" cried a voice, as he advanced, and a partisan was placed at his breast.

"The king!" replied Henry, in tones that would have left no doubt of the truth of the assertion, even if a gleam of lightning had not at the moment revealed his figure and countenance to the sentinel.

"I did not look for your majesty at such a time," replied the man, lowering his pike. "Has your majesty no apprehension of the storm? I have watched it gathering in the valley, and it will be a dreadful one. If I might make bold to counsel you, I would advise you to seek instant shelter in the castle."

"I have no fear, good fellow," laughed the king. "Get thee into yon porch, and leave the terrace to me. I will warn thee when I leave it."

Again the thunder rolled overhead, and the lightning rent the black canopy of heaven in various places, and shot down in forked flashes of the most dazzling brightness. A rack of clouds, heavily charged with electric fluid, hung right over the castle, and poured down all their fires upon it.

Henry paced slowly to and fro, utterly indifferent to the peril he ran—now watching the lightning as it shivered some oak in the Home Park—or lighted up the wide expanse of country around him—now listening to the roar of heaven's artillery, and he had just quitted the western extremity of the terrace, when the most terrific crash he had yet heard burst over him. The next instant, a dozen forked flashes shot from the sky, while fiery coruscations blazed athwart it; and at the same moment, a bolt struck the Wykeham Tower, beside which he had been recently standing. Startled by the appalling sound, he turned and beheld upon the battlemented parapet on his left, a tall ghostly figure, whose antlered helm told him it was Herne the hunter. Dilated against the flaming sky, the proportions of the demon seemed gigantic. His right hand was stretched forth towards the king, and in his left he held a rusty chain. The king grasped the handle of his sword, and partly drew it, keeping his gaze fixed upon the figure.

"You thought you had got rid of me, Harry of England," cried Herne—"but were you to lay the weight of this vast pile upon me, I would break from under it—ho! ho!"

"What wouldst thou, damned spirit?" cried Henry.

"I am come to keep company with you, Harry," replied the demon; "this is a night when only you and I should be abroad. We know how to enjoy it. We like the music of the loud thunder, and the dance of the blithe lightning."

Herne the Hunter appearing to Henry on the Terrace.

LONDON, PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER, 1843.

"Avaunt, fiend!" cried Henry—"I will hold no converse with thee. Back to thy native hell!"

"You have no power over me, Harry," rejoined the demon, his words mingling with the rolling of the thunder, "for your thoughts are evil, and you are about to do an accursed deed. You cannot dismiss me. Before the commission of every great crime—and many great crimes you will commit—I will always appear to you. And my last appearance shall be three days before your end—ha! ha!"

"Darest thou say this to me?" cried Henry, furiously.

"I laugh at thy menaces," rejoined Herne, amid another peal of thunder—"but I have not yet done. Harry of England, your career shall be stained in blood. Your wrath shall descend upon the heads of those who love you, and your love shall be fatal. Better Anne Boleyn fled this castle, and sought shelter in the lowliest hovel in the land, than become your spouse. For you will slay her—and not her alone. Another shall fall by your hand; and so, if you had your own will, would all!"

"What meanest thou by all?" demanded the king.

"You will learn in due season," laughed the fiend. "But now mark me, Harry of England, thou fierce and bloody king!—thou shalt be drunken with the blood of thy wives; and thy end shall be a fearful one. Thou shalt linger out a living death—a mass of breathing corruption shalt thou become—and when dead, the very dogs with which thou huntedst me shall lick thy blood!"

These awful words, involving a fearful prophecy, which was afterwards, as will be shewn, strangely fulfilled, were so mixed up with the rolling of the thunder, that Henry could scarcely distinguish one sound from the other. At the close of the latter speech, a flash of lightning of such dazzling brilliancy shot down past him, that he remained for some moments almost blinded; and when he recovered his powers of vision, the demon had vanished.

III.

The storm which had fallen so heavily on the castle had likewise visited the lake, and alarmed the inmates of the little dwelling on its banks. Both the forester and his grand-daughter were roused from their beds, and they sat together in the chief apartment of the cottage, listening to the awful rolling of the thunder, and watching the blue flashing of the lightning. The storm was of unusually long duration, and continued for more than an hour with frightful violence. It then paused; the thunder rolled off, and the flashes of lightning grew fainter and less frequent. During the storm, Mabel continued on her knees, addressing the most earnest prayers to the Virgin for her preservation and that of her grandfather; but the old forester, though evidently much alarmed, uttered not a single suppli-

cation, but remained sitting in his chair with a sullen, scared look. But as the storm began to subside, he recovered his composure, and addressed himself to soothe the fears of his granddaughter. In this he had partially succeeded, and was urging her again to seek her couch, when the storm recommenced with fresh fury. Mabel once more fell on her knees, and the old man resumed his sullen posture. Another dreadful half-hour, marked by a succession of terrible peals and vivid flashes, succeeded, when, amidst an awful pause, Mabel ventured to address her old relative.

"Why do you not pray, grandfather?" she said, regarding him uneasily. "Sister Anastasia and good Father Anselm always taught me to utter an Ave and cross myself during a thunder-storm. Why do you not pray, grandfather?"

"Do not trouble me," replied Tristram. "I am not afraid."

"But your cheeks and lips are blanched," rejoined Mabel; "and I observed you shudder during that last awful crash. Pray, grandfather, pray!"

"Peace, wench, and mind your own business!" returned the old man, angrily. "The storm will soon be over—it cannot last long in this way."

"The saints preserve us!" cried Mabel, as a tremendous concussion was heard overhead, followed by a strong sulphurous smell. "The cottage is struck!"

"It is—it is!" cried Tristram, springing to his feet, and rushing forth.

For a few minutes, Mabel continued in a state of stupefaction. She then staggered to the door, and beheld her grandfather occupied, with two dark figures, whom she recognised as Valentine Hagthorne and Morgan Fenwolf, in extinguishing the flames, which were bursting from the thatched roof of the hut. Surprise and terror held her silent; and the others were so busily engaged, that they did not notice her. At last, by their united efforts, the fire was got under without material damage to the little building, and Mabel retired, expecting her grandsire to return; but as he did not do so, and as almost instantly afterwards the plash of oars was heard on the lake, she flew to the window, and beheld him, by the gleam of the lightning, seated in the skiff with Morgan Fenwolf, while Valentine Hagthorne had mounted a black horse, and was galloping swiftly away. Mabel saw no more. Overcome by fright, she sank on the ground insensible. When she recovered, the storm had entirely ceased. A heavy shower had fallen, but the sky was now perfectly clear, and day had begun to dawn. Mabel went to the door of the hut, and looked forth for her grandfather, but he was nowhere to be seen. She remained gazing at the now peaceful lake, till the sun had fairly risen, when feeling more composed, she retired to rest, and sleep, which had been banished from them during the greater part of the night, now fell upon her lovely eyelids.

When she awoke, the day was far advanced, but still old Tristram had not returned; and with a heavy heart she set about her household concerns. The thought, however, of her anticipated visit to the castle speedily dispelled her anxiety, and she began to make preparations for setting out, attiring herself with unusual care. Bouchier had not experienced much difficulty in persuading her to obey the king's behest, and by his artful representations, he had likewise induced her grandfather to give his consent to the visit,—the old forester only stipulating that she should be escorted there and back by a falconer, named Nicholas Clamp, in whom he could put trust; to which proposition Bouchier readily assented.

At length, five o'clock, the appointed hour, arrived, and with it came Nicholas Clamp. He was a tall, middle-aged man, with yellow hair, clipped closely over his brows, and a beard and moustaches to match. His attire resembled that of a keeper of the forest, and consisted of a doublet and hose of green cloth; but he did not carry a bugle or hunting-knife. His sole weapon was a stout quarter-staff. After some little hesitation, Mabel was prevailed upon to accompany the falconer, and they set forth together.

The evening was delightful, and their way through the woods was marked by numberless points of beauty. Mabel said little, for her thoughts were running upon her grandfather, and upon his prolonged and mysterious absence; but the falconer talked of the damage done by the thunder-storm, which he averred as the most awful he had ever witnessed; and he pointed out to her several trees which had been struck by lightning. Proceeding in this way they gained a path leading from Blacknest,

OLD OAK, NEAR BLACKNEST.

when, from behind a large oak, growing near the road, the trunk of which had concealed him from view, Morgan Fenwolf started forth, and planted himself in their way. The gear of the proscribed keeper was wild and ragged, his locks matted and disordered, his demeanour savage, and his whole appearance forbidding in the extreme.

"I have been waiting for you for some time, Mabel Lyndwood," he said. "You must go with me to your grandfather."

"I do not believe what you say," replied Mabel, "and I will not trust myself with you."

"The damsel is going to the castle," said Nicholas Clamp. "But, the saints preserve us! can I believe my eyes!—Do I behold Morgan Fenwolf!"

"Come with me, Mabel," cried Fenwolf, disregarding him.

But she returned a peremptory refusal.

"She shall not stir an inch!" cried the falconer. "It is thou, Morgan Fenwolf, who must go with me. Thou art a proscribed felon, and thy life is forfeit to the king. Yield thee, dog, as my prisoner!"

"Thy prisoner!" echoed Fenwolf, scornfully. "It would take three such as thee to make me captive! Mabel Lyndwood, in your grandfather's name, I command you to come with me, and let Nick Clamp look to himself if he dares to hinder you."

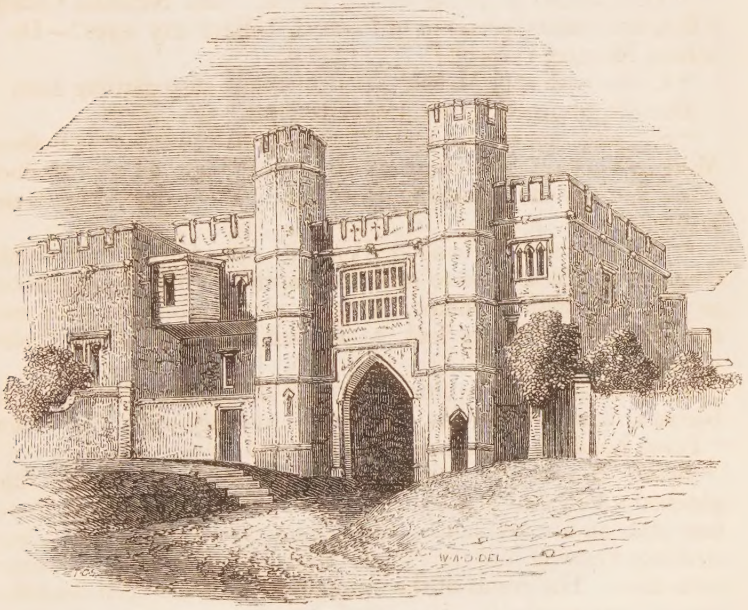
"Nick will do something more than hinder her," rejoined the falconer, brandishing his staff, and rushing upon the other. "Felon hound! I command thee to yield!"

Before the falconer could reach him, Morgan Fenwolf had plucked a long hunting-knife from his girdle, and made a desperate stab at his assailant. But Clamp avoided the blow, and striking Fenwolf on the shins, immediately afterwards closed with him. The result of the struggle might have been doubtful, but it was suddenly interrupted by the trampling of horse approaching from the side of Windsor; and at the sound, Morgan Fenwolf disengaged himself from his antagonist, and plunged into the adjoining wood. The next moment, Captain Bouchier rode up, followed by a small band of halberdiers, and receiving information from the falconer of what had occurred, darted with his men into the wood in search of the fugitive. Nicholas Clamp and his companion did not await the issue of the search, but proceeded on their way.

As they walked at a brisk pace, they reached the long avenue in about half an hour, and took their way down it. When within a mile of the castle, they were overtaken by Bouchier and his followers, and the falconer was much disappointed to learn that they had failed in tracking Morgan Fenwolf to his

lair. After addressing a few complimentary words to the maiden, Bouchier rode on.

Soon after this, the pair quitted the Great Park, and passing through a row of straggling houses, divided by gardens and closes, which formed the main street of the town, presently reached the lower gate of the castle. They were admitted without difficulty; but just as they had passed through the gateway, the falconer was hailed by Shoreditch and Paddington, who, at the moment, issued from the doorway of the guard-room.

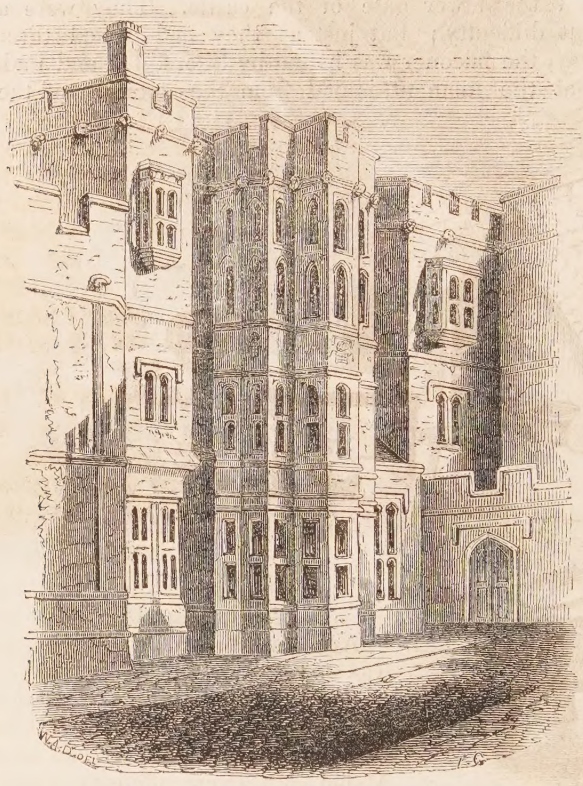


HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GATE, FROM THE LOWER WARD.

Clamp went towards them; and it was evident, from the gestures of the archers, that they were making inquiries about Mabel, whose appearance seemed to interest them greatly. After a brief conversation with the falconer, they approached her, and respectfully addressing her, begged leave to attend her to the royal lodgings, whither they understood she was going; and Mabel making no objection to the proposal, the party directed their course towards the middle ward.

Passing through the gateway of the Norman Tower, they

stopped before a low portal in a wing of the castle, then in a somewhat dilapidated condition, and which, being subsequently rebuilt by Queen Elizabeth, retains the name of that sovereign to the present day.



PART OF THE CASTLE REBUILT BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ANCIENT KITCHEN IN THE CASTLE.

IV.

Addressing himself to a stout porter who was standing within the doorway, Nicholas Clamp demanded admittance to the kitchen, and the official having detained them for a few moments, during which he regarded Mabel with a very offensive stare, ushered them into a small hall, and from thence into a narrow passage connected with it. Lighted by narrow loopholes, pierced through the walls, which were of immense thickness, this passage described the outer base of the whole upper quadrangle, and communicated with many other lateral passages and winding stairs leading to the chambers allotted to the household, or to the royal apartments. Tracking it for some time, Nicholas Clamp, at length, turned off on the right, and crossing a sort of anti-room, led the way into a large chamber with stone walls and a coved and groined roof, lighted by arched windows from above. This was the royal kitchen, and in it yawned no fewer than seven huge arched fire-places, in which great fires were burning, and before which various goodly joints were roasting, while a number of cooks and scullions were congregated round them. At a large table, in the centre of the kitchen, were seated some half-dozen yeomen of the

guard, together with the clerk of the kitchen, the chief bargeman, and the royal cutler, or blade-smith, as he was termed. These worthies were doing ample justice to a chine of beef, a wild boar pie, a couple of fat capons, a peacock pasty, a mess of pickled lobsters, and other excellent and inviting dishes with which the board was loaded. Neither did they neglect to wash down the viands with copious draughts of ale and mead, from great pots and flagons placed beside them. Behind this party stood Giovanni Joungevello, an Italian minstrel, much in favour with Anne Boleyn, and Domingo Lamellino, or Lamelyn—as he was familiarly termed,—a Lombard, who pretended to some knowledge of chirurgery, astrology, and alchemy, and who was a constant attendant on Henry, and a minister to his passions. At the head of the bench, on the right of the table, sat Will Sommers. He was not partaking of the repast, but was jesting with Simon Quanden, the chief cook, a good-humoured personage, round-bellied as a tun, and blessed with a spouse, yclept Deborah, as fond of good cheer, as fat, and as good-humoured as himself. Behind the cook stood the cellarman, known by the appellation of Jack of the Bottles, and at his feet were two playful little turnspits, with long backs, and short forelegs, as crooked almost as sickles.

On seeing Mabel, Will Sommers immediately arose, and advancing towards her with a mincing step, bowed with an air of mock ceremony, and said in an affected tone,—"Welcome, fair mistress, to the king's kitchen. We are all right glad to see you; are we not, mates?"

"Ay, that we are!" replied a chorus of voices.

"By my troth, the wench is wondrously beautiful!" said Kit Coo, one of the yeomen of the guard.

"No wonder the king is smitten with her!" said Launcelot Rutter, the blade-smith; "her eyes shine like a dagger's point!"

"And she carries herself like a wafter on the river," said the bargeman.

"Her complexion is as good as if I had given her some of my sovereign balsam of beauty," said Domingo Lamelyn.

"Much better," observed Joungevello, the minstrel; "I shall write a canzonet in her praise, and sing it before the king."

"And get flouted for thy pains by the Lady Anne," said Kit Coo.

"The damsel is not so comely as I expected to find her," observed Amice Lovekyn, one of the serving women, to Hector Cutbeard, the clerk of the kitchen.

"Why, if you come to that, she is not to be compared to you, pretty Amice!" said Cutbeard, who was a red-nosed, red-faced fellow, with a twinkling merry eye.

"Nay, I meant not that," replied Amice, retreating.

"Excuse my getting up to receive you, fair mistress," cried Simon Quanden, who seemed glued to his chair; "I have been bustling about all day, and am sore fatigued—sore fatigued.

But will you not take something? A marchpane, and a glass of hypocras jelly—or a slice of capon. Go to the damsel, dame, and prevail on her to take something."

"That will I," replied Deborah. "What shall it be, sweetheart? We have a well-stored larder here. You have only to ask and have."

"I am in want of nothing," replied Mabel.

"Nay, that is against all rule, sweetheart," said Deborah; "no one enters the king's kitchen without tasting his royal cheer."

"I am sorry I must prove an exception, then," returned Mabel, smiling; "for I have no appetite."

"Well, well, I will not force you to eat against your will," replied the good dame. "But a cup of sack or hypocras will do you good after your walk."

"I will wait upon her," said the Duke of Shoreditch, who vied with Paddington and Nick Clamp in attention to the damsel.

"Let me pray you to cast your eyes upon these two dogs, fair Mabel," said Will Sommers, pointing to the two turnspits; "they are special favourites of the king's highness. They are much attached to the cook, their master; but their chief attachment is to each other, and nothing can keep them apart."

"Will Sommers speaks the truth," rejoined Simon Quanden. "Hob and Nob, for so they are named, are fast friends. When Hob gets into the box to turn the spit, Nob will watch beside it till his brother is tired, and then he will take his place. They always eat out of the same platter, and drink out of the same cup. I once separated them for a few hours to see what would happen, but they howled so piteously, that I was forced to bring them together again; and then you should have seen what a meeting they had, and how they leaped and rolled with delight! Here, Hob," he added, taking a cake from his apron pocket, "divide this with thy brother."

Placing his paws on his master's knees, the nearest turnspit took the cake in his mouth, and proceeding towards Nob, broke it into two pieces, and pushed the larger portion towards him.

While Mabel was admiring this display of sagacity and affection, a bustling step was heard behind her, and turning, she beheld a strange figure, in a particoloured gown and hose, with a fool's cap and bells on his head, whom she immediately recognised as the cardinal's jester, Patch. The new comer recognised her too; stared in astonishment; and gave a leering look at Will Sommers.

"What brings you here, gossip Patch?" cried Will Sommers. —"I thought you were in attendance upon your master, at the court at Blackfriars."

"So I have been," replied Patch—"and I am only just arrived with his grace."

"What! is the decision pronounced?" cried Will Sommers, eagerly. "Is the queen divorced? Let us hear the sentence."

"Ay, the sentence!—the sentence!" resounded on all hands. Stimulated by curiosity, the whole of the party rose from the table; Simon Quanden got out of his chair; the other cooks left their joints to scorch at the fire; the scullions suspended their work; and Hob and Nob fixed their large inquiring black eyes upon the jester.

"I never talk thirsting," said Patch, marching to the table, and filling himself a flagon of mead. "Here's to you, fair maiden," he added, kissing the cup to Mabel, and swallowing its contents at a draught. "And now be seated, my masters, and you shall hear all I have to relate, and it will be told in a few words. The court is adjourned for three days,—Queen Catherine having demanded that time to prepare her allegations, and the delay has been granted her."

"Pest on it!—the delay is some trick of your crafty and double-dealing master," cried Will Sommers. "Were I the king, I know how I would deal with him."

"What wouldst thou do, thou scurril knave?" cried Patch, angrily.

"I would strip him of his ill-gotten wealth, and leave him only thee—a fitting attendant—of all his hundred servitors," replied Will.

"This shall to his grace's ears," screamed Patch, amid the laughter of the company,—"and see whether your back does not smart for it."

"I fear him not," replied Will Sommers. "I have not yet told the king my master of the rare wine we found in his cellar."

"What wine was that, Will?" cried Jack of the Bottles.

"You shall hear," replied Will Sommers, enjoying the disconcerted look of the other jester. "I was at the palace at Hampton, when this scant-witted knave invited me to taste some of his master's wine, and accordingly to the cellar we went. 'This wine will surprise you,' quoth he, as we broached the first hogshead. And surprise me it did, for no wine followed the gimlet. So we went on to another, and another, and another, till we had tried half a score of them, and all with the same result. Upon this, I seized a hammer which was lying by, and sounded the casks, but none of them seeming empty, I at last broke the lid of one—and what do you think it contained?"

A variety of responses were returned by the laughing assemblage, during which Patch sought to impose silence upon his opponent. But Will Sommers was not to be checked.

"It contained neither vinegar, nor oil, nor lead," he said, "but gold, ay, solid bars of gold—ingots. Every hogshead was worth ten thousand pounds, and more."

"Credit him not, my masters," cried Patch, amid the roars of the company; "the whole is a mere fable—an invention. His grace has no such treasure. The truth is, Will Sommers got drunk

The quarrel between Will Sommers and Patch in the great kitchen of the Castle.

upon some choice Malmsey, and then dreamed he had been broaching casks of gold."

"It is no fable, as you and your master will find, when the king comes to sift the matter," replied Will. "This will be a richer result to him than was ever produced by your alchemical experiments, good Signor Domingo Lamelyn."

"It is false! I say, false!" screamed Patch. "Let the cellars be searched, and I will stake my head nothing is found."

"Stake thy cap, and there may be some meaning in it," said Will, plucking Patch's cap from his head, and elevating it on his truncheon—"here is an emblem of the Cardinal of York," he cried, pointing to it.

A roar of laughter from the company followed this sally, and Hob and Nob looked up in placid wonderment.

"I shall die with laughing," cried Simon Quanden, holding his fat sides, and addressing his spouse, who was leaning upon his shoulder.

In the meantime, Patch sprang to his feet, and gesticulating with rage and fury, cried, "Thou hast done well to steal my cap and bells, for they belong of right to thee. Add my folly to thy own, and thou wilt be a fitting servant to thy master; or e'en give him the cap, and then there will be a pair of ye."

"Who is the fool now, I should like to know?" rejoined Will Sommers, gravely. "I call you all to witness that he has spoken treason."

While this was passing, Shoreditch had advanced with a flagon of Malmsey to Mabel, but she was so interested in the quarrel between the two jesters, that she heeded him not; neither did she attend to Nicholas Clamp, who was trying to explain to her what was going forward.

But just as Patch's indiscreet speech was uttered, an usher entered the kitchen, and announced the approach of the king.

THE ENCHANTED LILY.

BY THOMAS FEATHERSTONE.

THERE is a sweet and dim recess
In the depths of a lone green wilderness—
'Tis form'd of cedar, beech, and pine,
Whose boughs so closely intertwine
That scarce a glimpse of sky is seen
The thick and deep green leaves between:
The moss of its untrodden floor
Is interwoven all with flowers,
And the breezy roof is fretted o'er
With quivering light in the noontide hours;
But when the moon is bright and high,
She pours through the web-like tracery
A tremulous and tender glow
Upon the velvet sward below.
There trills a thin and silvery brook,
Through the grass and flowers of the fairy nook,

Which is fed by a clear and sparkling well,
That springs in the midst of the leafy cell;
And hither at night the elves would come,
When the skies were bright and the winds were dumb,
To sport in the mazy dome, and lave
Their moony limbs in the crystal wave.

In the days of yore, a wandering knight
Reposed on the marge of that fountain bright,
And he dreamt a dream that a lady fair,
By a wicked enchanter, was spell-bound there;
And that he alone could dissolve the spell,
And free the nymph from the magic well.
The sprite of his vision then portray'd
The shadowy form of the captive maid,—
The waters heaved on their glassy breast
A fair young lily's veined crest,
Which, obeying the wave of the mystic wand,
Disclosed a being so bright—so fond—
As fill'd the breast of the sleeping knight
With a tumult of wonder and wild delight.
Oh, never, I ween, had he gazed before
On charms so bright as that fair maid wore:
The dewy plumes of the winged air
Waved back her hyacinthine hair
From her young white brow and her azure eyes,
That were full of the light of the starry skies,
And turn'd the hues of the violet dim—
And their orbs were weepingly fix'd on him.

He sprang from the earth with an eager bound,
And he threw out his arms—but, alas! he found
He had been but the sport of an idle dream:
The moon and the starlight softly fell
Through the emerald gloom of the leafy dome
On the clear blue breast of the fairy well.

Aloud he call'd upon 'squire and thrall,
They were chain'd in slumber, each and all—
So deep, that but for the heaving breath,
He had deem'd them lock'd in the sleep of death!
And their steeds reposed on the shady ground,
In the same deep magic of slumber bound.
With a frown of anger he grasp'd his lance,
To rouse them up from their mystic trance,
When a murmur of melody, sweet and low,
Arose on his ear, with a lute-like flow,
And sank to his soul like the bloomy balm
Of a spring-tide eve, when the skies are calm.

The notes grew louder, and seem'd to swell
From the still blue depths of the waveless well,
And a circle of tiny, elf-like things,
Arose from its bosom, intensely bright,
Which they fann'd, with the leaves of their beamy wings,
Into eddies of rainbow light.
Softly they wing'd their airy way,
Like butterflies buoy'd in the beams of May—
Now dipt in the wave, now dyed in the sheen
Of the tremulous rays that reposed on the green;
And thus, as they wove their mystic ring,
The marvelling warrior heard them sing:—

CHORUS OF ELVES.

Our task is done—
Our task is done!
We have drugg'd the dark enchanter's sleep,
Since sunset hour,
With the poppy flower,
And lock'd him in slumber, fast and deep!

We have pluck'd the wand
From his red right hand—
No more shall his victim in bondage weep;
The magic is won!
Our task is done!
The charm we sever—the spell we break!

Away! away!
Pale Vesper's ray
Is sick with the light of the rushing day!
To brake and fell,
To vale and dell,
To forest and mountain—away! away!

Softly and sweetly the echoes died
In the voiceless space of the welkin wide,
Till nought was heard but the sleepy trill
Of the eager waves of that infant rill,
As they leap'd along, with a lulling song,
The moss and the flowers and leaves among;
And the fays dissolved in the ether blue,
As fades in the beams of morn the dew.
But quick as their mysterious flight,
A queen-like lily, fair and bright,
Display'd her lithe and sylphite bell
On the placid breast of the azure well.

There stood she, like a fair young bride,
In her dream of joy and her hour of pride,
Ascending out of her liquid cave,
And viewing her limbs in the limpid wave;
The pausing moon on her forehead shone,
And the eye of the knight was fix'd thereon.
When lo! from the clasp of her veined arms,
So modestly folding her virgin charms,
A creature bright, of dazzling light,
Look'd out with a smile on his raptured sight.

The spell was burst—the nymph was free
From the dark magician's glamourie—
But ah! too eager he to grasp
His treasure in a lover's clasp—
No sooner did his mortal hold
In rapturous clasp her form enfold,
Than one long, low, mysterious wail
Was borne to silence by the gale,
And in a shower of sighing rain
She sank amid the waves again!

The morning broke, but nowhere found
His serfs their lord;—they sought around
Each gloomy thicket, dell, and cleft,
In vain—in vain—no trace was left!
And 'squire and thrall, with troubled look,
At length their anxious search forsook,
And each, in mystic wonder bound,
Stole, awed, from that enchanted ground.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

I.

On a cold, dark, winter's morning, just as the train was starting from —— station, an individual, unencumbered with any other luggage than a very small carpet-bag, bustled up, rather than was conducted, to the carriage, in which he found a seat. What with unmuffling his chin from the coat collar which shrouded it, and depositing the above-mentioned carpet-bag, to his own satisfaction, under the seat, the train had fairly started before he could look round at his travelling companions. They were, for the most part, of a very ordinary description; and apparently, rather cross and fidgety than otherwise, probably from the dispiriting effect of having risen in the middle of the night—i. e., by candle light. Opposite to our hero was seated a female figure. As she rode in a "first-class" carriage, it was according to rule to infer that she was a lady; and the expression of her countenance, as well as every gesture, sanctioned the inference, though, must the point have been decided by her dress, it would have admitted of some dispute. Her cloak was of common materials, and shabby; and her bonnet was unbecoming, which was worse than shabby. Nothing happened particularly to mark the journey. The most important occurrences which might have been noticed, were the avidity with which two gentlemen discussed politics, being happily of the same way of thinking; the temporary popularity gained by an old lady who about midday drew forth, and offered for general consumption, certain delicate edibles and lady-like cordials; and the childish distress of her little granddaughter at the long, dark tunnels. This, under different circumstances, might have annoyed the politicians; but, in the height of their present good humour, they vied with each other in assuaging the child's tears by caresses and droll stories; and the only taciturn travellers were our hero and his *vis-à-vis*. Once, the former made a movement as if to take out his watch, but started, surprised and annoyed at something, and certainly no watch was forthcoming. Alas! the young lady did not possess a watch, or, I am sure, she would have told him the time; and she was the only one who noticed the movement.

Arrived at the Grand Junction, where "many lines met," the passengers quickly alighted; and the greater part disposed of themselves, in one way or another, in an incredibly short space of time. The young lady, however, was evidently disappointed and perplexed—having expected that a servant would be there to receive her; and the gentleman without a watch, who followed her into the office in which he had asked permission to wait, became suddenly in a state of painful perturbation. The truth was, that in haste or excitement of mind, he had not only left his watch behind him, but had lost his purse! After a moment's hesitation, he advanced towards the person who received the fares for the line of road, on which our traveller had about thirty miles still to proceed, and, evidently with some repugnance, mentioned the predicament in which he was placed.

"My mission is most urgent!" he exclaimed—"having been called to attend most probably the death-bed of a relative whom I have not seen for the last dozen years. I had my purse when I paid my fare

hither in London; and in my haste—for the train started earlier than I expected—I must have dropped it instead of slipping it into my pocket. If you will allow me to give you my name and address, and will suffer me to go as far as ——, you may rely on my sending the money to you immediately I arrive. It is of the first importance that I should not be detained here, which otherwise must be the case till I can hear from my friends."

"Should be happy to oblige a gentleman, I am sure," said the man —"but it is quite against our rules,—perhaps, however, you have something of value you could leave as a sort of deposit—otherwise, I assure you, I dursn't——Be so good as to step on one side, here are two or three gentlemen waiting for their tickets."

The stranger paused till the office was again free; and then, with a flush that might have been taken for that of guilt, he continued—

"My good man, I grieve to say that I inadvertently left my watch in London—nor can I much wonder, in the agitation of mind, my hasty summons——"

"Oh! he, he," cried the man, with a laugh which he intended to be very expressive—"it wont do in our part of the country—very sorry, but the sooner you make yourself scarce, the pleasanter it will be for yourself I'm thinking."

There was an insolence implied in the man's tone far beyond the expression of his words; but the short pause was broken by a sweet voice, which trembled as if almost frightened at its own boldness, and the words—

"I will lend you a sovereign, sir," fell upon the stranger's ear as the sweetest music he had ever heard.

"God bless your young unsuspecting heart!" he exclaimed, with emotion, as, taking off his hat, his eyes met those of his fellow-traveller; and certainly at that moment he wondered that he had not before observed their marvellously sweet expression. Meanwhile, the ungloved and delicate, but ringless fingers of the young girl, dived into a purse which looked strangely long because it was so nearly empty, and drew from it one of the two sovereigns it contained.

"To whom am I indebted for this timely and generous loan, and where can I have the pleasure of returning it?"

"I am going to reside, I believe, within a few miles of this place, at my aunt Mrs. Lawford's; if you direct it to Mary—to Miss," she added, as if doubtful if she dared really assume the lady-spinsterial appellation—"to Miss Marston, it will reach me."

"But your aunt's address," said the stranger, "I am so ignorant as not to know it; oblige me by writing it, that there may be no possibility of a mistake;" and, drawing a card from his pocket, he asked the money-taker, in the frigid accents of contempt, "if he would furnish the lady with a pen and ink."

"Oh, certainly, my dear, if *you* wish it," said the insolent fellow, addressing himself to Mary. She, however, had found a pencil, and the pen and ink were unnecessary; but the red spot of suppressed anger burnt on the stranger's cheek, although he had sufficient mastery of himself to conceal the verbal expression of it. And he gave the wisest reproof to the menial's impertinent familiarity, by offering his arm to Mary Marston, and conducting her to a seat, at some distance, saying, as he did so—"You must allow me the honour of remaining at your side till your servant arrives."

Mary would not have been a true woman, had she not been touched by the delicacy of the stranger's attention ; but though gentle and refined, and well born as many of her sex's paragons on whose fair brows gleam the jewelled coronets of rank, she was a portionless orphan, over whose opening youth hung the dark and threatening cloud of poverty; or, in more expressive phrase, she was *a poor relation*, accustomed to slights and neglect, too trifling to be made matter of complaint, and yet sufficiently palpable to have marvellously depressed a naturally sensitive heart. No wonder, then, that she sensibly felt his deferential manner, when she reminded him that the train by which he desired to reach —— was on the point of starting.

" I can wait an hour for the next !" he exclaimed—" such a delay would be very unimportant, compared to that from which your confiding goodness has saved me."

But his politeness—or that something better, of which politeness is only intended to be the outward sign—was spared the test ; for at that moment a servant bustled into the office in which they were waiting, and after making some short apology to Miss Marston for his negligence, led the way to a carriage, into which the stranger handed her, remaining himself uncovered until it turned a corner and was hid from his view.

The eyes of eighteen, however bright, are apt to see matters through a lens peculiar to youth; and if the truth must be owned, to them the shady side of thirty appears the very sere of life; but though the stranger had evidently passed that bright barrier which divides a glittering from a golden decade, the outline of his noble figure, and finely-moulded features, was more firmly impressed in Mary's memory than that of any other *living* person.

II.

Midwinter had passed away ; for though snow lay on the ground, the days had lengthened, and a bright sun gleamed upon the icicles which hung from the verandah of Mrs. Lawford's drawing-room, retained probably in their fantastic pendules by the keen easterly wind, which seemed to penetrate through every crevice. In an easy chair, drawn close to the blazing fire, the old lady sat knitting, while her two daughters were busily occupied with the many-tinted Berlin wools. At a table near the bay-window stood Mary Marston, in the midst of her morning duties. She had conferred with the cook touching the state of the larder, she had combed the poodle, and dusted the china, and now she was tending some rare hyacinths, much prized by Mrs. Lawford, who had a passion for floriculture. But a sad accident had happened—one of them had slipped from her cold fingers (she had not been near a fire that morning), and the flower had snapped from the stem. A bright drop stood in each of her soft dark eyes,—for she had been chidden somewhat harshly for her carelessness. Her heart was too full of regret to make excuses, and she only murmured, " I am most unlucky."

" Now I do not think you are," said Matilda Lawford, who was a good-natured girl, and wished to bring round the mind of her mother, a most irritable tempered woman, to a pleasant subject. " I know we all thought you very lucky to have a present of the splendid bouquet the very night of our ball. Was not it a piece of sheer luck to come so apropos? And you were a dear girl to divide it between us. Everybody thought the flowers were from our own conservatory."

"Surely you were not so silly as to undeceive them," chimed in the matronly lady; who, besides being ill-tempered, was one of those weak and narrow-minded mothers, whose children, if they have good qualities, possess them *in spite* of evil culture; "we should have had quite as fine a show," she continued, "if that stupid Ellis had not let out the fires on Christmas-eve; and there is no use in proclaiming one's mortifications."

"I think the greatest piece of luck was getting back your sovereign with the flowers!" exclaimed Hannah, in a tone which proclaimed her to be a great deal more "her mother's daughter" than Matilda. "I am sure *I* never expected you would see it again. And the white and silver purse in which it was returned, is a love of a thing, just fit for a card purse." (Miss Lawford was eight-and-twenty, and had lately grown a desperate whist player.) "I don't think you ever use it, do you, Mary?"

This was not the first "gentle hint" her cousin Hannah had given with reference to the white and silver purse; but Mary, usually as quick at understanding as ready to yield, seemed unaccountably dull or uncomplying whenever this subject was named. But the arrival of the postman changed the conversation; and among the letters was one for Mary, which being rather an unusual occurrence, excited a proportionate degree of interest.

The contents were scanned in a few moments; but short as they were, they alternately blanched and flushed the cheek of Mary Marston. Then, bursting into tears, she dropped the letter, exclaiming—

"It is a hoax—a cruel hoax; it cannot be real!"

But that official letter was no hoax. Indeed, the steady, old-established firm who signed themselves "her most obedient servants," would have shuddered at the perpetration of anything so outrageous. No, no; the fact was too well authenticated for doubt or hesitation on the subject; Mary was no longer poor and dependent—old Sir Digby Randle, known throughout the county as a most eccentric character, and whose death had been chronicled three days before in the —— *Herald*, had bequeathed Mary, by a codicil to his will, the sum of ten thousand pounds, in trust for her sole use till she should become of age, when it would pass into her own hands! The strange part of the story was, that not to her knowledge had Mary Marston ever seen, or been seen by her kind benefactor!

III.

The icicles had departed, and the frost-bound streams were again ebbing gently along as they sparkled in the sunshine; the birds were trilling merrily, and the trees were unfurling their pale green leaves—hoar winter had departed, and the spirit of youth was again abroad in the world. On a morning in early May, Mary Marston commenced her journey, by railway, to the metropolis. But though a few months older than when we introduced her to the reader—though her worldly knowledge was somewhat increased, and her purse extremely well lined—it was not considered proper, expedient, or safe, for her to travel, as she had done before, unprotected. Accordingly, an old dependent of the family, whose office was something between nurse and housekeeper, was deputed as her attendant to London, where she had other near relatives to receive her. We do not attempt to account for this different arrangement, we but state the fact, and shall only observe that on this occasion she wore a remarkably pretty bonnet, one indeed

which was quite the *chef d'œuvre* of a country milliner. A strange coincidence, however, occurred, for she was handed into the carriage by the very same gentleman to whom she had lent the sovereign on the former occasion, and who it appeared was returning to town by the very same train as herself. Indeed he took his seat as before, exactly opposite to her; but after a smile of recognition had passed between them, Mary observed an expression half-mirthful, half-scornful, pass over his face, as old Nurse entered the carriage; but it was evidently not occasioned by patrician distaste at the prospect of a plebeian fellow-traveller, for he paid the respect due to age, and assisted her in with care and attention. It was somewhat remarkable that no attempt was made to admit any other passengers into the vacant seats of the carriage our travellers occupied. What passed on the journey has therefore never been clearly ascertained, for old Nurse pleads guilty to having fallen asleep, and the other parties, to this day, refuse to give any account of their conversation.

About a month after this event, Matilda Lawford received a long letter from her cousin Mary. It treated of divers matters; and towards the end, just on a corner of the paper, communicated the fact that she, the writer, was engaged to be married, of course to the handsomest, cleverest, and most delightful person in Europe. She added, however, that he was not rich, being yet "struggling upwards at the bar," and expressed in touching language her own thankfulness to Providence, for that fortune which would always relieve them from the pressure of poverty. The postscript, however, contained the pith of the letter. It ran thus:—"I may as well tell you at once, what you must know sooner or later—don't quiz me!—but Mr. Raymond is the stranger who sent me the beautiful bouquet, and the white and silver purse. He managed to procure an introduction to uncle William, who knew him very well by report, and has visited here constantly since I came to London!"

One surprise, however, was to mount on another; for the next morning's post brought a short and almost incoherent letter from Mary. From it enough was gathered to contradict some of the assertions contained in the former epistle, for it stated that though Mr. Raymond had been for some years "struggling at the bar," he was no longer a poor man, but sole heir—after the payment of a few eccentric legacies—to the immense wealth of Sir Digby Randle, who it appeared was his mother's elder and half-brother. "Slanderous tongues had poisoned truth," and they had been for years separated; but on a sick bed the heart of the kind old man yearned for his only relative, and when they met, and the past was explained, the pent-up feelings of Sir Digby gushed forth, and he seemed anxious only to live long enough to make amends for past neglect by granting, almost forestalling, every wish of his nephew. What induced him to leave Mary Marston a legacy, or how Digby Raymond discovered the precise hour of her return to London, and how he contrived that the remaining seats in the carriage should be unoccupied, we pretend not to determine; but we know "love or money" can perform wonders. Why he passed himself off as still "a struggling barrister," is another affair; but it was just the conduct that might have been expected from a man who, having found a heart which poverty had failed to render suspicious and selfish, and knowing its priceless value, was inclined once more to test it; but—by the opposite ordeal.

THE FIRST WORD IN THE MORNING AND THE LAST AT NIGHT.

BY NIMROD.

It has occasionally happened to me to sit down to my desk, take a pen in my hand, and then ask myself, "*What* am I *going* to write?" Such was the case about twelve months back, when one word in the said question at once decided the point. "I will write an article on the little verb *to go*," said I to myself, "and send it to Fraser's Magazine." I wrote it, and sent it; but, surely, methought it would not take. It, however, did take, and the editor of another monthly periodical soon afterwards made the following request to me by letter:—"When you have another little *racy* article, like the one entitled "Go—going—gone," in Fraser's Magazine of last month, I wish you would send it to me." Whether the one I am now about to indite is worthy an editor's notice is not for me to determine; but, such as it is, I give you the preference of either accepting or refusing it. It may, at all events, act as a foil to set off the lustre of the more precious gems with which your pages are adorned by the hands of superior artists to myself.

I often think of a remark made by Johnson—namely, that things which are obvious are commonly either unthought of or unknown. The object of the above-named paper in Fraser, then, was to shew the almost incredible—certainly unthought of—frequency of occurrence of the little verb "to go," in its various moods and tenses, in the ordinary conversation between man and man. Articles, prepositions, conjunctions, and the adverbs yes and no excepted, no other word is, in my opinion, so often on the tongue unless it be the pronoun "*what*." I will then see *what* I can make of this useful little indefinite, either to amuse or instruct.

As if by prescriptive right, I commence with the Sportsman on a hunting morning.

"*What's* o'clock?" to his valet, who awakens him; "and *what* sort of a morning is it?" (Here is the "*first* word.")

"It is fine at present, sir; but I should not wonder but *what* it will rain before night. *What* clothes will you wear to-day? and *what* horse is the groom to send to cover? The cook also wishes to know *what* you would like to have for your breakfast, and at *what* hour you will dine."

"*What* has she got in the larder?" is the next question of the master, who, when he arrives at the cover side, thus accosts a sporting farmer, whom he observes mounted on a promising young horse—"*What* have you got here?—*what* is his age?—next, *what* is his breed?—fourthly, *what* is his height?—and, lastly, *what* is his price?"

"*What* a glorious morning for hunting!" observes one sportsman to another, "and *what* fine lying for a fox!"

"Yes," replies the latter, "and *what* a fine pack of hounds!"

They find. "Ye gods, *what* a crash!" exclaims one; "*what* a scent in cover!" cries another; "*what* a fine country before us!" observes a third; "*what* a splitter we shall have!" says a fourth.

They proceed. "*What* a head they carry!" exclaims Jones; "*what* a pace!" cries Smith; "*what* a purl (a fall) Robins has had!" shouts Baker; "*what* a rasper is before us!" says Martin; "*what* a funk you are in!" observes Williams.

THE NEWSMONGER.—"*What's* the news to-day?" asks the newsmonger of his friend.

"*What!*" answers his friend, "have you not heard of *what* has taken place in Syria? Commodore Napier—'the man *what can* and *will* do it,' as the sailors say of him—has let them know *what* is *what*."

"And *what* has he done?"

"*What!* why he has done in half-an-hour *what* Napoleon could not do at all!"

"*What* a trump he must be!"

"Yes; and *what* a country is England!"

A SCENE IN THE COUNTRY.—"*What* is to be done to-day!" says one idle fellow to another idle fellow, who is on a visit to him in the summer.

"*What* you like."

"*What* think you of a ride to ——?"

"*What's* to be seen there?"

"Nothing but *what* is to be seen in most other country towns."

A DINNER SCENE.—"Dine with me to-day," says Sir John to his friend.

"At *what* hour?"

"*What* think you of six?"

DURING DINNER.—"*What* will you eat? *what* wine will you drink? and *what* do you think of that champagne?"

THE HOST TO HIS SERVANT.—"*What* is coming?"

"Venison, sir."

"*What* part?"

A TEA PARTY AND ITS HELPMATE, SCANDAL.—"Well, Mrs. Randles, *what* do you *now* think of Mrs. Moody? Are you not convinced that *what* I told you is true?"

"Why, ma'am, as Dr. Johnson observed on a similar occasion, I don't believe *all what* I hear."

"Perhaps not; but if you believe one half of *what* I have told you of Mrs. Moody and Captain Flash, she must be—*I* know *what*. *What* a wicked woman! and *what* will the world say of her?"

"Why, *what* it always says when a fine young woman is made to marry an old man for his money—'*Poor thing*, WHAT *a sacrifice she made!*' *What* prospect of happiness could she have? Then *what* a nice man the captain is, and *what* a poor wretch is Mr. Moody!"

"*What* excuse is that? *What* will Mrs. Grundy say?"

"I care not *what* Mrs. Grundy will say; but I remember *what* our Saviour said about casting the first stone. It shall not be flung by me."

SHOPPING.—"*What* do you please to want, ma'am?" says the smartly-tricked young man behind the counter.

"*What's* the price of your cambric?"

"Of *what* quality do you wish it?"

"*What* do you recommend?"

"This is *what* we are selling most of. *What* quantity shall I cut you off, and to *what* place am I to send it?"

THE RACING MAN.—"*What's* to win the Derby? *What's* the betting at Tattersall's? *What* say the prophets—Judex in the Post, Vates in the Era, and Pegasus in Bell's Life, all capital judges?"

"*What* are the odds against *Brutus* for the Great Yorkshire Handicap?"

"*What* is Brutus? (i.e., how is he bred?)—*what* has he done?—*what* weight have the handicappers put upon him?—*what* stable is he in, and *what* jockey will ride him?"

The Money Lender's Office.—"*What* sum do you want, and for *what* time? *What* security can you offer, and *what* barley-sugar* will you stand?"

Bow Street, (before the presiding magistrate.)—"*What* have you to say for yourself, prisoner? Be cautious, for *what* you say will be taken down as evidence against you."

Central Criminal Court.—"Prisoner at the bar, *what* have you to say why sentence of death shall not be recorded against you?"

Prisoner answers from Shakspeare—

> "*What* is my offence?
> Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
> *What* lawful quest have given their verdict up
> Unto the frowning judge?"

The late Mr. Cobbett was wont to say, an Englishman might travel through France, knowing only *one* word of the French language—namely, "*Combien*," which, being interpreted, means, "*What's* to pay?"

The Savage Stepmother.—(Injusta noverca.)—"*What's* the matter here? *What's* all this noise? *What* are you children about? *What* a dust you have kicked up! I tell you *what*, if I hear any more noise, I will give you *what* shall make you remember *what* day of the month it is."

The Farmer and his Labourer.—*Labourer.* "*What* be I to do to day?"

Farmer. "*What* did you do yesterday?"

Labourer. "*What* you told me to do."

Farmer. "In *what* way did you do it?"

Labourer. "In *what* I thought best."

Farmer. "*What* must I give you for the job?"

Labourer. "*What* you think is fair."

The Schoolmaster and his Scholar.—"Quid est logicum? *What* is logic? By *what* rule of syntax does the Greek verb *αἰσθάνομαι* govern the genitive case? By *what* rules of prosody are cu, in cujus, made long; De, in Deus, short; and pa, in patris, common?"

Master. "*What* says Bacon on the due observation of the Sabbath?"

Scholar. "He tells us '*what* actions and works may be done upon the Sabbath, and *what* not; and *what* courses of gain are lawful, and in *what* cases.'"

A Hoax.—"*Quid rides?*" (Anglice, "*What* do you laugh at?") said a facetious friend of mine, on a hunting morning, to a celebrated fox-hunter who had given his Latin to the winds.

"My Magog horse," was the reply.

An Impertinent Answer to an Impertinent Question.—"*What* is that to you?"

Sunday Evening, in the Country.—"At *what* church was you

* The modern term for exorbitant per-centage.

this morning?" asked Farmer Marshall of his neighbour; "and *what* did the parson tell you?"

"He told us *what* we all knew before—that we are sinners."

"*What* was his text?"

"From the 120th Psalm: 'What reward shall be given unto thee? or *what* shall be done unto thee, thou false tongue?'"

"Did he tell you *what* the reward is?"

"Yes; 'Sharp arrows of the mighty, with hot coals of juniper.'"

"*What* is meant by hot coals of juniper?"

"No wood burns so fiercely as that of the juniper tree."

"*What* a dreadful sentence by an all-merciful God! And I wonder *what* our neighbour, 'the lying captain,' as he is called, thinks of it.

A Fidgetty Man.—"*What* with one thing, and *what* with another, I am worried out of my life."

A Compliment paid to an Infant, intended for its Mother.—"Oh, *what* a beautiful child! *what* fine eyes, and *what* a fine complexion! (Aside, but not out of hearing)—*What* a splendid woman she will be if she lives, and *what* a likeness of her mother!"

Interrogatively, and in exclamation, the pronoun *what* is used with great effect by Shakspeare in the two following passages. Juliet says to Romeo, to induce him to change his name, which is "her enemy"—

> "*What's* in a name? That which we call a rose
> By any other name would smell as sweet."

In exclamation, and in marking a pause in a sentence:—Prince Henry, on seeing Falstaff on the ground, and supposing him to be dead, exclaims—

> "*What!* old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
> Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
> I could have better spared a better man."

Again—

> "*What!* gone without a word?"

says Proteus, in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, when Julia steals away from his presence, after having sealed the bargain with a kiss.

In Scripture also, interrogatively, this pronoun has great force, as well as comprehensiveness. For example:—

"*What* shall I do to be saved!" was the question the trembling jailer put to Paul and Silas, when he saw the prison doors open in a miraculous manner.

Again:—When Jesus was brought, bound and accused, before Pilate, and the envious priests had recommended him to death, Pilate asked him, "*What* will ye then that I should do unto him whom ye call the King of the Jews?" Again:—"Tell us, therefore," said the Pharisees to Christ, "*What* thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar?" Again:—When the said Pharisees set a lawyer to work, to question him, to the tempting of him, after He had given the Sadducees their *quietus*, how He confounded him and them by the question of "*What* think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?" After this, writes Matthew, "No man was able to answer him a word; neither durst any man from that day ask him any more questions."

As a means of punctuation, and of emphasis, the little word "*what*" has great power in giving the right meaning of a sentence, and, perhaps, in exclamation, and interrogatively, no better illustration can

be produced than that in the witty couplet said to have been written over a barber's door, in an English country town; and which, having been read by a yokel, exactly as it was written, and taken by him in its truly literal sense, caused him to attempt to enforce the seemingly-proffered pledge. It ran thus:—

> "*What* do you think
> I shave for a penny and give you to drink."

"Let *me* read it," said the shaver; which he did thus, to the no small discomfiture of the yokel:—

> "*What!* do you think
> I shave for a penny, and give you to drink?"

"*What* a noodle you must be!"

The Last Word at Night.—"*What* were you talking about so earnestly with Mrs. S. this evening?" says a jealous wife to her husband, when comfortably tucked up with him in bed. The husband, unwilling to explain, merely drawls out, "*What?*" the word being succeeded by a snore.

Spenser, in his "Faery Queen," uses the word "*what*" as a noun:—

> "They pray'd him sit, and gave him for to feed
> Such homely *what* as serves the simple clowne."

In the Latin language there is no end to the families of *quid* and *quod*, each signifying *what*.

Cicero (de Div.) for example:—"Hoc sum contentus, *quod* etiam si *quo quidque* fiat ignorem, *quid* fiat intelligo." Again, (in C. Verrem de signis,) he exclaims—"Quod hoc est? quod monstrum, quod prodigium in provinciam misimus?" Let it also be observed, that the Latin pronominal adjective *quale* answers to the English word *what;* and with which word the writer I have quoted has taken no small liberty, not only in deriving from it the noun substantive *qualitas,* but using it substantively to signify any being or thing, as compounded of substance and accident, or matter and qualities. "Et ita effeci quæ appellant *qualia;* equibus in omni natura cohærente, et continuata cum omnibus suis partibus, effectum ipse mundum." Cicero (Quest. Acad., lib. i.) puts these words into the mouth of Varro, the greatest critic and grammarian of the Augustan age, who wrote on the Latin language, and addressed his works to Cicero. So much for the importance of the little pronoun *what.*

NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

RUSSIA.

I.

One of the first and most striking peculiarities that attracts the traveller's attention in Russia, is the common habit among all classes of addressing persons by the Christian name of their father in addition to their own, instead of a surname. For instance, suppose the individual addressed to be Charles Smith, son of John Smith; he is simply styled Karl Ivanovitch, Charles, son of John. Even the emperor is called Nicolai Pavlovitch.

II.

An anecdote is told of a party of Russian fishermen, who were sent out in boats during a severe storm, for the purpose of rescuing the crew of a ship tossing about in great danger near the shore. Strict orders were given to save the officers if possible. Having succeeded in picking up one or two, they were returning, when a poor fellow, almost exhausted with swimming, came alongside one of the boats, and implored the crew to take him in. "Are you an officer?" was the only reply to his prayer. "No; but for Heaven's sake save me!" "Impossible, friend; our orders are very precise, and only mention officers. Pull back to shore, lads." The poor fellow struggled hard to retain his grasp of the receding boat, but his benumbed fingers gradually loosed their hold, and he sank, within less than a hundred yards of the land.

III.

Among the French prisoners taken by the enemy during Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow, was a young soldier, by birth a Breton. A Russian officer, moved with compassion by his youth, ransomed him from a troop of Cossacks who were about to slay him, and took him home to his estate. As the young captive did not speak Russian, nor the officer French, the latter very naturally concluded that the other, being a Frenchman, must of course have the true Parisian accent. Wishing to give his children the benefit of this acquisition, he placed them under the tuition of his prisoner,—making him understand, with no little difficulty, that he wished them to be instructed in the French language. As may be expected, in course of time the young soldier's pupils spoke *bas Breton* with fluency; and on a friend of their father's, who knew French thoroughly, visiting the family, he was asked by his host as a favour to examine his children. What was their mutual astonishment on discovering that neither of them could comprehend a syllable they heard! Of course an *éclaircissement* ensued, and the story spread abroad until it finally reached the ears of the Czar Alexander, who, it is said, invited the young Breton to St. Petersburg and gave him a small pension.

IV.

The lower classes in the principal Russian cities are extremely fond of theatrical entertainments, which take place on temporary stages erected for the occasion in some of the larger thoroughfares. They do not scruple, as was the case in the old mysteries, to introduce the most sacred characters into their dramas; and on one occasion, no less a personage than the Virgin Mary (enacted by a man disguised in female costume) was represented as bestowing a handful of *kopecks* on a kneeling suppliant for charity, who was intended to personate the angel Gabriel.

V.

The name of Strogonoff, which belongs to one of the noblest families in Russia, had its origin in the following circumstance:—One of the ancestors of the present count was taken prisoner by the Tartars, and cruelly murdered,—being literally *sliced* in pieces with a two-handled knife. His son was afterwards called Strogonovitch (or Strogonoff) from the Russian word *strogate*, signifying, properly, to plane with a sharp instrument.

VI.

When a Russian enters a room in Vienna, where many Germans are assembled, it is by no means uncommon to see the latter take out their handkerchiefs. The reason is, that most Russians, when *en voyage*, are in the habit of keeping their clothes in trunks made of a peculiar sort of leather, the smell of which speedily impregnates the contents of the trunk. The Germans, however, will not allow this; but maintain that, as Nature has bestowed an unpleasant odour on every Russian, she has also endowed the Germans with organs sufficiently acute to discover it.

VII.

The Russians, especially the lower classes, are apt to father all blunders upon the Germans, much in the same way that poor Pat is saddled with bulls among us. They seldom lose an opportunity of ridiculing the *Nemetskoi*, as the German is styled, and are particularly fond of bringing him forward as a butt in their street theatres. One of their favourite pieces represents a German engaged as cook in Russia, and going to market with his arms crossed and elbows squared, without once exposing his hands for fear of the cold. On arriving at a butcher's shop, he asks for meat. "What meat?" inquires the butcher. "This," replies the cook, poking at one particular joint with his elbow; "cut me off so much." "But the money?" "You will find it in this pocket," says the cook, shoving out the other elbow. "Take what you want, and put back the purse, and then thrust the meat under my arm." This done, off he walks; and on reaching home, opens his arm sufficiently to allow the joint to drop on the floor, saying to the turnspit, "There's your meat!"

VIII.

Many Russians have no small talent for caricature and *jeux d'esprit*. Some years ago, a portrait of General Kiselevv was exhibited in a print-shop at St. Petersburg, beneath which was written, in French, General *Qui s'elève*. This, exactly similar in pronunciation to his real name, was still more appropriate, from the circumstance of his having been originally the son of a merchant, and having raised himself by his own talent to the rank of *chargé d'affaires*. Beside this, was placed a portrait of Madame Laval, a tall, stout Frenchwoman, the better half, in every sense, of a very diminutive husband, whose thin figure was just visible in the picture, half hidden by the capacious folds of the lady's dress; underneath was written, *Madame l'avale*.

IX.

In illustration of the "liberty" of the press in Russia, it may be mentioned that the author of a statistical work having ventured to hazard a guess at the probable amount of the emperor's income, was immediately imprisoned and kept in close confinement for five years. This severity renders it difficult, indeed impossible, for any writer to express his own opinion freely; almost the only work in the language in which the truth is occasionally spoken being Karamsin's History of Russia, where the writer obtained the express permission of the emperor to say all he chose *before* his reign, on the condition of his being discreetly silent afterwards.

THE SOUL OF SONG.

BY MISS PARDOE.

The soul of song! the soul of song!
Oh! wherefore is it fled?
Is it that in my world-worn heart
All poësie is dead,
As from the autumn's wither'd rose
The odour-drop is shed?

There was a time—a blessèd time,
When high my spirit swell'd,
And from its fresh and fervent springs
The tide of music well'd;
But now by sorrow's blighting breath
Its requiem hath been knell'd.

Then ask me not—oh! ask me not
For lighter strains than these;
My lute hath lost the magic tone
Which once had power to please,
And all the chords I waken now
Are sorrow's symphonies.

Yet do not think—oh! do not think
That thou canst be less dear,
Because my sadden'd spirit droops,
Because my heart is drear;
Light love may live alone on smiles,
Affection hath its tear!

Oh! do you ask why I am sad?
The world is not for song;
How many a pang unknown, unguess'd,
Doth to the lyre belong—
How many a feeling, meant to bless,
Doth deepen o'er its wrong!

And I have loved from girlhood up
The spell of poësie;
'Twas that which taught my breast to glow,
Which made me spirit-free;
Nor dreamt I what a shade of care
Upon the lyre might be.

But can I see from day to day,
The light forsake mine eye,
The cloud grow deeper on my brow,
My cheek's warm crimson fly,
Nor feel that it is mine to bear
A sadden'd destiny?

Then ask me not to sing of joy,
Nor thus my tears reprove;
Not to light lays, nor mirthful strains,
These mournful chords will move;
Upon the willows I have hung
The harp you used to love!

A DAY AT STRASBURG.

BY CAPTAIN MEDWIN.

I am at no loss to comprehend what Shelley meant, by saying, he wished for a tower as lofty as that of Carathis, in Vattek. To stand on an Alpine peak, or the battlemented summit of a castle, is to me supreme delight. My breath comes freer and lighter — the blood circles more rapidly through my veins—my heart swells with a keener enjoyment of existence — a fuller consciousness of being. Whether it is the landscape, "boundless as our souls would be," the clouds passing nearer over our heads, the purity of the air, or the separation from the dizzying and busy *whir* of the world,—one and all, that constitute this charm, I know not; yet, *there* have a deeper perception of what Liberty is, and a more enlarged sense that there is in the heart of man a universe of its own.

These were my thoughts, as I stood one day last autumn, on the Minster of Strasburg, and leaning over the parapet, watched the long course of the Rhine that sunders this part of Germany from the broad domains of France. The view itself is one of surpassing beauty; but it furnished no part of my contemplations; self-abstracted, I was unconscious of the objects around me, and in a dreamy state of mind, passed in review the last half-century, and conjured up the various scenes—some great and noble, some terrible, and one *ridiculous*, of which Strasburg had been the witness.

The striking of the hour waked me from my reverie; and well it might, for the clock was only a few yards distant, and the iron clang of its hammer droned through the stupendous tower till it trembled with its vibrations.

"Look," said an old Alsacian Abbé, who was *ciceronizing* a party of Germans — "look, and admire the judgments of the Almighty. Do you observe"—and here he pointed with his finger—"that plate. The wretch" (he alluded to Voltaire) "who, by his atheistical writings invoked the Revolution, and caused the shedding of so much of the best blood of France—he it was who had his name engraven there. Scarcely had that frightful pestilence ceased from raging in the land, when a flash of lightning, without otherwise injuring the plate, split the syllables in two, so dividing them, that *taire* (to be silent) stands apart, and speaks volumes, more edifying than all homilies. The writing on the wall, at the Feast of Belshazzar, was not more immediately from the hand of God."

I could not help smiling at the good priest's comment; and climbed still higher in search of other names that I had heard were to be found on the stone, whose memories, like those of the witty scoffer, alike defy Time, though the elements may deface or obliterate them. The first that caught my eye was that of the accomplished and spirited writer and humorist, whose *bon mots* made him the Talleyrand of his time—that man of the world, and leader of the fashions, and ornament of all the balls, and concerts, and carnivals of Vienna, who began life as a common soldier and died a field-marshal of the Austrian empire, whose funeral is still remembered in its capital—the Prince de Ligne. By a strange antithesis, side by side appeared the name of the author of "The Messiah;" whose epitaph on his wife occurred to me, and might serve for the pious Klopstock's—

"Thou wert sown by God, to be garnered in heaven."

Goethe twice also has here announced his stay, under the dates of 1776 and 1780; the first time with the Stolbergs, and the last with his friend Heinse. His was not a mere flying visit to Alsace. Those who are curious to see the abodes of great men, may, five leagues from Strasburg, make an excursion to a village, where he found in the daughter of a pastor, his earliest love, and is supposed to have drawn from her his Margaret. Alike in genius, but how different in their destinies!—one dying full of years, and honours; the other brought to an untimely grave by neglect, and poverty, and disappointment. Let us turn from Goethe to Schiller: he also has left a memorial of himself on the Minster. We may picture to ourselves, when emancipated from his dark student-chamber, with what transport the poet listened to the whisperings of the summer airs, the murmur of the sunlit stream, and basked in the deep blue sky. One may fancy that he had a vivid remembrance of all this, when in despondency he wrote those pathetic stanzas—"Ideale und das Leben;" one of which runs thus:—

"How joyous in his dream's deceit,
As though his soul had taken wings,
Along life's path, with flying feet,
How freed from care the stripling springs,
Till up to ether's *faintest* star
His spirit mounts, from height to height!
Nought is too high for him—too far—
And nought too daring for his flight."

Mozart also, in 1771, here left a record of himself—a trace of his tour. Mozart, who was doomed by his ungrateful country, before he reached the goal of fame, almost to perish by famine on the way; and who has, like Schiller, just received a poor and tardy tribute to his surpassing genius, as though a marble monument could appease the outraged dead.

After thus chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, I had now leisure to enjoy the panorama at my feet—to trace the river through its silver windings—to watch the steamers that met and passed each other to and from Basle.

Having satiated my curiosity from afar, I next strolled through the city, like a new Diogenes with his lantern, seeking for what I could not find. A wretched anomaly of a place is Strasburg, neither French nor German; its inhabitants speaking, or rather pretending to speak, both languages, and possessing neither the gaiety of the one nation, nor the sobriety of the other. A leaden dulness reigns here—the people hardly knowing what or where they are.

On the Abattoir, the figures 1792 are still visible; and there, too, in large black letters, is inscribed,—"Nous jurons de vivre libre, ou de mourir." Renov. 1830. "A classical irony"—observed a native gentleman, a fiery republican who accompanied me. He then led me to the Plas D'armes, ornamented with a statue of Kleber, the pride of the city, who fell by the hand of an assassin in Egypt, after he had escaped the balls of the Austrian, the Prussian, and the Mameluke—not forgetting our own.

Gütenberg has also a monument, like so many in France, a new ruin—but this of a novel kind, and doubtless one after the Abbé's own heart, shewing the power of his fraternity—the relievos having been torn down from the base, as profane, and never likely to be replaced. Hapless David!—has he had most to suffer as artist, Buonapartist, or deist?

On leaving the square, we met the band of the Chasseurs playing a lively air, at the same time that the chimes of the cathedral announced the hour of vespers. The messagerie Lafitte, with six white horses, rumbled over the wretched pavement. The noise was deafening, and rendered more dissonant as it mingled itself with the voices of troops of shopmen, artisans, mechanics, and lightly-clad nymphs, hastening on their way to Tournaire's circus, in the Marais, where some extraordinary novelty had been announced. Turning up another street to avoid this crowd, we fell in with one better dressed, eager to witness, "Napoleon, ou les cent jours," by another company, in eight tableaux,—a piece that has lasted much longer than French ones generally do, for I was present at its representation, twelve years ago in Lyons.

What shall I say more of Strasburg?—that it abounds in *gens-d'armes*—prides itself in good beer and bad tobacco—fine women—a railroad to Basle, its train the slowest in Europe, for it stops at twenty-one different stations *en route*—Strasburghers and Alsacians in continual strife—students on the best of terms with the Philesters—a handsome theatre, where they do not play in the summer, and that might as well, so badly is it attended, be closed in the winter—and last, though not least of its attractions, let me not forget yon *Terrene de fois gras*. Oh, goose-liver *pattés!* proud boast of some Lucullian feast, what a charm for epicurean souls lies in your tender forms—what inspiration—dying swans are nothing to it!—for some poor poet, who, till he visited the *table-d'hôtes* of this savoury capital, has only known you by name! How excellently well do you represent this

androgynous state!—can any better emblems than goose and truffles be imagined to suggest the ruled and the rulers?

To the left of the road on the outskirts of Strasburg, in a green, retired meadow, enamelled with flowers, lies (child of the revolution, and one of its best and noblest sons!) Desaix. A sarcophagus of grey stone covers his remains, a record of the murderous Marengo. Poor Desaix! it needed no poet's pen to immortalize thee. You perished, as the great should perish, young, at the right time. You lived not to see the days of the empire a military despotism, worse than that of the old regime—were spared the sight of your country's degradation and conquest, the knowledge of the Promethean fate of thine ambitious chief and leader—the vulture and the rock. Sleep sweetly, young hero, with Hoche, Marceau, and the brave!

The reign of terror and conscription is past; better times have succeeded, and brought with them—may it long endure!—peace, the end and aim of humanity. The plough drives its share in the blood-sodden ground, the engine drags the long train over the battle-field, the steam-boat cuts its way through the stream whose crossing cost so many lives, bearing the stranger and his gold to fertilize the lands that bound its course. Sleep softly, Desaix, and with thee rest the wild dreams of dominion and conquest!

VIRTUOUS LOVE.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

As he, long wand'ring o'er Alybia's plain,
With wearied limbs and soul depress'd with care,
Searching for palm-environ'd spring in vain,
Till fainting hope is conquer'd by despair,
Beholds the green *oasis* rise at last,
So fondly sought, and hails it with a prayer,—
A prayer of gratitude for suff'ring past,—
Conscious the hand of God is even there;
So I, a wanderer long in folly's maze,
Panting and fever'd with its poison'd track,
See, too, the hand of God in thy calm gaze,
To virtue's cooling springs to lead me back.
As lily blooming only for the sky
In some dim vale, where foot of man roves not,
So art thou, lady, in thy purity,
Once seen—once loved—never to be forgot!
Cloister'd for ever in my heart art thou,
Apart, where nought familiar may obtrude,
Sweetly restraining, like a holy vow,
To purify each thought that crime might brood.

* * * *

Oh! now my heart can sweetly understand
Virtue's ineffable and mild control!
No warring passions agitate the breast,
No shame succeeds to pleasures scarcely flown,
But ev'ry throbbing pulse is lull'd to rest,
As when a mother's song charm'd it alone.
Silent in future shall each rude tongue be,
(Or hail with fond approval my reform,)
That wagg'd in scorn and flung reproof at me.
Oh! what a calm succeeds my bosom's storm!
And this sublime tranquillity I owe—
This daring to regard mankind and God—
To an affection pure as saints might know.
Oh, heaven! canst thou diviner bliss afford?

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE FIRST.

The bright gleams of a glorious sunset were playing on the long range of building which formed the western front of Rashleigh Castle ; the Gothic casements were made resplendent by its rays, and rendered indistinct a shadow which was ever and anon passing quickly by, as Sir Gerald Danvers paced up and down his library, apparently wrapped in deep reflection.

He held a book in his hand, but his thoughts were far removed from whatever might be the subject of its pages. At that moment, his mind was a prey to the hateful feeling of envy—of envy, too, of one he loved ; and his eye, whose beauty and whose brightness had oft been compared to the eagle's proud glance, was now contracted to an angry scowl. "Have I again proved myself to be his inferior !" exclaimed he, while his hands closed on the book which he held with a firmer grasp.

The apartment in which this took place bore evidence of the wealth of its possessor. Antique and elaborately carved book-cases were fashioned round its walls, except where a panel of oak had been purposely left vacant, to receive the representation of some rich and glowing subject by the pencil of the old masters.

Over the chimney, which was high and finely sculptured, as in keeping with the general appearance of the apartment, was suspended a *chef d'œuvre* of Velasquez ; on either side were richly-wrought brackets, supporting groups in bronze from the hands of John di Bologna and the immortal Cellini ; the whole surmounted by a canopy, the panels of which were splendidly adorned with devices and armorial bearings of his ancestors. This canopy, perfect as a work of the *moyen-age*, was supported by twisted columns, entwined with wreaths of vine and ivy, the whole emblazoned with blue, red, and gold.

An Italian greyhound came bounding through an open door, and crouched at Sir Gerald's feet ; but not receiving the accustomed notice awarded him by his master, (with whom he was a pet,) he sprang up and licked the hands which were still grasping the book, as he stood motionless ; for since he had uttered the few words before recorded, he had ceased to pace the room. Sir Gerald, roused by the favourite's touch from his abstraction, but not soothed into good humour, threw the book from him impatiently, and then, instead of caressing, as was his wont, the little animal that stood gazing wistfully in his face, exclaimed, as he turned from him, "Pshaw, silly fool ! what dost thou want ?" But the current of thought was broken—the stream, which was every instant running into deeper bitterness, had met with a check, and as he approached the open window, and looked out on the glorious scene before him, his noble nature responded to its influence, and striving to banish the churlish mood in which he had been indulging, he seated himself at his writing-table, and after hastily penning a few lines, he rang, and desired a servant might be dispatched with his note to Fairlands, where his cousin was staying, and where he had that morning carried the prize from the whole neighbourhood, as the most dexterous archer ; observing, as he stooped to

caress the dog, which stood whining by his chair, "Harry's triumph must not be without my congratulation."

Sir Gerald Danvers and his cousin had been left orphans at an early age, but under very different circumstances; for the former inherited a fine and unencumbered property in the county of ——, while the latter had nothing but the remembrance of his father's military glory to be proud of. General Danvers had died young on the field of battle; his last words were a recommendation to his elder brother to take charge of his motherless boy; and from that hour Harry Danvers became domiciled at Rashleigh Castle, with his uncle and cousin. Lady Danvers had died in giving birth to her son, the present baronet, who had not attained his fourteenth year, when an imprudent leap, in riding across the country, rendered him, like his cousin, an orphan.

Though twins in their bereavements, no greater contrast could have been found than in the character of these two boys. Sir Gerald was endued with high talents, firm principles, and a devotion to truth that was inviolable; but he was diffident and retiring; while Harry Danvers was high-spirited, rash, and almost, when away from his cousin, reckless in his conduct and bearing. In due time they both went to college, much against the wish of Sir Gerald's guardian, who did not feel himself justified in appropriating so large a portion of his ward's fortune to Harry's education; but on this point Sir Gerald was firm, and declared that he would not go to Christ Church unless his cousin accompanied him.

At college, their pursuits were as widely different as they had been at Eton. While Sir Gerald applied himself closely to study, Harry's time was either engrossed by the light and thoughtless amusements of the university, or more than half of it spent on the road between London and Oxford. Rail-roads were not then in existence, and Harry Danvers had the delight of driving the four-horse coach, and making Anne Nelson's handsome bays spin along at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He was considered (and felt pride in being considered) one of the best whips of the day. On his frequent absences, and general inattention to the established rules of the college to which they belonged, Sir Gerald sometimes ventured to remark; but the rising censure was seldom uttered, some pleasantry, or some candid avowal of error on Harry's part, sent it back, and "Be a little more steady, dear Hal," was the harshest expression used by his cousin, when he had purposed to lecture him severely. But as the time for passing their examination approached, Sir Gerald became really uneasy at Harry's absences and neglect of his studies; he could not feel satisfied with the latter's assurances that he should be ready, and just as well prepared as those who droned away their lives over their books. An hour before they were to assemble at the theatre, Sir Gerald entered his cousin's room, and found him seated on the same chair and occupying the same spot as when he had left him over night. He had evidently been fagging hard the whole night, expecting to accomplish in a few hours what others had been working for months to attain. He appeared flushed and excited; and Sir Gerald sat down by him, and endeavoured at first to persuade him that it was so impossible to fulfil the task he had undertaken with any hope of

credit, that it would be far better to abandon the attempt, and postpone his examination to another term, but Harry would not hear of it. "I tell you, Gerald," exclaimed he, "I can do it—I *will* do it, if only to astonish all you book-worms." Sir Gerald next essayed to assist him in his task; but the difficulties to be overcome, and which Harry declared were no difficulties at all, but as easy as A B C, rendered him so anxious and so nervous respecting the result, that when the summons to go up to the theatre arrived, he was quite unfit to go through his own examination, and could not answer satisfactorily a single question propounded by the doctors. His tutor, who was well aware of the knowledge he really possessed, and who had only the day before examined him, and received sound and competent answers on every point upon which he now appeared ignorant, scarcely believed his senses; and stepping forward, suggested that Sir Gerald must be under the influence of illness, as he knew him to have been fully prepared for this examination, and requested that his pupil might be permitted to withdraw to an adjoining room to recover himself, and then be allowed to give written answers to the questions the doctors might wish to put. This indulgence was granted; and the result proved the tutor's opinion to have been right; for after a few moments passed alone, Sir Gerald's nerves became composed, and his written answers were so terse and vigorous, that instead of turning him back, they were enabled to give him a high degree, which they did with great pleasure; for his whole conduct at Oxford had made him admired by the principals of his college.

Sir Gerald retired from the theatre unable to enjoy his own triumph, from anxiety about his cousin. But Harry Danvers had been up—had been examined—had attained honours with a high degree—and was walking up and down Sir Gerald's room, gaily humming a favourite air, while wondering at his cousin's prolonged absence. Their meeting was perfectly characteristic. "Well, Gerald, who's afraid now? Beat them, my boy; fairly bothered them; and came off with flying colours; and but for the London coach having started, and that I don't see how I shall get up to Aunt Beauchamp's ball to-night, I should be quite content." Sir Gerald advanced quickly, and shaking his cousin by the hand, said, "Harry—my dear Harry—I give you joy; how delighted I am to hear this!" while tears of pleasure were standing in his eyes.

When their college-life was finished, Sir Gerald wished that they should make an extensive tour through Europe; but this arrangement was overruled by Mr. Hamilton, who, while he encouraged Sir Gerald's wish to travel, pointed out to Harry Danvers the imprudence of his not making choice of some profession, and seriously considering by what means he might render himself independent of his cousin.

Mr. Hamilton made use of this expression without any intention of offending or hurting Harry's feelings. It was so well known that General Danvers had died without a shilling, bequeathing his boy to his brother's care, that he could not suppose it required any temporizing language to make the repetition of this fact palatable to the young men. But to both of them it was most painful. Sir Gerald felt indignant that his cousin should be reminded that there was a difference in their positions, when his own daily study had been to prevent the

intrusion of such a thought from saddening or ruffling Harry's brow. And the proud and high-spirited youth to whom it was addressed appeared to wake in an instant from the rich and golden dream of pleasure which had till then been the sole occupation of his life, to feel that he had been a dependant.

It was a difficult moment for the two cousins; neither spoke, and yet the breast of each seemed bursting with the varied and painful feelings Mr. Hamilton's speech had awakened, while he, good man, in his straightforward and business-like tone, again broke the painful silence by asking, "Why should you not turn soldier? Your father's bravery is still remembered, and his name could not fail to make friends for you among those who knew and valued him for what he was—a good and brave man."

"I will not be a soldier, Mr. Hamilton," replied Harry, "because choice does not lead me to the profession of arms, and because it is at best but a slow and uncertain road to wealth (and that must be my aim), or my father's services would have precluded his son from *dependence;*" and there was a haughty curl of the lip, a flashing of the eye, as young Danvers dwelt on this word, that seemed to strike a dagger in his cousin's sensitive and affectionate heart.

"Do not, I beseech you," said he, "talk in this strain, my dear Harry. What can there be like dependence between us, unless, indeed, it be that we depend on each other's affection for our happiness. Such, at least, is my feeling, Harry; and if you would not make the accidental event of the money being considered mine by law appear a curse instead of a blessing, you will share it with me, and never remember more than I shall, that it is less what the world may call your right than it is mine."

Harry, whose heart was kind in its nature, and warm in all its impulses, could not resist this affectionate appeal; and the cousins embraced with all the apparent warmth which had ever existed between them. But their position was no longer the same; Mr. Hamilton had already, though unintentionally, destroyed the charm which in boyhood had attached them; Sir Gerald was more than ever intent on his cousin's being a participator in all his enjoyments; but every now and then Harry's haughty look made him feel timid in pressing those bounties upon him. Harry was often absent from home; and by accident Sir Gerald learnt that much of his time was spent at Mr. Hamilton's, of whom he had himself seen little since the conversation above related, when he had felt both angry and provoked at his rough interference.

Some weeks after this occurrence, Mr. Hamilton waited on Sir Gerald to detail a plan which had been suggested by him, assented to by Harry Danvers, and only waited for his (Sir Gerald's) aid to be carried into effect. "It will be a large advance of capital, with some little risk," said he; "but it will, I think, be the making of the youth, who no longer wishes to remain in a state of idleness and dependence."

"Dependence!" interrupted Sir Gerald; "again that horrid word! For God's sake, my dear sir, what could have induced you to vex me and hurt my cousin's feelings by the mention of a word so little in accordance with the delicacy of our relative positions?"

"Why did I mention it?" replied Mr. Hamilton—"why, because I

was in hopes it might lead to the happy result it has had; that it might make an idle and well-nigh spoilt young man reflect on his actual position, and turn the talents he possesses to some better account than coach-driving, horse-racing, and such like pursuits; not to say anything of the ignoble appellation of being his rich cousin's toady."

"No one could say so," impatiently exclaimed Sir Gerald—"no one who knew Harry's proud and noble heart would dare apply such a word to him. It must have been evident to all, that Harry was and is my superior in everything save in the possession of that wealth you are determined to make me hate."

"You are mistaken, Sir Gerald," interrupted Mr. Hamilton; "few people are disposed to give others credit for more moral courage than they are themselves possessed of; and as few circumstanced like Harry would have dared to brave the rich cousin, no one imagined he did so; and it suited not my regard for his late father to hear the son thus spoken of. I see," continued he, "that you are displeased with me, my dear young friend, and I must be content to bear that displeasure till time shall have convinced you that I am right, and that it was with a view to benefit you both that I ventured to snap the silken cord of pleasure which made you and Harry inseparable. At this moment a lucrative and honourable situation in a mercantile house is open to his acceptance; but he will require the loan of 10,000*l.* to enable him to undertake it. Have I your sanction, Sir Gerald, to make arrangements for such loan to be granted by you to your cousin?"

"No, sir," replied Sir Gerald; "I will have no loan made to my cousin, but I shall take care my bankers write to his credit any sum he may require."

"He will not accept it but as a loan, Sir Gerald; the youth has too much of his noble father's blood in his veins for this; and why should you, because you are possessed of wealth, imagine that poverty is without its pride and its wilfulness?"

LINES TO ——.

SENT WITH A PRESENTATION COPY OF ANSTER'S XENIOLA.

BY EDWARD KENEALY.

This book that I send thee was giv'n me in days
When my heart like thine own was as fresh as the flowers,
When Pleasure threw round me her roses like rays,
And Life seem'd a journey through gardens and bowers;
But years have pass'd on, and my spirit no more
Wears that bloom of enjoyment, but tearfully sees,
Like some exile whose bark moves away from the shore,
The fondly-loved landscapes fade off by degrees.

As it hath been with me, so it shall be with all—
And haply thou, too, mayst in moments of gloom
The image of pleasures departed recal
That charm'd thee in days like the present of bloom.
If thou shouldst, let these "love-gifts," bestow'd by thy friend,
Bring to mem'ry his words breathed in days of the past—
"That beauty of face shall alone have an end,
But beauty of heart shall survive to the last."

A FEW WORDS WITH OUR ANCESTORS.*

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"*The foremost dog catches the hare.*" Answer, oh! ye of the Past, whose wisdom first proclaimed it, is this quite true in the Present?

There is a principle which, like the world whereof it smacks, is "too much with us;" it accounts the foremost dog a divinity, and the rest of the pack poor devils. We vote the first runner the prize before he wins it, and pronounce the second in the chase to be "nowhere." Now, foremost dogs—if the truth may be reverentially acknowledged in the teeth of a proverb—are very apt to miss their hares. That is a better proverb which defines the difference between Brag and Holdfast. Many a foremost dog before now has pursued the "go-ahead" principle, until nothing has been visible of him but his hind-legs with his tail between them.

It is possible to go a little too far in following a darling object. Be it one of love, ambition, hatred, or revenge, the ardour of pursuit often carries us far beyond it. Have it we will; we devote every corporal agent to the chase; we start with a soul "all legs and wings," and the whole world is lagging behind us; when lo! just as the living prize is panting within reach—just as the glory, to secure which we have strained life itself to outstrip every competitor, is exclusively our own—all, all ours—whish-sh! we go by it; carried forward by the force of our own accumulated energies, the daring and impetuous impulses we have set in motion, without the slightest power of stopping until it is too late. Faster than a mail-train on a railway in fairyland, have we shot past the precious prize, the creature of our too-eager and over-heated desires, pursued but to be overtaken, overtaken but to be outstripped. There is no situation more galling than this, or more ridiculous; at the same time there is none more common.

Is it not absurd to a degree bordering on the sublime, to see the leader of the wild chase, at the very instant when the game should be in his clutch, shooting helplessly, hopelessly, a-head of it—borne along, self-defeated, while his cooler competitor comes up at his leisure and catches the hare? Still it is a very ordinary every-day spectacle.

It is wise to give encouragement to the exertions by which success in competition is to be attained; but it is unwise, for it is unjust, to give all to the foremost because he *is* foremost, without waiting for the issue, or observing how followers run.

No failures or disasters attendant upon overshooting the mark will ever cure people of their fond reliance upon foremost dogs, to the prejudice of the zealous, emulous, and gallant pack, who are often in less danger of failing, and nearer to the mark by the exact distance they

* The most quaint and original of modern wits, Charles Lamb, was the first, perhaps, in his series of "Popular Fallacies," to attack the ancient proverbs of the language—to question the sanctity of their bold assumptions, to pluck their venerable perukes, and exhibit the baldness beneath. The present writer, in the periodical wherein that series appeared, at a modest distance as became him, followed up the subject, lengthening the list of fallacies (so considered, whether in gaiety or gravity) by a score; but there still remain a few which, if they have escaped "the question" hitherto, merit it equally with their dissected brethren. These he proposes to bring up for judgment.

seem from it. The deceiver goes on, day by day, taking his unreluctant oath, and proving too much by half, yet deceiving still; while the plain-dealing disciple of sincerity with a simple affirmation on his lip, carries no weight because he has so little to say. It is soon settled that *he* is not to win, because he is modestly behind.

When the world's "foremost dog" plunges at full speed into a dubious canal-scheme, or enters, with straining nerves, upon a ruinous line of railroad, can it be said that he is in the act of catching his hare! We see him springing forward, the first in the throng, to join a bubble-company, to dabble in foreign loans, to start an extra-opposition steamer, or to secure, with superhuman sagacity, some forged exchequer-bills on fortune-making terms; and the world halloos on its duller dogs, and cries, "See what it is to be foremost!"

Is there a lottery all prizes? he buys up half the tickets on the first day. Is there a project for paving the streets of the moon with wood? he negotiates for the earliest shares. Is there a plan for neutralizing earthquakes, and rendering avalanches beneficial on the principle of the sliding-scale? he is chosen chairman of the board of directors. Is there a steeple-chase, involving a leap from the Goodwin-sands to Tenderden-church? he is at the head of the mad mob. In short, is there a neck to be broken? it is his.

The foremost dog is the representative of the early bird, who is proverbially said to "pick up the worm." We have no sympathy with these early birds who are asleep before dinner, and only half awake at anytime. They always fancy that they have turned their day to good account if they have but seen it break. Their maxim is, not to make hay while the sun shines, but only to make sure of seeing him rise. They are up so soon, that they have always plenty of time and to spare—for doing nothing. They begin with the beginning, and think they have then done all. So entirely self-satisfied are they in the reflection that they are early birds, that they look upon every other bird in the forest as a lost sheep. No peacock so vain-glorious as the early bird; he deems himself a shining character, like Phœbus, because he was up as soon. He is paradoxical, and argues that all who rise late, soon go down in the world.

"It is the early bird," he cries, "who picks up the worm." But he never waits to hear the memorable answer to this argument, "More fool the worm for being up so soon." By this it at once becomes manifest, that early rising, if good for one class is bad for another. So the foremost dog, oftentimes, instead of catching his hare is caught in a snare.

Again, is it not written in the book of the Sheridans, of Tom the son of Richard Brinsley, when the purse of guineas was picked up in Piccadilly, at seven in the morning, that as the elder said, "See, Tom, in the finding of the purse the advantage of being up soon;" the younger rejoined, "True; but the man who lost it must have been up sooner." In like manner is the foremost dog a frequent loser by being foremost.

It is also recorded in the annals of Jemmy Wood the Rich, that when that early bird, arriving at his banking-house ere the shutters were fairly opened in the morning, happened to cash a bill before the clerks came, he boasted of being foremost—of having turned a profit

of fifteen shillings while the clock was striking nine! "Ah!" returned the cautious old cashier, who had hung his hat up at exactly two minutes past, "Ah! sir, the race is not always given to the swift, nor the hare to the foremost dog; had you but paused, and spent a minute in examining the list of bills behind you, you would have seen that the one you have cashed was stopped!" The hares caught by some of our foremost dogs have terribly sharp teeth, and bite harder than their captors.

We should pity the mistakes and reverses of these foremost dogs, and wish better luck to their undeniable zeal and activity, if they were a little more tolerant and charitable towards the fairer but less fortunate strugglers whom they temporarily outstrip. But we see them bent only upon "getting on," no matter at what or at whose expense. They seize on every accidental advantage, and freely place it to the account of their own astonishing merits; while they attribute all the disasters of a competitor to his ill-deserts, and affect to look upon the obstacles which rise unceasingly in his way as direful and angry judgments. We see amidst the stern reality of the contention, the hollowness of the powers to which success is promised—the showy qualities which seldom wear well—the dash, the trick, the cleverness that turns everything to account, and the spirit of enterprise that carries everything before it—until it fails! And then it remains for us to note, that the foremost dog, though he started so well, has not caught the hare at last; he has only succeeded, too often, in impeding better pursuers of the game, and preventing their hard, constant, long-sustained but unadmired efforts from being effectually cheered on to a more timely triumph and a worthier reward.

"*Birds of a feather flock together.*" Much that is incontrovertibly true in the letter, is absolutely false in spirit. Read this ancestral *ipse dixit* according to the spirit, and we may ask, with little expectation of an answer, "In what wood? On what moor? Nay, on what duck-pond?" Birds, in the sense thus figuratively conveyed, flock not together if they can help it. Though of feather identical, their paths are divergent, so long as they are unconstrained, and can enjoy delight with liberty.

But in a cage, or a sparrow-trap, the whole case is different. So with men. In the debtor's prison, and on the felon's wheel, birds of a feather may doubtless be said to flock. In barracks or on ship-board, in a union-workhouse or Westminster Hall in term-time, the same thing may happen; so in many other places; but still with considerable qualification, even here.

For in the debtor's prison, and on the felon's wheel, how can we say, unqualifiedly, that "birds of a feather" flock? All are criminals here—all debtors there; so far there are only two classes; but in each of these there are fifty classes. No two blades of grass, no two speeches from the throne, no two peas, no two French operas, are exactly alike; how much wider and more curious a difference might the nicely observing eye detect between any two debtors whom it might challenge for scrutiny! The shades of difference are more numerous than the grains of Time's stock of sand in these latter days. Greater still, perhaps, is the distinction between one felon and another; nicer,

and more wonderful, and more infinite, the degrees of that consanguinity in guilt which enables us to class them unceremoniously as birds of a feather. Like the soldier in barracks, the pauper in the poor-house, they resemble each other on one single point—one only, and differ on ten thousand. Soldiers, merely by measuring upwards of five feet ten, may be voted all alike; paupers, simply by occupying the lowest place on the social scale, may be deemed one and the same; but there ends the likeness.

But if we enter the world, and observe the habits of its classed multitudes who are more free to come and go—to part company and choose for themselves—we find that the rule of companionship among birds of a feather rarely holds good even in a qualified degree. To begin with the highest objects—the crowned heads. Where is the flocking together, save once in a century, at a congress! To sink down to a stage only one above the lowest,—who ever heard of executioners particularly affecting one another's company.

Take the case of an intervening class—more illustrious than kings, and more expert in decapitation than the headsman—the wits. Do they love to congregate and commune—to flock together and fraternize? Where is their aerial meeting-house, their star-roofed temple of exclusiveness? An omnibus on that road, to set us down within earshot, near the keyhole, would be worth the starting. But the truth is, they rarely meet at all, even in twos and threes. You find them thinly scattered to make up a shew at the sumptuous tables of the rich; but never in full cluster round the temperate board of intellect and learning. There is good reason for this. When they meet together by chance, two, three, or seven, they cease to be wits. They are all dumb as Fear. They have encountered at once their keenest critics and most dangerous competitors. The presence of each one, confounds the rest. The concentrated lustre of the audience so outshines the individual lustre of him who would address it, that selfish concern takes the place of sociality, and not a mouth is opened—but to eat. When the wits disperse, however, they find fit audiences, and are wits again. They talk now, because they feel that the rewarding laugh will not be checked either by the manufacture of a joke in return, or by envy at success. The birds migrate, each for himself and Apollo for all—and every feathered flutterer of the flock becomes once more bold as

> "————— the bird of Jove,
> With thunder in his train."

A pleasant story was related the other day by a foreign correspondent of the *Morning Post*. The Pope's Nuncio was introduced lately to a very distinguished circle of the wits; and having sat with thirsty ears, in a scene of the dreariest dulness, until dinner was nearly over, he addressed to his next neighbour, in a flattering and anxious whisper, this pertinent inquiry—"*When do you begin?*"

Physicians flock together, no doubt—at a consultation; just as lawyers are compelled to do for disputation's sake; but this argues nothing for their love of companionship. The several parties are as attached to each other, as the man of physic would be to the company of his deceased patient, or the man of law to the society of his penniless client.

Whatever kings may do, ministers must flock together; but then it

may be asked—are they always birds of a feather? Or rather, do we not see, at least once in a century, met within the same treasury-nest, the cuckoo and the jackdaw, the kite and the dove—sometimes even the little tom-tit perched on the folded wing of an eagle? Their compulsory flocking is no impeachment of the rule we are maintaining, which pre-supposes the operation of a "voluntary principle" of companionship.

Of the statesmen and legislators who are untrammelled by cabinet regulations, how few habitually flock together and associate. Take the birds of a feather. Do the most consistent and honourable men "row altogether in the same boat?" No, for they are to be found on every side of the house, contending with each other on opposite benches. Do the turncoats? Not at all; they are quite as variously situated, and never sit together. But what we call Whigs, migrate with Whigs? and Tories flock to Tories? No, not so; it often happens that a member of one party has no personal or family associates but in the ranks of his antagonists; that a red mixes in pleasant acquaintanceship with the blues, while a blue rarely encounters one of his own colour except in the public arena.

There is another and not less important class similarly characterized. Fancy, for one moment, an assemblage of editors—an editorial flocking together, to discuss the topics of the day, or the state of the nation!—a commingling of pens in one grand literary plume! From the hour in which the first goose was plucked, the world has witnessed no example of such a unity in feathership. We have heard often enough of the mighty, the earth-changing influences which must result from the cordial union of all literary men upon a given point;—they would lift up the globe, star-high, if they were but to join hands—to flock together; but then there are two slight obstacles, for the given point is never settled, and the union never happens.

In mercantile circles, there is no greater propensity to flock. Buyers, happily, are not all congregated in one quarter of the world, and sellers in another. All the rope-makers do not pair off in one line, and hang together; all the tailors do not cut themselves out for exclusives; if we visit a hosier, we are not astonished at finding a silversmith in company; nor at a wine-merchant's table do we expect to hear each of the guests successively remarking, "I have some hock equal to this at seventy-two," and "You should taste my sherry at fifty-six." These sensible people well know that "two of a trade" are not the most agreeable company, and they shake their feathers for a flight in an opposite direction.

A habit of flocking together would be an unprofitable one to money-lenders, who in that case must draw lots, like shipwrecked mariners, to decide which should be the miserable martyr to the wants of the rest—which should undergo the fearful penalty of borrowing cash from his brethren for their relief in that trying extremity. But borrowers contracting such a habit would be still worse off; they could only lend one another their ears, and exchange blank acceptances not negotiable.

The flocking-practice, however, is generally thought to be a favourite one with thieves; but this is, in a great measure, a mistake. Thieves can scarcely be seen by anybody in gangs until they become convicts. True, we say they swarm; but that is because we find them

in all parts of the town. If they did not disperse, and scatter themselves over a wide space, we should have them collecting into a dense multitude, preying upon themselves, and panting for the accustomed fingering of honest pockets. In this forlorn predicament, they could but ply their trade after the fashion of the two immortal professors of Fielding, where the Count packs the cards though aware that Mr. Wild has no money to pay his losses, while Mr. Wild is unable to keep his hands out of the Count's pockets, though apprized by experience of their emptiness. Thieves can only be said to flock together on the presumption that the world is crammed so full of them, there is actually no room for them to separate.

Are beggars in a plight essentially dissimilar? Too much sympathy for each other, too much of each other's company, would ruin them. Thirsty travellers never seek about for dry wells; nor does the most eloquent of beggars address one word of his affecting appeal to Charity, if Charity have left her purse at home. Still less would the practised petitioner for an alms supplicate the brother who begs. There is honour among thieves—and beggars.

Where then are the human birds who, of the same feather, flock together? We know not where to look for them, except in a genuine English party, highly genteel and respectable, while waiting for dinner, or early in the evening—a party of remarkably pleasant people, who have the misfortune to be chiefly strangers to each other. There, until a sufficient time to melt the ice (two hours) has elapsed, the flocking principle is frequently predominant—the ladies being all clustered on one side of the room, looking roses, but thinking thorns—and the gentlemen huddled together on the other, discussing the weather, the Derby, the corn-market, or the new ballet.

THE THREE TRIALS.

A LEGEND OF THE BLACK FOREST.

BY MISS SKELTON.

It was late in the evening when the Bishop of Salzburg entered the hall of his palace, where his knights and men-at-arms sat carousing round a board laden with goodly viands and flagons of sparkling wine. His countenance was troubled, and in his hand he held an open letter.

"Is there one among you, my valiant knights and men-at-arms, who will mount and ride to-night, and do my bidding at the camp of my good brother, the Catholic Duke?"

There was silence for a brief space. Then many spoke—"The way is through the Black Forest, and this is an eve on which the demons have double power."

"I know it, my children; but it is a holy errand, and I will give my blessing ere departure, and a rich reward on return, to whomsoever will dare to go."

Then out spake a young and handsome knight, the gallant Hubert von Alstein—"I will go, your grace; and with your blessing, and my own good sword, will fear nor man nor fiend."

"Well said, my son, thou wast ever a brave youth. Follow me to my chamber, and thou shalt have full instructions." And the Bishop left the hall.

Now when the young knight made the offer, many others had also come forward, and expressed their wishes to try the adventure, but Hubert had first spoken, and was therefore chosen; nor would he accept of partner or companion in the dangerous enterprise.

So he ascended to the Bishop's chamber, to receive his full instructions. And the Bishop said—"Here is a sealed packet; deliver it with thine own hand, to our noble brother, the Catholic Duke, and bring me back a reply, ere noon to-morrow. Here is also a relic, a fragment of the true cross, brought from the Holy Land, attached to a golden chain seven times forged, and blessed by his holiness the Pope. Bind it round thy neck, and hold it to thy bosom. Now take my blessing, and with these and thine own good sword, thou mayst pass unscathed through the fires of Tophet."

The young knight bent the knee, and received with reverence the benediction of the Bishop.

Then Hubert's trusty steed was brought forth, and he mounted him; yet ere he rode from the court-yard, he stayed beneath a low window, barely five feet from the ground, where a light glimmered through closed lattices and encroaching vine leaves. He struck lightly on the casement; it quickly opened, and a fair face and neck appeared from the narrow aperture.

"Ah! Hubert," said the maiden, "whither so late, and on so wild a night?"

"My errand is wilder than the night, fairest. I go to the camp of the Duke, with letters from his grace, your right reverend uncle."

"The saints protect us! Hubert, you will not surely tempt the dangers of the Black Forest to-night?"

"Nay, Lilla, I must go; and will claim a rich reward should I return—and return I *shall*, for I have been blessed by the Bishop, and carry with me a precious relic—a fragment of the true cross. But this is lingering—I should be on my road; one kiss, Lilla, and pray for me till I come again."

So Lilla gave him *one kiss*, and many beside; and with tears and entreaties that he would run no needless dangers, she saw him depart.

Hubert rode cheerily on as long as he continued in the open country, but it needed all his courage to enable him to keep up his spirits as he plunged into the gloomy forest. However, it was too late to retreat, so he said an Ave, pressed the relic to his bosom, and urged his horse into a gallop.

The road grew gloomier and more intricate as he proceeded along it, and he had accomplished about a mile, when the trampling of a steed behind him caused him to look back, and he beheld a knight close behind him, mounted on an ebon-coloured charger, and clad in black armour, having on his helmet a large carbuncle which diffused a mysterious glimmer around.

"Good even," said the stranger; "we have a rough ride before us: whither are you bound?"

"To the camp of the Duke, with dispatches," replied Hubert.

"Strange!" ejaculated the black knight; "we ride on the same

errand. I, too, bear dispatches to the Duke, and from a holy prelate, the Bishop of Salzburg."

"Do you not fear the demons who throng these woods?" inquired Hubert.

"I have a sure protection," replied the black knight; "the Bishop blessed me, and gave me a fragment of the true cross."

"Another strange coincidence!" exclaimed Hubert; "I, too, have a similar relic, and am armed with a like benediction."

The black knight laughed, and his laugh was echoed by a thousand mocking noises, while forms, indistinct and ghastly, flitted between the trees, and crossed their path.

"Holy Virgin, save us!" exclaimed Hubert, crossing himself.

"Cease this mummery," said the strange knight; "are you a priest, that you can do nought but pray? If you fear the phantoms, kiss your relic, and all will be well."

"I do not fear them," answered Hubert, stoutly; but he nevertheless drew the relic from his bosom, and pressed it devoutly to his lips.

"Let me see this precious fragment, and I will shew you mine," said the black knight. And they compared the two by the light of the carbuncle, and found them precisely alike.

"I have a strange fancy that we should exchange relics as a token of brotherhood," pursued the black knight. "Will you consent?"

"Nay, good knight," said Hubert, "I may not part with so precious a gift, even though yours may be equal to it in sanctity. Let each retain his own."

"Now I look again, mine is larger than yours, and has a nail within it, which yours has not; therefore I should lose by the exchange," said the black knight, sarcastically. "Disengage the chain from your neck that we may compare them more closely."

"Nay, I part with it not, even for one moment. If you can see it thus, as I hold it forth, well and good,—but it leaves me not."

The black knight stooped to look at the relic, at the same time tendering his own to Hubert's inspection; then, as Hubert also leaned forward, he made a hasty snatch at the chain, and almost succeeded in breaking it; but the links, seven times forged, and blessed by the Pope, proved true to their trust, as Hubert's strong hand did to its hold of the treasure. The black knight was forced, with a deep execration, to release his prey, while Hubert exclaimed—"Avaunt, foul fiend! in the name of all the saints!" As these words were spoken, the black knight dashed his spurs into his horse, from whose nostrils issued volumes of flame and smoke, and plunged into the thick covert of the forest, while all around rang with shrieks of wild, unearthly laughter.

Hubert stared around him in astonishment; then kissing his talisman, he replaced it in his bosom, felt that the Bishop's letters were safe, and resumed his route.

The forest was once more tranquil; the moon shone out; the red light which had occasionally gleamed in the direction of the sound, amid the trees, died away; the cries and shrieks were lost in the distance.

He had ridden, perchance, another mile, when a voice plaining in distress, broke upon his ears. So piteous were the tones that he instantly dismounted; and leading his horse, forced his way through the

thicket. He had not proceeded far, before he came to an open space, where, bound to a tree, he descried a venerable looking old man, whose robes of purple and ermine proclaimed him an ecclesiastic of the highest order; near him, was a mule, also tied to a tree, and a dead body, apparently that of a man-at-arms, lying with its face downwards.

"Oh! my son, help!—help, and pity!" cried the old man.

"Holy father, whence this plight?—how may I assist you?" cried Hubert, unbinding him.

"My son, I am the Archbishop of Cologne, and have been grievously beaten and wounded by robbers or evil beings, I know not which. Journeying through this forest to visit the Bishop of Salzburg, with four retainers, and two sumpter mules, I was attacked as I have described, and should have perished, but for your assistance. The body on the ground before you is one of my followers; the others fled, the robbers took my sumpter mules, and all my wealth. Their miscreant leader even carried off a piece of the true cross, which I valued more than all the rest, and which I was about to compare with a similar fragment possessed by my brother, the Bishop of Salzburg."

"That accounts for the relic in the possession of the fiend," thought Hubert. "Mount your mule, holy father, and ride with me to the camp of the great Duke, where you will find protection; and on the morrow, an escort to the Bishop."

"I thank you, my son!—but first, let me pray, and thank the saints for my deliverance. So good a knight as you are must have a crucifix about you."

"I have no crucifix," replied Hubert; "but I have the very fragment of the true cross, alluded to by your grace, which has been confided to me by the Bishop of Salzburg."

"That were better than all," cried the Archbishop. "Lend it me, my son, that I may profit by its virtue."

"Here is the relic, most holy Archbishop," replied Hubert, "but I may not part with it. I will hold it in my hand, while you pray."

Scarcely had the Archbishop put knee to ground, when, seeing Hubert's attention for the moment distracted, he sprang up, and seizing the relic, attempted to take possession of it; but again Hubert's good fortune prevailed, and enabled him to overthrow the deceiver, who, uttering a piercing shriek, which was answered by the same yells and cries as had before been heard, fell to the ground, and changed instantly into a corpse, his robes becoming the loathsome habiliments of the grave, his goodly person, benign countenance, and venerable white hairs, a mass of corruption. Hubert started in horror; then turned to the body of the pretended retainer, and saw that it had also become a skeleton, while the mule, which had been fastened to a tree, had vanished.

Congratulating himself on his second escape, Hubert again kissed the relic, and having regained the path, proceeded on his journey.

He met with no further adventure, until he had well-nigh gained the outskirts of the forest, when he heard fearful shrieks behind him, and his name called forth in well-known accents. Turning, he saw his beloved Lilla flying wildly after him, her hair unbound, her robes loose and disordered, pursued by a whole host of evil beings.

"Oh, Hubert! save me—save me!" she shrieked.

"Lilla, dearest! what do you here?" cried Hubert, catching her round the waist, and seating her before him on his steed. "Do not tremble, Lilla, you are safe now. But in the name of wonder, how came you here?"

"I know not," she cried, faintly. "I was dragged from my chamber by demons. But spur on your steed, or we shall be taken."

"Fear not," replied Hubert. "Cling closely, and we shall soon be safe. The demons are already giving up the chase. They fear the relic—ha! ha!"

Lilla twined her arms round his neck, and laid her head on his bosom; but every moment she started and shrank, as if in pain, and moaned feebly. When he inquired the cause of her uneasiness, she again crept close to him, and appeared for a time composed. Suddenly, she raised her head, and said, "You are wounded, Hubert, I know it; let me open your vest, and stanch your wound. You bleed, Hubert—you bleed!"

Hubert laughed. "Not so, dearest," he said; "I have received no wound."

But Lilla persisted; she succeeded in opening his vest, all the while caressing him into forgetfulness of his duty, till, in an unguarded moment, she grasped the relic, and at the same time attempted to slide from the horse. But Hubert again conquered. Drawing his dagger, without heeding her prayers and wiles, he severed her hand at the wrist, and flung her from the saddle. She fell to the earth, and glided across the road in the likeness of a beautiful serpent, painted with a thousand colours, and having a crest of gold; and leaving, as she disappeared among the underwood, a shining track of mingled flame and blood. The severed hand fell from the rescued relic, and took the form of a fiendish claw.

This was the last essay of the demons. Hubert arrived safely at the camp of the great Duke, and ere the following noon was again in the presence of the Bishop of Salzburg.

"Well hast thou done, young knight; and many thanks do I owe thee," cried the Bishop. "Thou hast saved me many a rood of goodly land, and many a broad golden crown. Thou hast borne many trials and perils, but thou hast won a rich reward. What dost thou ask? A place among the emperor's guards? or a fort upon the frontiers under thine own command? or a rich estate, with gold to furnish thy castle?"

"Oh, mighty Bishop!" replied Hubert, prostrating himself before the prelate; "there is a treasure greater than all these, that I would fain possess. It is the Lady Lilla—thy fair niece—for a bride."

Then the Bishop's brow grew dark; but Lilla stepped forward, and knelt beside her lover; and they were so lovely—so noble a pair, that he could not say them nay. So he joined their hands, and gave the bride a noble dowry. And she and Hubert lived a life of unclouded happiness and love, and left behind them many princely sons and gentle daughters to inherit their mother's beauty and their father's fame.

THE LOSS OF THE TIGRIS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The two steamers, named after the rivers they first navigated—the *Euphrates* and the *Tigris*, were wending their way down the "Great River," skimming the liquid tide with the buoyancy of feathers on the breeze, and manned by right gallant hearts, cheered by a then unclouded prospect of success. So exquisite was the build of these two steamers—so firmly were their segments riveted — so correct their proportions, and their forms so advantageous and nautilus-like, that scarcely anything appeared capable of impeding or preventing their progress.

Saturday, May 21st, 1836, was a beautiful sunshiny morning. The stream was wide and deep, unimpeded by islands or shoals—and, with the exception of a ridge of rocks, known to the Arabs as the Hadjar Is Geria, and from their situation on a low alluvial plain, probably the remains of an ancient stone bridge—there did not occur any obstacles in the whole course of that day's navigation.

About four or five miles above this rocky passage, and at half-past ten in the morning, the steamers came to, along side the left bank of the river, to barter for some dry wood, which the natives had placed on the bank, and were disposed to part with.

An extensive plain of low grassy lands advancing beyond the marble white cliffs of Irzah (vulgo, Ezra), causes the river to recede at this point considerably to the westward; while the plain itself is separated from the cliffs by a channel derived from the parent stream, called Musah by the Arabs, and corresponding to the Masca of Xenophon. Fragments and traces of ancient buildings are met with on this plain, but still more so on the neighbouring heights, which belong to the site designated as Corsote, by the historian of the Anabasis. Balbi compared their extent to that of Cairo, and said that it took his boat a whole day to encompass them, although aided by the current; a statement which Rauwolf subsequently reduced to one half, a reduction still not sufficient to meet the truth.

The name of Irzah, or Ezra, handed down by tradition, appears to claim for these ruins importance in the Jewish annals. There are, indeed, many probabilities that this was one of the numerous quarters, to which, like Tel mella, Tel harsa, Sura, &c., the Israelites were led during their captivity. It was one of those lonely spots in the wilderness, where the beautiful daughters of Israel, hanging their unstrung harps upon the boughs of the white poplars (willows is a mistake), and refusing their haughty victor's command, (to use the version of the late Lord Wellesley:—)

> "——to sing the Lord's song, in a strange clime,
> And chant the holy hymn to heathen ears;
> Down by Euphrates' side they sat and wept
> In sorrow mute, but not to memory dead."

It retained the name of their great leader, who, favoured by the mission from Artaxerxes, collected on the river Ahava (Masca?) the offerings of the captive tribes, to complete the building of the temple commenced under Cyrus; and who proclaimed a fast at the same place, to

ensure a right way and a safe one, across the great desert that lay between them and Jerusalem.

The men without bondage—the same offspring of Ishmael who rendered the desert insecure in the time of Ezra, now stood upon the river banks, wondering what magic brought those steamers there; and connecting with their presence the interpretation of a mysterious prophecy, familiar to themselves, "When iron shall swim, Islamism shall fall;" and which the events of the same day, led them to believe was opposed and thwarted by the wrathful dispensations of their own Allah.

At half-past one, p.m., the loading of the wood being completed, and the men having dined, the two steamers left the bank together, and proceeded down the river; the Tigris leading the way about one hundred and fifty yards a-head. The wind was blowing gently from the S.E., or up the river, immediately against us, but only sufficient to ripple the water. After we had proceeded a short distance, a dark mass of cloud was observed on the horizon to the N.W.; but as the sky had been much overcast for some days the appearance was not at first considered important. The cloud, however, continued to advance with rapidity, and as it approached, breasted the surface of the desert. The awning of both vessels was immediately furled, anchors got ready, and other preparations made for meeting the approaching portentous storm.

In a quarter of an hour after we had started, the sky to the N.W. assumed an appearance which we had never before witnessed, and which was awful and terrific in the extreme. A dense black arch of clouds stretched across the horizon in that direction, and the space underneath the arch was filled up with a body of dust of a brownish orange colour, whirling round, and at the same time advancing towards us with fearful rapidity.

Colonel Chesney had been for a few days on board the Tigris, which was thus, for the time being, the flag-ship, and those on board the Euphrates began to look out with deep anxiety for the signal to anchor; but at this very moment, we were passing over the rocks of Isgeria, which made it difficult, if not impossible, to secure to the bank on either side.

The south wind had now become very light, and was for a moment nearly calm, indicating a change, when the Tigris having cleared the rocks, made a signal to secure to the banks as quickly as possible, and at the same time we perceived that she was rounding to, for the left bank. The Euphrates followed her path as nearly as possible. At this moment, the hurricane came on us from the desert—a warm dry wind, laden with the fragrance of the aromatic plants of the wilderness, and followed in a few instants, by a tremendous blast of wind, with some rain in large drops. The crash broke upon us like Heaven's own artillery, and the hurricane seemed as if bent upon hurling both steamers at once to the bottom of the foaming river.

At the same time, the Tigris struck the bank, and two of her people leaped on shore, with a rope to secure her, as was usual in bringing up; but being thrown from the bank by the recoil, the wind caught the starboard, or wrong side of her bow, and not only drove her off with great violence, but also caused her to drift down upon the Euphrates, so that both vessels would inevitably have come into collision, had not the commander of the latter, with admirable prompti-

tude, backed the paddles, at the risk of losing command of the steerage of his own vessel. Providentially, the Tigris, leaving the two men ashore, passed clear before the Euphrates had quite lost her head-way, so that the paddles of the latter being again turned ahead, she gained the bank with difficulty, but happily without recoil. Instantly, Captain Charlewood was on shore, followed by several men bearing a hawser and light anchor; within a few seconds, another anchor and chain cable had been got ashore, and these were followed rapidly by a third, the engines were at the same time kept going at full power, and the vessel was thus happily secured. Not so with the poor Tigris! After she was blown from the bank, the engines were worked at full power, and every effort was made to turn her bow to the bank; one anchor was let go, but the heel of the vessel made it impossible to get another out. Lower down, another attempt was made, but equally in vain. To go down with the stream was impossible, as in the total darkness the windings of the river could not be seen, and she must have run right ashore, and the wind, which was tearing the boards from off the paddle-boxes like shreds of paper, making it impossible to stand without holding by something, drove her upon her broadside, so that the engines became powerless, while the waves, rising to the height of four or five feet, dashed in through the windows. Every one made attempts, but ineffectually, to keep out the water; and two native servants continued so employed till they perished.

The fate of the vessel was soon decided. She began to fill fast, and every one came upon deck, with the exception of the engineer and his assistant, who remained in the engine-room until the water was more than knee deep, and the two natives previously mentioned. The fore part of the deck was under water when Captain Lynch came to report to the Colonel that the Tigris was sinking. The word was then passed for every one to save himself. At this instant, a momentary gleam of light faintly shewed the bank, at the distance of some twenty to thirty feet, and as there seemed every probability that the stern would touch it before she went down, the people were encouraged to remain steady until they reached the land. The officers and crew had continued perfectly cool and collected throughout this awful period. Orders were given and obeyed without the slightest confusion; not a word was spoken—not a murmur heard. As the steamer first began to sink forward, the men moved gradually aft, some clinging to the ropes of the awning, the paddle-boxes, and funnel, but the majority keeping close to the tiller, where they remained in a body, patiently awaiting the result. The ill-fated vessel and her crew did not long remain the sport of the wild waves; all at once she sank beneath them, casting thirty-four brave fellows upon the flood, to struggle against a furious wind and strong current, with an atmosphere so charged with dust and spray, that it was almost as dark as night,—indeed so awfully indistinct was it, that although there was but a short distance between the two vessels, it appears to me, at the present moment, like a night-dream—the memory of that vessel, thus sinking so suddenly beneath the waves.

Captain Lynch had not left the vessel till there was about four-feet water on the deck, when he dived from beneath the starboard ridge-rope; and Colonel Chesney got clear in the same manner through the larboard side, and luckily took a direction which brought him to the

land; for a moment, the Tigris remained, with the keel near the stern, uppermost; but having gone down bow foremost, she struck the bottom in that position, and turned round as on a pivot,—for she was afterwards found lying in the bed of the river completely upset. It was probably owing to this circumstance that so heavy a fatality accompanied the loss of this steamer, for it went down close to the bank —while the wind was driving everything on shore—and, (with one exception,) all were known to be expert swimmers. Even the survivors themselves were totally unable to account satisfactorily for the loss of twenty of our devoted men out of the thirty-four on board. Being for the most part huddled together, many, during the darkness, may have grasped each other, so as to have prevented the free use of their limbs: it is likewise to be presumed that some took the wrong direction, and swam out into the middle of the river; but it is probable also, that many were involved in the whirlpool occasioned by the sudden sinking of the vessel, if not positively thrown over, by its own great revolution.

In the meantime, the Euphrates had been secured to the bank; but as the waves were still dashing in through the ports, with the utmost violence, great fears were entertained that she might, notwithstanding the exertions made, sink alongside the bank; and if the storm had lasted only five minutes longer, in all probability this would have been the case. But the Almighty mercifully ordained it otherwise; and the wind having suddenly abated, the Euphrates still floated, but alone! and the sun shone with a laughing light, over the spot where the ship and her crew had been, dispelling, at the same moment, the hurricane's mist, and lifting the veil from the work of death.

Scarcely was the Euphrates out of danger, than Lieut. Murphy and myself, after hastily arming ourselves, hurried down the banks of the river to the assistance of the wrecked. We had not proceeded far, when we came to where the Musah channel flowed into the river Euphrates. We did not hesitate taking the water, but plunged in at once, swimming with one hand, and holding our guns above water with the other. The stream was deep, and the current strong, and the task greater than appeared at first. The weight of clothes and arms fatigued us so much, that Lieut. Murphy was obliged to give up his firelock; and I was glad, on reaching the opposite bank, to cling by a shrub to drag myself out of the deep waters. In the meantime, Captain Charlewood had launched a boat, and floating down the stream, reached the wreck before us.

Those who had succeeded in gaining the shore, fourteen in number, were washed over the bank some distance into a field of corn. Colonel Chesney was of the number; and the happy circumstance of our gallant leader having been spared to us, gave us the only ray of joy that could brighten such a melancholy scene; and it did gladden all our hearts to see him safe, assisting and encouraging some of those poor fellows who had sunk down exhausted by their recent struggles, at the brink of the watery grave they had so narrowly escaped. It was indeed a touching sight to see those half-drowned men scattered upon the field, their clothes drenched and clinging to their bodies, some partly uncovered, their hair lank and dishevelled, and their faces pale and horror-stricken. Except Lynch, who required to be supported, and Chesney, who struggled away, half smiling, in advance, most of them

fell mechanically into pairs, and walked, holding each other by the hand, thus forming a kind of procession, which the whole crew of the Euphrates received with a silent, but deep felt sympathy.

Exertions were now made to save any stores that might be found scattered along the bank. We could not also, at the first moment, admit the extent of the catastrophe that had visited us; and it was vainly hoped that some had been carried lower down the stream, and others might have swum to the opposite bank. Close and anxious search was made among the reeds and tamarisk jungle, but without success. Among those especially regretted, were Lieut. Cockburn, of the Royal Artillery, and Lieut. Lynch, of the 21st Native Bengal Infantry.

Some of the wood of the paddle-boxes had been driven upon the bank; and with these fragments, came several cases of Birmingham and Sheffield goods, containing guns, pistols, &c.; also two casks of salt meat (nearly two hundred weight each) which must have been thrown ashore by the force of the hurricane, together with a few books, amongst which was Colonel Chesney's Bible, which had already, when he was navigating the river on a raft, gone to the bottom, and had been washed ashore in a similar manner.

The situation of the lost vessel could not at first be discovered; and we remained four days,—partly at the scene of the catastrophe, and partly a little below it, and close behind the cliffs of Irzah, sounding for the steamer, picking up what stores were thrown ashore, and looking out for the remains of our companions. The conduct of the Arabs was throughout most praiseworthy. They crowded, on seeing the catastrophe, in considerable numbers, around the spot where so many valuable things were scattered about; and immediately began to collect them with the utmost good will. Of course, at such a moment, everything lay quite unprotected; but so far from taking advantage of this circumstance, they did not attempt to pilfer a single article, with the exception of one man, who seized upon a bag, which he was immediately compelled to relinquish by his comrades. This was attributable to our having paid them for the wood in the morning—a line of conduct which would not have been pursued by a Turkish ship in similar circumstances.

The second day, a report was brought that the Arabs had found a body. It was recognised to be that of Yuseff Sader, the interpreter. He was lying on his face, and must have died swimming. His hands were firmly clenched, and his countenance still indicated the fierce struggle he had made for his life. We buried him the same afternoon. The next day, Thomson, one of the survivors, and myself, had gone out to shoot rock partridges which abounded on the cliffs, when we observed another corpse floating down the river. It lay on its back, one arm extended, and only the face above the water, upon which sat a vulture at prey. This body was picked up on arriving at the steamer.

We had at this time several thunderstorms; one, on the evening of the 23rd, was accompanied by thunder and very vivid lightning, and by a fall of large hailstones, one of which measured an inch and a quarter in every direction, and weighed 128 grains.

These hurricanes appear to be common to great level tracts and desert spaces, from their being exposed to changes which, acting upon an extensive uniform surface, unbroken by forests or mountains, accu-

mulate with an intensity that causes them to burst over some fated spot with fearful energy and destructiveness. For the same reason, they only last a brief time; discharging, almost at once, their pent-up electric tension, and at the same time re-establishing an equilibrium of temperature, elasticity, and pressure, with the atmosphere around. Since the occurrence here related, I have had many opportunities of observing them. The days on which they occurred were generally calm and sultry. A dense dark bank would come on steadily, the line of base being as distinct as a sheet of water. The wind appeared to blow strongest at the base, which was always in advance of the higher parts, and of an orange or red, or sometimes fiery red, colour, occasioned by the refraction of the sun's rays from behind through the sand. The almost resistless whirls would tear up the plants and shrubs of the plain, and even carry sheep off their legs if taken unawares; but these animals generally meet the hurricane with their legs drawn up and their noses to the ground. The Arabs, it is well known, also lie close to the ground during the prevalence of the blast, which they call by various names, as fatulah and samm, whence our "simoom." During its prevalence, the sky is often cloudless, and there is very little rain: and I have seen the city of Musul involved for a short time in utter darkness, and everything buried in a cloud of sand and dust, without a drop of rain falling. When the hurricane thus comes upon a city, the natives announce its arrival by loud shouts of warning from the house-tops.

Ammianus relates, in his history of Julian, that when he was at Anatho (Anah), there occurred "a terrible event—whirlwinds which blew down the houses and tents, overthrew the soldiers, and caused many boats to sink." Josephus writes, upon the authority of a sibyl (very questionable authority), that it was by a similar phenomenon—viz., an impetuous wind or violent hurricane, that the tower of Babel was thrown to the ground.

On the 26th, we descended to Anah—the most beautiful town upon the Euphrates, occupying a long fringe of soil between a low ridge of rocks and the swift flowing waters. Every house was embosomed in its own rich grove of palm trees, pomegranates, and flowering shrubs; and every grove was fertilized by self-acting wheels, which tilted up the waters into aqueducts, green with a rich drapery of ferns and mosses, while the middle of the stream was diversified by a long line of islands, whose refreshing depths of verdure were only interrupted by holy shrines or tombs, and the more towering ruins of the ancient Castle of Anatho.

Here a number of bodies overtook us floating down the stream; and we hired an Arab to swim out and bring them in; but they were mostly so disfigured as to be no longer recognisable. We dug graves for them ashore, and buried them deep, leaving them only to the jackals' howl, for they could not disturb more than the surface of their resting-place. The liberality of the governor and council of Bombay has provided funds for the erection of a fountain as a monument to those who perished on this unfortunate occasion; and it will probably soon be raised at this lovely place which, when the commercial and other advantages of the Euphrates are more generally known, is likely to become a place of resort to Europeans.

RECOLLECTIONS OF O'KEEFE.

Ha, ha! John O'Keefe! The Soul of Whim, Master of the Revels to the Court of Momus! Rex Jocandi! President of the Board of Fun! High Priest to the Temple of Folly! or by whatsoever nonsensical title thy shade may rejoice in—all hail! "Your lordship is welcome among us." Would that thy mirth-moving spirit could, at each anniversary of *merrie* England's ancient holiday, induce us indeed to

> "Stick up our houses with holly,
> To broach a tub of humming bub,
> And welcome all with a rub-adub-dub,
> And be, 'as our fathers were,' jolly."

What a goodly train of fantastic images arises when we syllable the name of the merry enchanter! Shelty, Nipperkin, Darby, Quiz, Bagatelle, Munns, Old Dowdle, Cranky, Bowkit, Lingo, Cockletop! Not the phantasmagoria of a French magic-lantern—reflected forms, that "come like shadows, so depart"—but the choice spirits of our bard's own creation—"sport for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever!" A distillation from the leaves of the "Merry Mourners" would yield an *elixir vitæ* to "cleanse the bosom of the perilous stuff that weighs upon the heart." O'Keefe! Dispose in a circle the mystic characters that form his name, and the shades of Edwin, Quick, and Munden, dance the hays within it. By the way, would there be anything terrific in the *bona fide* ghost of Munden or little Quick? Could any body *pretend* to be frightened at it?

It is a consolation, on the approach of the yellow leaf, to have been born in time for the enjoyment of O'Keefe's "excellent fooling." The young men of the day talk of having seen Munden once or twice! *Nobody* owns to Quick. In a year or two, Elliston will be spoken of as an actor of some celebrity in his *day*, as we say of Burbage or Tarleton. *We* have seen him in his heyday, in "Wild Oats." The veteran author himself, we believe, more than once witnessed that actor's glorious impersonation of his *Rover*. No wonder that he lived to a good old age. Elliston would have been alive now had he not quenched his fine ethereal spirit in the mephitic vapour—the foul exhalation from a banquet "of the earth, earthy." He should have taken more draughts of O'Keefe, and fewer of brandy and water. Let it not be supposed, from this association of the names of bygone actors with that of the subject of this rambling article, that his characters were written exclusively for the peculiarities of an individual. We have seen Jemmy Jumps played by Munden and Elliston. We have laughed right joyously at the representatives—how excellent, yet how different! of the ludicrous compound of "tags, laces, whalebones, busks, and bodices;" but in the tempest and whirlwind of our mirth we never forgot the fun-compelling *Frankenstein*, the creator of the merry monstrosity.

We think it is Mr. Leigh Hunt, who, in a cordial notice of our author, says,—"In his Lingo he has hit the perfection of the ridiculous." We agree with that admirable critic, and feel that in the following passage he has reached its sublime extremity:—"*Lingo.* Pray, sir, can you decline the *amatum* supine to a lady that's fine?

—*Eugene.* Ah, you're a great scholar, Mr. Lingo!—*Lingo.* Scholar, sir! I have been a *master* of scholars!" It is a characteristic of O'Keefe's genius, that, upon the very borders of absurdity, he, by some incident, local or otherwise, redeems the scene from the "*incredulus odi*" of offended common sense. When M'Gilpin, for instance, confident in the possession of a branch of churchyard yew, which, while he grasps it in his left hand, will render him inaudible to the person he immediately addresses, though every one else will distinctly hear him, determined to astonish the natives, walks up to the chief, surrounded by his devoted clan, and *boo*ing to the great *mon* with a cringing obsequiousness that aggravates the insult, blurts out the exclamation—"What! you've got into Parliament, and be d—d to you!"—we admit the possibility of such an occurrence in the *ultima thule* of superstition, the Highlands of Scotland. When Sir John Bull, on his visit to France, cavalierly treats Colonel Epaulette as a tailor, and Lady Bull humbly apologizes to the real tailor for her husband's ignorance, its probability (the stupidity of Sir John and the affected refinement of his wife considered) heightens the enjoyment of the *contretemps.* What a splendid fellow is that Nipperkin! How choice a specimen of what the French delight in characterizing by their term *bonhommie!* what a pure philanthropist!

> "A lass is good, and a glass is good,
> And a pipe to smoke in cold weather,
> The *world* is good, and the *people* are good,
> And we're *all* good fellows together."

But if we suffer our recollections of the humorist thus to trespass upon our limits, we shall have no space for the higher claims of our old friend in his character of poet.

We think we see the elevated eyebrows of some critical reader, and that we hear his preliminary whistle to the repetition of the word. We can imagine his *sotto voce* quotation—"Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig and hatband" — the sceptical tone of his exclamation—"O'Keefe a Poet!" and the triumphant coolness of his request to be favoured with a taste of the *poet's* quality.

We will endeavour to furnish one, and premising that we speak of O'Keefe in his dramatic capacity only, on the aptitude, individuality, and occasional bursts of inspiration exhibited in the songs appropriated to his dramatic characters, we build our hope of establishing the claim of John O'Keefe to the distinction of a poet. The living author we are about to name can afford the comparison: we may further observe, that detraction would neither advance our argument nor increase our reputation. It is in the recollection of a great many of the drama's patrons, that the poet, Thomas Moore, wrote an opera some twenty years ago. Has a single song in it survived? Do we—who were boys then, and now are fathers,—on birth-nights and festivals, ring in the ears of our children the cherished *morceaux* of "M.P., or the Blue-stocking?" and, as far as in us lies, promote, by oral communication, their transmission to posterity? If not, why not? as the lawyers have it. The songs of the distinguished lyrist lack identity and association with dramatic character. What is the reason that the beautiful melodies of Rossini, "Di tanti palpiti," "Di piacer," &c. are already blown upon as stale quadrilles and worn-

out airs with variations?—they were not "married to immortal verse." The words and melody of a song to live, must resemble the *Androgenæ* of Plato, each a moiety, incomplete in itself, cemented by the soul's communion into a perfect being. Mr. Balfe's beautiful air, "The light of other days," will not be sung by our grand-children. It is fast fading into oblivion; the words are too *fine*—the present generation cannot understand them, and the next will not try. Let us suppose one of O'Keefe's dramas given us for perusal, without the songs incidental to the piece: let us then imagine the lyric portion of the drama laid before us; and we deny the possibility of an error in assigning to every claimant of the *dramatis personæ* the song which the author intended for the character. Can this be said of any of the thousand operas that have discovered the "*facilis discensus averni*" since the days of O'Keefe? It is high time that our bard's modest observance of the precepts of the *Ars Poetica* should receive its due acknowledgment. His heroes and his ploughmen do not speak the same language, and the difference between matured age and the "*adhuc florente juventa fervidus*" could not have been more strongly marked by Horace himself. How natural, how characteristic of the gay, reckless Valentine, tired of "the town-bred fair, who shine in artificial beauty," is the exclamatory burst into song, when addressing, on his first entrance, the daughter of his tenant:—

"Charming village maid!
If thou wilt be mine,
In pearls and gold array'd,
All my wealth is thine.

"If not enjoyed with thee,
E'en nature's beauties fade;
Sweetest, do but love me—
Charming village maid!"

And on hearing the gallant captain's licentious proposal, how beautiful, how manly, and how accordant with the *character* of an upright yeoman—the "*cultor virentis agelli*"—is the honest farmer's indignant reply. In a strain of natural eloquence, he proudly refers to the time, "a far distant date," when his forefathers earned the honourable meed of labour in the field of his daily toil:—

"Ere around the huge oak that o'ershadows yon mill
The *fond* ivy had *dared* to entwine,
Ere the church was a ruin that *nods* on the hill,
Or the rook built her nest in the pine."

What a string of homely, but heart-stirring images! How feelingly does he trace his humble genealogy from his grandfather downwards:—

"He, dying, bequeathed to his son a good name,
Which, unsullied, descended to me."

The heart must be seared by the oppressor's scorn, or ossified by the sad realities of life, that does not glow at the conclusion:—

"For my child I've preserved it, unblemish'd by shame,
And it still from a spot shall go free."

Every line of this admirable song is a bar of sterling gold, stamped with the impress of a poet's genius; and, till our language shall be utterly emasculated, and the proud independence of honest labour merged in the abject slavery of the serf, it shall descend from sire to son, like the "good name" it glorifies.

Shades of Anacreon and the gentle Tibullus! would either of you disown the third line of the following extract?—

"Come, dearest girl! (the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eyes, with pleasure dancing;)
Thou art my heaven, so take my soul!
With rapture every sense entrancing!
Oh, my bonny Bet!"

The unpretending genius of our author prevented the obtrusion of his classic recollections; but he occasionally threw out a hint to the scholar, that the frivolous, sportive, laughter-loving O'Keefe had tasted at least of the Piërian spring. With what delicacy of sentiment has he refined the point of Theocritus, in the amatory verses which we extract from his "Castle of Andalusia":—

"A bee within a damask rose
Had crept, the nectar'd dew to sip;
But lesser sweets the thief foregoes,
And fixes on Louisa's lip.

"There, tasting all the bloom of spring,
Waked by the rip'ning breath of May,
The ungrateful spoiler left his sting,
And with the honey flew away."

And how naturally has he paraphrased Martial's "*Quicquid agit Rufus* &c., in Sandy Fraser's love-sick ditty:—

"My senses seem bewilder'd quite,
I seem an amorous ninny—
A letter to a friend I write,
For *Sandy* I sign *Jenny.*"

We must check our disposition to quote examples from our bard, lest enthusiasm should get the better of discretion, and cause us to weaken the impression which we would fain believe our extracts have made in his favour. We will venture one more, however, from an opera, the name of which we have forgotten:—

"As burns the charger, when he hears
The trumpet's martial sound;
Eager to scour the plain, he rears,
And paws th' indented ground."

Ah! says our critical friend again, "*cavatque tellurem,*" Virgil to wit, eh? We do not believe a word of it. He was not thinking of Virgil; or, granting that our old favourite could not divest himself of the ideas associated with his early studies, we feel bold to assert that few authors, ancient or modern, within the limited range of our study or cognizance, have exceeded in boldness of thought, or facility of expression, the magnificent *hyperbole* of the conclusive lines:—

"He starts, his bonds a vain control;
He bounds on wings of wind,
And *spurns the moments as they roll,*
With lagging pace, behind."

John O'Keefe! peace to thy shade, and blessings on thy memory. We owed thee a debt of gratitude for many an hour's felicity. Would that the mintage of our brain could have afforded a tribute more worthy the spirit of departed genius! Thou hast always made us merrier, sometimes wiser; and however unimprovable our own temperament, we gratefully acknowledge that the tendency of thy literary labours was to better the mental condition, and to create a healthier pulsation in the hearts of thy contemporaries. Of thee, it might be truly said that thy pen had never traced "a line which, dying, thou couldst wish to blot."

"Vale! in æternum, vale!"

SCRAPS FROM HEINRICH HEINE.*

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I.

Once a sweet and lovely image
On my sorrow shed its light;
Now that lovely form is faded,
And I am enwrapp'd in night.

Children, when they are in darkness,
Feel their timid minds oppress'd;
Loudly then they raise their voices,
Sing to lull their fears to rest.

Thus, while darkness is around me
Still, a wanton child, I sing,
Though my songs may not be pleasing,
Freedom from my grief they bring.

II.

I know not what should grieve me,
Yet feel my spirits fail;
It haunts me—will not leave me,
That ancient, wondrous tale.

The Rhine is softly flowing,
I feel the breeze of night;
The mountain-tops are glowing
With evening's ruddy light.

See there above reclining,
A damsel passing fair;
Her golden garb is shining,
She combs her golden hair;

With a gold comb parts her tresses,
And she sings a song as well;
Its melody possesses
A strange and potent spell.

And the sailor feels it move him,
As he floats in his little bark,
He wildly looks above him,
And the rock he does not mark.

Beneath the billows sinking,
Will man and boat be gone;
The mischief—to my thinking—
The Lurlei's song has done.

III.

My heart, my heart is mournful,
Though May is a time for glee;
I stand on the lofty bastion,
And I lean against the tree.

There tranquilly are flowing
The waters of the moat;
The boy there pipes and angles,
That passes in his boat.

So small and varied yonder,
What pleasant forms I view—
The gardens, woods, and meadows,
The men and cattle too!

The girls are washing linen,
About the grass they bound;
The mill-wheel foams with diamonds,
I hear its distant sound

By yonder ancient fortress,
A sentry-box I see;
A scarlet-coated fellow
Is pacing lazily.

He now plays with his musket,
Which shines in evening's red;
He shoulders and presents it—
Would that he shot me dead!

IV.

From the clouds the moon is peeping,
With a pallid autumn glare;
The pastor's house is standing
Alone in the churchyard bare.

The mother is reading the bible,
One daughter rubs her eyes,
The son at the light is staring,
And the younger daughter cries:

"Oh, Lord! the days are tedious,
And a weary life have we!
'Tis only when they bury folks,
We have anything to see."

The mother speaks through her reading:
"You're wrong, there died but four
Since the day they buried your father,
By yonder churchyard door."

"I'm starving," yawns the elder;
"With you I cannot dwell,
To the Count I'll go to-morrow,
He's rich, and he loves me well."

The son breaks out in laughter:
"At the Star are hunters three,
Who make gold, and are ready
To teach their art to me."

The mother flings the bible
Straight in his skinny face;
"Then thou wouldst turn a robber,
Thou villain without grace!"

They hear a tap at the window,
And they see a warning hand;
And now in his sable surplice,
They see their dead father stand.

* All from the *Reisebilder* (pictures of travel). Heine is pretty generally known here, but those who may not be acquainted with him, should be informed that there is always an ironical smile in his sentimentality, and that he is often laughing at his reader when he seems most sorrowful. The second poem is founded on a tradition that the Lurlei Rocks, on the Rhine, are haunted by a sort of Syren, that lures the navigator to destruction.—J. O.

"WHAT BECAME OF THE EXECUTIONER?"

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

"HORATIO. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
"HAMLET. No, faith—not a jot. As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam. And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?"

"BUT what became of the Executioner afterwards?" was the question of a very beautiful friend (now some thousand miles away), as the last leaf of a romance brought a catastrophe in which the author had left a great deal to the imagination of the reader, and imagination grumbled at the legacy, for the strange reason that it was too large. "I always," she continued, "thought *Finis* was Latin for The End, but this is no end at all."

There is much to be said, nevertheless, in favour of a dramatic ending to a story. It is, of course, praiseworthy, because it is an ending, and it is also praiseworthy, because it leaves a clear-cut impression upon the mind. There is hardly a more disagreeable spectacle than when the curtain of a theatre falls upon a well-grouped *tableau*, but "sticks" within six inches of the stage, and the unconscious heroine, extricating her dead body from the agonized grasp of her broken-hearted lover, shews the audience a pair of white satin shoes walking away O.P., while a crowd of red legs and spurred boots are hurrying off to the prompter's side and that of their own fire. And yet the spectators always remain to grin at such a spectacle, and to prove that we all like to know "what becomes of the Executioner afterwards."

A volume of finales would certainly be attractive in these days of literary oddities. There is so very large a quantity of subjects, which, like a young lady's watch, are never properly wound up. A few people, indeed, have begun to take pride in an unterminated condition, for, very recently, the highest "honours" a man could take at Cambridge was the extra-judicial declaration that he was "no end of a brick!" But this is a slight exception to the general rule, and there can be no doubt that we all have in us more or less of Mrs. Foresight, who inquires of her sister, whether she knows such a place as the World's End.

Shakspere, who has been usually supposed to tell us as much as we ought to know upon most points, is certainly open to improvement in a few cases. In "Romeo and Juliet," for example, he has neglected a fine field for the display of his universal knowledge. He kills the wit, the bully, the suitor, and the brace of lovers, and they cannot therefore be expected to say much more for themselves. But one would like to know what became of that wicked old Nurse. Did Lady Capulet continue her in her situation, or did she give her a month's warning, or a month's wages instead? And did the Nurse thereupon ally herself in marriage with Peter, and set up the public-house called the Capulet Arms? Or did she betake herself to the original coquettish Rosaline, whom Romeo had, at her own command, abandoned, but who can hardly be supposed to have been in earnest in giving him such an order, and who must have gone into strange alternate passions of blighted love and gratified revenge at the old woman's narrative! Or

was the good-for-nothing old crone sent to the Veronese Penitentiary, where she long beat hemp, until, in a fit of remorse and despair, she, one dark evening, applied a portion of her manufacture "to its right use?"

And Shakspere can never be forgiven for not making a sixth act to the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and giving us that glorious supper at Master Page's, on the return of the whole party from the oak of Herne the hunter. What a party that must have been! They could not have set down to table till one in the morning—but when did they rise from it? Do you think, that, in ten minutes, Falstaff had not regained his sway over them all, and that, as he poured out quip and crank, and jeer and jest—silencing Sir Hugh Evans with an imitation of his Welsh, and maddening mine host of the Garter with hints about keeping his stable-doors fast when Germans were loose—the very turtlewives themselves did not think they had been a little too hard upon the merry old creature, whose years were warrant against his ill-doing? Was not William fetched out of bed to be again examined touching the genders of nouns and the properties of posset? Mr. and Mrs. Fenton have vanished early, and the health of the bride and bridegroom has been duly honoured—Page has returned thanks, and mine host has reminded them how he prophesied that "the youth had it in his buttons, and would carry it." But who comes tapping at the door, and asking for "uncle?" It is Master Slender who has deferred the publication of his wrongs until another day, and rather determined to let "the best in Gloucestershire know" how he supped with the Court wit, and a distinguished party of the gentry and clergy of Windsor. He is made very welcome; and as he warms with the good liquor, his coxcombry drops away, and he proffers his "own great chamber" to any of the company who will visit him; and when he is asked for a health, he simpers, and gives Alice Shortcake, to whom he has lent his book of riddles. The doctor, too,—he sulks rather longer, but finds his way in at last, and after detailing his grief in much piteous polyglot, he brightens, and though, when the dignity of the profession demands it, he affects to "like not these toys," he sings many voluble French *chansons*, until he falls asleep, and they carry him away—there will be work for him hereafter! How Mrs. Alice Ford smiles, and Mrs. Margaret Page screams, and they all laugh and shout, and arrange for another coursing morning! But why did not Shakspere tell us all about it?

In the "Tempest," the termination is yet more indefensible. If we had been favoured with a few more acts, we should have seen the homeward voyage of the royal and noble party, and the half-price at Covent Garden would have had a view of the enormous ship with which Mr. Kemble astonished the town. The restoration of Prospero the First would have afforded a fine opportunity for the poet to glance at that of Charles the Second—as it was just as easy for Shakspere to prophecy as to record. And we should like to know whether Sebastian and his intriguing friend did not organize an Opposition in the parliament of Milan, and move amendments to the address of congratulation on the birth of Miranda's first child; and whether a monument were erected to old Gonzalo, and whether it got on faster than the Nelson column; and whether Stephano did kidnap Caliban, and take him home with him for a show; and whether the speculation suc-

ceeded so well, that Trinculo (who was a professed fool) went to law with Stephano for part of the profits. "This was looked for at Shakspere's hand, and this was baulked."

But Shakspere is by no means the only person who cries—"here break we off," when such breakage involves damage to our feelings. It is hardly worth while to allude to subjects, the very nature of which forbids their ever having an end, such as that interesting periodical, the "Spanish Constitution," which commences a fresh series every six months, the new editor, at each change, rejecting all the articles accepted by his predecessor, but still inviting contributions from every solvent Spaniard, and menacing the discontented with his reviews. The rope which the Irishman despaired ever to finish winding up, concluding that somebody had cut off the other end of it—and Goëthe's story without an end—or object—may be classed together among the phenomena of interminability, the catalogue of which will be nearly complete when we have added to it the complaints against the Income Taxers, the overtures to the French Ministry and to "Semiramide"—the charges of the judges on the Western, and of the innkeepers on the South-eastern circuit—and the discussions on the questions, Who were Ida of Hapsburg, Junius, and "Walker?"

Why should a writer stop at all? It is clear that this inquiry must have occurred to Samuel Richardson, and yet he left Miss Harlowe and Sir Charles Grandison at sixes and sevens, when he might as well have gone on to eights and nines—what was an additional hour or two's nap to the Sleeping Beauty? The only author who has any real title to say he has finished his work is the dictionary-maker, who is usually full of the spirit of contra-diction, for in lieu of stopping with the alphabet, he immediately commences a roll-call of proper names, and sometimes of improper ones, as in the case of the last French dictionary for schools, which ends with a long list of "words unfit to be used by or in the presence of ladies."

Authors, however, seem to be circumstanced like stammerers—while they deliver their sentiments continuously, all goes well, but if they stop, and then resume, they only accomplish a failure. Milton, Cervantes, and Gay, are three instances of this fact, and there is no security that our own next paragraph may not be evidence that there is a fourth.

Sir Walter Scott has been accused of hurrying to a conclusion in most of his fictions, and in him it was less justifiable than in most people. "You know how long and how happily I lived with Diana, but you cannot know how I regretted her," are the brief words in which Francis Osbaldiston sums up half a life. But other persons besides Tresham may complain that they have no account of the marriage ceremony, or of the introduction of the beautiful huntress to the old merchant of London, or of the gradual mastery which his daughter-in-law achieved over him, the only permanent obstacle to which was his being grandchildless. And the rest of the acts of old Owen would have gratified many who have enjoyed those of Tim Linkinwater. In the "Fortunes of Nigel," Sir Walter has chosen to follow in the steps of his master, "where indeed, he had a delight to walk, had he not?" and to close the door of the feasting room in our faces. "And, now, my lords and lieges, let's to dinner, for the cockyleekie is cooling," remarks King James, and so the story ends.

That dinner-party would have terminated the book far more chivalrously than the knighting of Richard Moniplies, for we should have had another chapter, and the chapter would have created another night.

But the question with which we began, "What became of the Executioner?" would, taken literally, suggest a whole volume of romance. It would embrace a somewhat extensive period—from Cain to Ketch—and it would be a literary paradox, for it would be full of last words. "Lives of the Executioners" would certainly be a taking title, especially if the books were bound in red cloth, with a guillotine, stamped in gold, on one cover, a gibbet similarly engraven on the other, and the "lifted axe and agonizing wheel" alternating on the back. Some very singular psychological details might be collected from such sources. Passing over the earlier classic executive, and grouping the lictors into a bundle, surmounted by an axe, like their own *fasces*, we should like to know something of the Carthaginian official who exercised the utmost rigour of the law upon Regulus, and having no captured guns to spike, spiked the captured general. We should like to know who performed the last office for the author of "Cicero's Offices," and to be informed whether it was from the window of one of those offices that the great lawyer put his head to be struck off, as one writer affirms; or whether the counter-allegation of another, that Cicero died in a litter, merely means that he found himself in a mess. We know that all the gabble which Heliogabalus had learned from eating so many tongues, could not soften his executioners, and that though they were the tongues of ostriches, they did not enable the emperor to digest cold iron; but particulars would be acceptable, as the nephew remarked when told that his rich and childless uncle had either died or married, the narrator forgot which. When Damien was to be put to death, the young nobility of France offered itself in a body as executioners, but the offer was rejected—a knowledge of which circumstance probably prevented a similar offer from a deputation of Peers' Eldest Sons, in the case of Mr. John Bean. But Damien was executed, and in a manner which excited the displeasure of the callous Walpole, who was remarkable for interfering with executions when it was too late—as in the affair of Admiral Byng. The private biography of the grooms of the chamber, who made "Damien's bed of steel," would be worth reading; probably, like other public offenders, they were estimable in all the relations of domestic life, and, perhaps, made amends for pouring the boiling oil upon Damien by wasting the midnight oil upon Voltaire. Byng's own executioners were marines, of (as well as to) whom, one may tell anything; but the sailors concerned in the murder of Carraccioli, might, if free agents, deserve a place in history, not very far from the Damienicides. Like an improvident Arab, we have scattered our dates, but we have a desire to know which lies nearest to the functionary who was going to execute Grisi, in the "Gazza Ladra," for stealing a silver spoon, because we should like to engage his services for the next offender in the same line—say the next "widow of fifty" who elopes with a wealthy boy of nineteen.

The publication of a Series of Elegant Extracts from Epitaphs would seem another mode of satisfying the craving which exists among us to have all that we can for our money. With accurate references to the other literature of the country, the "Manual of Monuments"

would enable the inquiring student to trace those who act, and those who write of their acts, to the fall of the white curtain which drops alike upon actor and critic. Burke might issue such a companion to his British Heraldry, or Dodd to his Baronetage—the form would be simple enough. For example:—

"JOHNSON, SAMUEL. *Proofs of Identity.*—He wrote a dictionary out of his own head, and threatened to beat impudence out of Foote. Wrote a piece, Irene, and yet was a friend to a manager, Garrick. The first person who put parliamentary speeches into English. Being asked whether he did not hope to see a certain lady in Heaven, replied that he had no wish to meet fools anywhere—nevertheless, a very nice old man for a small tea-party. Is mentioned by Lindley Murray and William Cobbett. *Monument.* In Lichfield Cathedral, and in St. Paul's."

"BUONAPARTE, NAPOLEON. *Proofs of Identity.*—He fought several battles with various persons, and gilt the dome of the *Hôpital des Invalides.* His intentions towards England are not supposed to have contributed to a certain paving. Ultimately, he said he should 'throw himself upon the Prince Regent;' but 'our fat friend,' from prudential motives, declined such an honour. He would not allow France to rest in peace, and France has recently returned the compliment; and the rattle of Parisian fiacres around his grave succeeds to the murmur of the Atlantic waves. *Monument.* In most parts of continental Europe—the Simplon is the testimonial most creditable to his philanthropy, and the Boulogne column to his prudence."

"NELSON, HORATIO. *Proofs of Identity.*—He had but one arm, which did the work of a hundred. He exercised a most paternal care in saving French sailors from drowning—for he either compelled them to remain on their own shores or brought them safe to England. He was considered the sea-serpent of Old Nile, but was a well known, though not very welcome guest at the Baltic. *Monument.* St. Paul's, Southey's Life, Campbell's Ode, and the heart of every English sailor."

This kind of reference would be satisfactory to a large number among us, but a sarcophagus itself will not consume the curiosity of some people. They will know who succeeded the departed person in his name, honours, and estates, and it was only the other day that we saw this passion carried to excess. It was in a church in one of our suburbs, and immediately after the solemnization of a marriage, at which the writer had the honour of *assisting*, as the French say. The vestry is very small, and the bride's agitation was very great,—in fact, the getting up "Robert le Diable" in a back drawing-room, would be nothing to the scene in that vestry. So, while the crowd of white-robed angels, called bridesmaids, rushed, with one accord, into the cell, and exerted themselves mightily to hinder one another from doing any good, a few of the audience retired among the aisles of the building to wait the restoration to calmness of the newly-made wife. While so engaged, a wandering explorer of church architecture came in, and seeing a rather large monument, surrounded by unwashed cherubs, and surmounted by a kind of overgrown tumbler, intended for a vase, he eagerly proceeded to peruse its record. It set forth how a Mr. Thomas Thompson, merchant of London, having duly filled the posts of overseer of the poor and churchwarden of the parish, to the

intense delight and satisfaction of mankind, had, on the 27th of February, 1796, retired from a world he was so well fitted to ornament, and, in future, would repose in a vault beneath that church.

All this the image-worshipper incontinently copied, with one of Mordan's pencils, into a red memorandum book. Whether or not he thought the writer were equally interested in the legend, he turned, and, with a benevolent smile, said—

"Do you happen to know, sir, anything of this family?"

"Nothing, I am sorry to say, but what we read here. You, perhaps, failed to observe the line below the original inscription?"

"Eh?—ah, so I did! Thank you, sir." And to the copy of the memorial were added the words—"*The name is now extinct.*"

Still the copyist did not seem contented. "Extinct!" he muttered, and then he paused.

Suddenly he advanced close to the tablet, examined it all over, stooped down and scrutinized the under edge, looked along the side edges, and then fetched the pew-opener's chair to stand upon it while he peeped upon the dusty top and into the grimy mouths of the Thompsonic guardian angels. Finally, he descended and retreated slowly, his eyes still fixed on the monument, and murmured, as he paced mournfully out of the church—

"*Well, I think they might as well have added the name of the stone-mason!*"

THE TOWN LIFE OF THE RESTORATION.

BY ROBERT BELL.

PART II.

It was on account of the great difficulty in making easy passage through the streets that the nobility clustered so thickly on the bank of the river, which was studded with great houses, flanked with high walled gardens towards the Strand. Amongst the most memorable of these were Durham House, Somerset House, York House, Arundel House, and Salisbury House. They had their several gates and stairs; and barges of various sorts enabled the indwellers to make their transport by water, without inconvenience, from one end of the town to the other. Remembering what a voluptuous age was that of the Restoration, it is worth noting to what shifts and extremities the dainty ladies and scented courtiers were put in the ordinary course of their affairs. A glance at the origin and history of coaches in England will shew that even in the time of Charles II., conveyances of that kind were neither very convenient nor very accessible.

The first vehicles known in England were the chariots (from the French *charette*), or whirlicotes, which were in use in the reign of Richard II., a sort of rude litter on wheels. Then came the coach, (from the French, *carrosse*, formerly written *carroche*, and derived, probably, from the Italian *carro rozzo*, red carriage,) about the reign of Elizabeth. The first coach said to have been seen in England was the equipage of Henry Fitz-Allan, steward of the household to Queen

Elizabeth.* But it could not have been a very elegant machine, for the coaches in Germany, where the art at that period was somewhat more advanced, are described as ugly vehicles, made of four boards, put together in a very clumsy manner.† The luxury, however, was no sooner discovered than the invention was rapidly seized upon, and applied to popular use. The hackney coaches (derived originally from the French word *haquenée*, which at first implied merely a hack, or horse for hire, and became, ultimately, corrupted to the double application,) were introduced about 1625, and were to be had in the streets or at the inns when wanted. At first there were not more than twenty of them, and they were found to be such a disturbance to the king and queen and the nobility in their progress through the streets, that a proclamation was issued, placing peculiar restrictions and obligations upon their owners, in the hope of abating the nuisance. A poet of that period (the poem is dated 1625, the year when the hacknies made their first appearance) distinctly refers to the noise of the coach-horses in the public thoroughfares—

> "When the street
> Begins a new acquaintance with the feet
> Of lowd coach-horses."‡

In the early part of Charles II.'s reign, the licences of the hackney-coaches were limited to the number of four hundred; but a few years later they were extended to seven hundred, merely to raise money for the seraglio of the king. Well might the satirist exclaim—

> "Not for the nation, but the fair
> Our treasury provides!"

About eight or nine years afterwards, sedan chairs (so called from the city of Sedan, in Champagne,) began to be adopted, and did more to bring the awkward lumbering hacknies into disrepute than all the broadsides of Whitehall, or the bell-ringers of Temple Bar.

The hacknies, however, notwithstanding their rude structure, were in great demand amongst the play-going and spendthrift part of the community; but the expensive leaders of the fashion contrived to keep coaches of their own. Thus Sedley, in one of his epigrams, contrasts the condition of a man of *ton* in his calash, and that of a poor acquaintance forced to put up with the miserable alternative of a hackney:—

> "Thou in rich point, and Indian silk art dress'd,
> Six foreign steeds to thy calash belong;
> Whilst by my clothes the ragman scarce would gain,
> And an uneasy hackney jolts my sides."

Sedley had no need to have recourse to these rumbling vehicles himself, for he kept his own carriage, and lived sumptuously, to the ultimate detriment of his fortune. In an epigram on a court friend, who appears to have anticipated Father Mathew, and "taken the pledge" in the heart of the most dissipated court in Europe, he hints at his equipage, and exults in his "riotous guilty living:"—

> "Thou swear'st thou'lt drink no more; kind heaven send
> Me such a cook or coachman, but no friend."

From numerous passages in the plays and squibs of that period, "six foreign steeds" seem to have been the reigning fashion. Whoever

* London, Westminster, and Middlesex, by Brewer and others.
† See Pegge's Carialia Miscellanea, for details on all these points.
‡ Poems, by Robert Gomersal, 1633.

could afford to keep a carriage, also exhibited the ruinous ambition of a stud, consisting of Flemish or German horses. A private calash hardly ever appeared in the streets with less than six of these heavy-paced cattle. Dryden speaks of the "Flanders horses" in one of his epilogues; and Cromwell was driving Thurlow with six German horses in Hyde Park, when he was thrown out, and gave occasion, amongst the other ridiculous productions of the time, to Sir John Birkenhead's poem of the "Jolt."* Cleiveland, describing the dallying gallant, says that he—

> "Thinks there's no heaven like a bale of dyce,
> Six horses, and a coach with a device."

And Mallet, in his famous dialogue between two horses, makes the steed of Charles I. complain of the king's mistresses flaunting about with their ceremonial equipages:—

> "The misses take place, each advanced to be duchess,
> With pomp great as queens, in their coach and six horses."

The hackney-coaches clustered principally about Bow Street and Covent Garden, where they were most in demand in the evenings. The actresses were, in many ways, their best customers, except such as had the use of carriages supplied by their lovers. As far as can be ascertained, however, they had no great distances to traverse on their way home, the popular favourites living close to the theatre, and in one instance actually in it. D'Avenant, when he opened the Lincoln's Inn theatre, boarded his four principal ladies in his own house—Mrs. Davenport, Mrs. Saunderson, Mrs. Davies, and Mrs. Long; memorable names, since they were amongst the very earliest women-actors regularly licensed under a patent. Craven Buildings was subsequently the residence of several distinguished actresses. Mrs. Bracegirdle had a house here, which was afterwards occupied by Mrs. Pritchard, and, to carry the interest nearer to our day, Elliston, Madame Vestris, and others now living, resided in the same place. Mrs. Bracegirdle afterwards removed to Howard Street, close to Mrs. Porter, who lived in Arundel Street; and Mrs. Pritchard, upon taking leave of the stage, retired to a pretty river-side villa called Ragman's Castle, not far from Strawberry Hill. The dramatists also lived for the most part in the neighbourhood of the theatres. Congreve had a house in Surrey Street, and Vanbrugh in Scotland Yard, contiguous to his grand Italian theatre in the Haymarket. Dryden alone kept clear of the bustle, in Gerard Street, at the back of Leicester house, with the pleasant privilege of looking out upon its costly gardens, although, strangely enough, he preferred writing in the street parlour.

How familiar places acquire a poetical interest when we come to pause over such celebrities as these! One does not gather up slight facts of this kind to no purpose. It is something, after all, to know that from this plain, solid, old-fashioned house, Dryden launched the thunders of his pen; that in this dim and tangled nook of houses Congreve often made love, in his own spiritual and courtierly way, to the beautiful Bracegirdle, whom he afterwards abandoned for the grosser

* It is to this incident Birkenhead alludes in one of his "Forty Four Queries to the Life of Queen Dick." He asks—"Whether Mr. Thurlow is not the proudest man in the nation, because he could not be satisfied till he had the Protector for his coachman?"—*Two Centuries of Paul's Churchyard.*

spells of the Duchess of Marlborough ; that in this great china warehouse, once a playhouse, D'Avenant's sprightly lodgers used to teaze him unmercifully about Shakspeare and his French nose; and that in this dark, dingy, slippery street running down like a sewer to the river, an English dramatic poet refused to see Voltaire, except as a private gentleman; as if the artificial conventions of society were really of a nobler mould and stamp than the dignities of nature! Poor Congreve! poor with all his wit, all his fortune, his duchess, and his "face." Into what an atom he dwindles at this distance of time beside his colossal friend of Gerard Street, who mixed with none but men of genius, and who was taunted by Pope with not being a *genteel* man! Think of that—Dryden not a *genteel* man. Why, you might translate the phrase into any language under the sun, and you could not disguise its origin. Nobody but Pope, with his lambent finger on his cheek, and his fine cambric imagination fretted by vapours and a sickly stomach, could have dreamt of applying such a word to Dryden.

But, see how the bare mention of these localities tempts us into suggestive episodes; and there would be no end to this sort of gossip if we ventured to indulge in it, and were not restrained by the consideration that we are collecting hints for speculation rather than speculating upon them.

From the time when scenery was first introduced by D'Avenant at Lincoln's Inn,* and afterwards extensively improved upon by Betterton at Dorset Garden, the accommodation in the theatres became an object of evident solicitude with managers. In Shakspeare's time, when, be it remembered, there were no women behind the scenes, the privilege of sitting upon the stage, where stools were let out to hire, was enjoyed by the nobility and people of fashion. We have many allusions to this in old poems and pamphlets. The following may be selected as a concise illustration of that phase of ancient manners:—

> "Rvfus, the courtier, at the theater,
> Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
> Doth either to the stage himselfe transferre,
> Or through a grate doth shew his double face;
> For that the clamorous fry of innes of court
> Fills up the private roomes of greater price;
> And such a place, where all may have resort,
> He in his singularity doth despise."†

The "private roomes" were equivalent to the private boxes of the modern theatre; and the "grate" probably referred to some special nooks where the exclusives were wont to ensconce themselves. Again:—

> "The Globe to-morrow acts a pleasant play;
> In hearing it, consume the irkesome day.
> Goe take a pipe of *to:* the crowded stage
> Must needs be graced with you and your page;
> Sweare for a place with each controlling foole,
> And send your hackney servant for a stoole."‡

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* The "Aglaura of Suckling" is said to have been the first play acted with scenes, such decorations having been previously confined to masks. It was brought out at the private house in the Blackfriars, and Suckling bore all the stage expenses himself. The dresses were sumptuous, and the play was "got up" on a scale of unparalleled magnificence.

† Epigrams, by Sir John Davis, 1598.

‡ Follies Anatomie, compiled by Henry Hutton, 1619.

With the introduction of women-actors this custom appears to have declined, and to have been ultimately abandoned altogether. The public were no sooner banished from the stage, than greater care was bestowed upon the fitting-up of the audience part of the house, and the seats, which had formerly been mere naked benches, were furnished with mats or cushions. Dryden, in 1692, refers to the covered seats in Drury Lane, and reproves the wilful carelessness of a portion of the audience—

> "Who, to save coachhire, trudge along the street,
> Then print our matted seats with dirty feet."*

This is, I believe, the earliest allusion on record to the use of mats and cushions in the theatre. Dryden's prologues and epilogues are crowded with similar illustrative points. In one he tells us that the price of admission was half-a-crown (a popular charge in those days!); and in another he speaks of the persons who specially conferred their lustre on the gallery. "My province!" exclaims Lord Flippant, "lies in the boxes, ogling my half-crown away." From one of Mrs. Behn's pert epilogues we gather also that the price to the boxes was half-a-crown;† and it would seem that ladies paid four shillings, perhaps, for some particular seats. In addition to these, there were two galleries, at one shilling and sixpence, and one shilling. The former was frequented by a class of women who, the better to disguise or assist their unfortunate occupation, always appeared in vizard-masks, and were further to be distinguished by a profusion of ribbands on the front of their dresses.‡ Thus Dryden:—

> "But stay; methinks some vizard-mask I see
> Cast out her lure from the mid gallery:
> About her all the fluttering sparks are ranged!
> The noise continues, though the scene is changed."§

The huge cravats worn by these "sparks" were as conspicuous as the ribbands of the vizards. Tom Brown (that wicked dog, but brilliant wit) notices them, speaking of a smart point hitting some "spark"—

> "So hard and so pat,
> Till he hides with his hat
> His monstrous cravat."‖

Witwould, in "The Way of the World," is the representative of this class of silly pretenders. "Dost thou not know me?" exclaims *Sir Wilful;* "by'r lady, nor I thee, thou art so becravated and beperriwigged." The mask was the understood mark of the wearer's profession. Hence *Millamant's* rage with *Mirabel*—"*I* go to the play in a mask!" In Steele's time, virtuous women used to frequent the theatre with masks on the first nights of new plays. The reason Steele assigns for their selection of first nights, has a touch of pungent satire in it that lays bare one of the furtive vices of the day. Alluding to the licentious plays then in vogue, he adds, "Such incidents as these make some ladies wholly absent themselves from the play-house; and others never miss the first day of a play, *lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the second.*"¶

During the performances, oranges were sold in every part of the

* Prologue to Cleomenes. † Epilogue to the Dutch Lover.
‡ This custom continued to a later date. § Prologue to the Mistakes.
‖ Tom Brown's Petition to the Lords in Council. ¶ Spectator, No. 51.

house, and it was an ordinary custom amongst the gentlemen to hand oranges to the ladies in the intervals of the acts. This custom is alluded to in several comedies. The orange-girls made a striking feature in the gay scene, with their picturesque hoods, serge petticoats, and pastoral baskets ; and it was in this capacity Nell Gwynne first attracted attention, the costume, no doubt, giving full effect to her arch and laughing beauty. The peculiar interest attached to the occupation of these "orange-girls," was one of the chief fascinations of the play-house. They always had something witty and satirical to say to the periwigged gallants who came amongst them in a storm of curls and perfumes, and they helped very considerably, by their intimate knowledge of the libertines of both sexes who frequented the theatres, to enliven the comedy of intrigue carried on in the lobbies and boxes. *Billets-doux* constantly passed through their hands, and their pretty baskets were frequently employed to convey notes of assignation hidden under the shadow of their golden fruit. They exercised a privileged familiarity on such occasions, which enabled them to discharge their delicate diplomacy with the most brilliant success, or to extricate themselves from any unforeseen difficulty without suspicion. It was in the popular character of an orange-girl, accompanied by Miss Price in a similar disguise, that Miss Jennings, one of the most celebrated of the Court beauties, went to visit Rochester, when he set up as a German conjuror, near Drury Lane. De Grammont's account of Rochester's frolic is infinitely amusing ; and Miss Jennings' mad-cap excursion is hardly less curious, as illustrative of the manners of the period. The ladies made their way on foot from St. James's through the Park, with their little baskets on their arms, and got into a hackney-coach at Charing Cross. Passing the theatre, where the Queen and the Duchess of York were seated in state, they thought it would greatly increase the merriment of the jest, if they went in, and offered their oranges for sale under the royal box. This lively sally was no sooner suggested than executed; but they had hardly entered the lobby, when they met Beau Sydney, who was paying his court to the Duchess of York, her Royal Highness not having then cast her sorceries, to the exclusion of all other pretensions, upon the reckless Etherege. The coxcomb, however, was too much engrossed with admiration of himself to perceive the sylph and her attendant. "He passed them," says Mrs. Jameson, who gives a very sprightly version of the story, "humming an air and combing his voluminous wig, too much occupied with his own graces to notice those which lurked under the little hood, and were now averted from his gaze. Not so Killigrew, who next advanced; he was struck at once by the nymph-like gait and air which broke through all disguise, and accosted the pretended orange-girl with a freedom which at once offended and terrified her. She began to think that she might sell her oranges too dear; and Miss Price, observing that her indignation would betray her if her fears did not, drew her away in haste. They escaped through the crowd, and calling another hackney-coach, they again set forward."* The rest of their adventure was no less unfortunate, and they were obliged, at last, to make their retreat to the palace as well as they could, without having effected the object for which they set out.

* Beauties of the Court of Charles II.—*De Grammont.* | *Pepys.*

THE TWIN GIANTS.

A LEGEND OF THE CLIFTON ROCKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PORCELAIN TOWER."

THE FIRST PART.

"Who caused the giant in this place to die?"
MORGANTE MAGGIORE.

'TWAS in Earth's younger day,
Ere the beard of Time had grown so grey,
Ere Druids bent at Stanton Drew,
And when England's white-wash'd walls were new,
Among the fresh but sturdy trees,
Over those fruitful shores that grew
Where dirty Sabrina to ocean descends,
And rolls like a pig in the mud at her ease,
There dwelt two giants, brothers and friends.
They regarded each other as brother and brother—
Such Goram deem'd Vincent, such Vincent deem'd Goram;
But I know not if either had father or mother,
Or if at that period there lived any other,
Or if any such had existence before 'em.

How there came to exist such a huge pair of folks
I never could guess, nor was told, nor have read—
Perhaps they sprung out of a forest of oaks,
But assuredly not from a parsley bed.
One might doubt if they ever were infants at all,
But if they were such, I would simply remark,
That to serve as their pap-boat a boat had been small,
And their cradle were little if less than the ark.
They'd have nursed the Colossus of Rhodes as a doll,
And perform'd a fit feat for mankind to admire—
As a humming-top using the dome of St. Paul,
Or have made it a peg-top with Salisbury spire.

One day,—it was very agreeable weather,
The air was soft and still,—
Vincent and Goram sat together
On the top of an eminent hill.
The sun smiling downwards so warmly and brightly,
The mammoths were frisking about very lightly;
The icthyosaurus and plesiosaurus
(Who afterwards died to be specimens for us)
Were crawling, and turning, and twisting, and twining,
Enjoying the warming, admiring the shining,
And not for a moment divining
That their limbs so full of quick actions
Should ever be petrifactions,
And that centuries hence should see 'em
Arranged in the British Museum:
And the cheiropodon whisk'd his tail in the air,
With a sort of expression of "devil may care."

But Vincent look'd thoughtful and Goram look'd dull,
(For the latter was mark'd by a thickness of scull,)
And Vincent at last the glad silence 'gan mar
With a voice like an organ, but louder by far.
Loud it was, but not ungracious,
For his spirit was mild though his lungs were capacious.

"Goram," he said, "I am sad to think
How life is fleeting o'er us—
We wake, we sleep, we eat, we drink;
And, lo, these things before us!

Our mastodonta, our cheiropodonta,
Our icthyosauri, our plesiosauri,
Which you and I eat whenever we want a
Somewhat to swallow
To fill up a hollow—
They go on as wisely as either you *or* I.
They sleep and they wake, they drink and they eat,
And frolic around us on light little feet,
Nor know that to-morrow they'll serve us for meat;
Or dying in some little chink of the stones,
Lie there till the soft earth grows hard round their bones.
And shall such be our fate? Shall our names and our deeds
Be for ever unknown to the race that succeeds?
Shall we not do some act a renown that may yield,
And exalt us above these poor beasts of the field?"

"Well," Goram said, and scratch'd his head,
Which was thickly matted with whalebone hair;
"Let us build a great mound, with its foot on the ground,
And its head very loftily raised in the air:
Let us build it of rocks, and the bones of our flocks
Shall be stuck all around it as marks of our power;
And we thus shall disclose what great giants were those
Who could raise on the earth so enormous a tower,
And eat so much mammoths as we shall devour;
So do you pick some rocks from this hill's craggy side,
And I will take measures new bones to provide."

"Then new people would say," Vincent made him reply,
"Mark the pride of the giants of old!—
They rear'd up great pillars of rock to the sky,
And exalted the bones of their creatures on high,
But their own have sunk into the mould!
They work'd with no wise or beneficent aims,
And therefore Renown hath forgotten their names."

"Let us hear your own plans, then," said Goram;
"No doubt thou art wiser than I."
But though he spoke thus with a view to decorum,
He thought it was telling a lie.

And Vincent pursued:—"Let us do some great deed,
To make Envy die at, and Malice grow dumb;
That may gain us eternal renown as our meed,
And astonish the natives in ages to come.
Behold this fair lake that out-stretches so vast here,
And think what a rich soil the water conceals!
From numberless hills all the waters are cast here,
Which every new year make it oilier than last year;
A bottomless bottom of mud is amass'd here;
And if we should drain it we form a fat pasture.
Besides—'tis worth heeding—
By such a proceeding
We gain an abundance of newts and of eels"—
(The newts were the saurians renown'd in our song,
And the eels great sea-monsters, three hundred feet long,)
"Let us cleave then a passage just here through the rocks,
And win this fine pasture to fold in our flocks."

But Goram was heavy and slow,
And fear'd that the toil would be great;
Moreover, he wanted to know,
And requested his brother to state,
With what sort of tool they could possibly shiver
That firm mass of rock 'twixt the lake and the river?

"Leave that to my care,"
His companion replied;
"And I will prepare,
And I will provide,
A suitable tool for the purpose in view,
That will serve very well for myself and for you.
For, a few days ago, as I wander'd alone,
With my hook and my line by the side of the brook,"
(His line was a cable, an anchor his hook—
Whence he got them I know not, I know but the fact—
And the brook was the sea, if we must be exact;)
"To essay and to look, if, by hook and by crook,
I might coax a leviathan out of his nook,—
It so came to pass,
That I met with a mass
Of a certain material much harder than stone,
Its name and its class and components unknown;
And this to an oak-stem strongly tied,
With a rope I shall spin
Out of crocodile skin,
Shall make us a pickaxe the rocks to divide.
In turn, my brother, behoves us moil,
And tend our flocks when we cease from toil;
And lest our high purposes prove a poor boast,
Let us lay some small wager on who shall do most:
As twenty large krakens, or forty fine rocs,
Or a thousand fat mammoths, the best of our flocks."

Vincent, of course, was convinced he should win;
And Goram, though dull, was too wise to step in
To such imminent risk
Of the loss of some meals;
So his answer was brisk
To his brother's appeals:
"I do not spy wisdom," he said, "in your words;
Let each of us do as seems best in his view.
I will attend to our flocks and our herds,
And you, if it you like—if your taste it may strike—
May go and pick channels among the rocks."
And then he added, and smiled so grim,
('Twas a very sly sort of a smile for him;
But Goram at times was a bit of a fox,)
And his tongue went over his upper lip,
As a wave of the sea o'er the bows of a ship,—
"Trust me to take care of our herds and our flocks."

So the wiser giant form'd his axe,
And bruised the earth with sore attacks;
Whilst thoughtless Goram, prone to munch,
(His jaws would work though his hands were lax,)
Went gathering oak-trees many a bunch,
To broil a lion and elk for lunch.
He stuck a small ash-tree through both of their backs,
And twirl'd them round before the fire,
And basted them well by squeezing a seal;
Devoted some moments to sniff and admire,
And then made a very delectable meal.
Such was the way he spent his time;
Or, unemployed by nobler cares,
Not having taste for aught sublime,
Set Sampson's posts for wolves and bears.

But after awhile, growing thoroughly sick
Of silently sauntering to and fro,
And seeing his brother so busy and quick,
And knowing that *he* was so lazy and slow—

Scarcely contriving a morn to beguile,
By throwing great rocks at Lundy Isle ;*
And eking out time from noon till dusk,
By picking his teeth with an elephant's tusk ;
He knew not himself the reason why,
But he suddenly made a resolve to try
And cut a canal also.

This plot conceived, he was not lax
To carry out his plan ;
So he borrow'd the loan of Vincent's axe,
And without delay began.
At Vincent's work he seem'd to scoff,
Though he scarce had reason why ;
So he chose a spot, some three miles off,
Where his own canal should lie :
Which he meant should be better, in every respect,
Than that one which Vincent had thought to effect ;
Wider and shorter, and sloped off more cunningly,
That the waves of the lake should glide out through it runningly.

Glad he thus should find employ,
Vincent lent his axe with joy ;
And both at last agreed
By hourly turns to hew the rocks—
By hourly turns to tend their flocks—
And lest there might succeed
Dispute about their times of trial,
To raise up truth above denial
They made a most appropriate dial
For such gigantic powers :
A branchless pine-tree form'd the gnomon,
With trenches carved out on the common
To indicate the hours.
And Goram deeming that his plan
Would shorter be, and simpler than
What his competitor began,
Consented to a wager :
If he had been a wiser man,
He would have been a sager.

" If I should lose," bold Vincent said,
" Devolve the duty on my hands
Of gathering bushes for our bed,
And trees and branches dry and dead,
To feed our fire with brands ;
Added to which, and free from feigning,
Throughout the term of life remaining,
I'll take on me, without complaining,
The building, covering, and maintaining,
The fencing, planting, watering, draining,
Of all our tenements and lands."

" And I," said Goram, " if I lose,
(But that I don't intend, or choose,)
For ever will supply
A weekly tribute to your hand,
Of twelve fat mastodonta, and
A megatherium pie."

Vincent, now a practised hand,
Lost no moment of his hour,
But his progress rightly plann'd,
With a due reserve of power :
For well knew he, that oft, indeed,
" The greater the haste the less the speed."

* A barren island, near the mouth of the Bristol Channel.

But Goram work'd hard whilst his muscles were pliant;
For Goram, when roused, was a mighty fierce giant,
The hill was soon riven with cracks;
And still on the rocks, as he batter'd and batter'd,
Large splinters across to the Severn were scatter'd—
Earth shook with his forceful attacks:
And Antipodes (far away over the ocean,)
Leap'd up with a sharp, perpendicular motion,
Without any previous purpose or notion,
At every strong blow of his axe.

But whilst Vincent went steadily, steadily on,
Goram grew tired, and greatly desired,
He had not committed—(Oh, giant! short-witted!
How greatly such cloddy-brains are to be pitied!)—
Himself in the mode we have treated upon.
He thought, with a sigh, of the weekly pie,
Which he rather would cook for himself than his brother;
And he 'gan to think if he might not shrink
Out of his compact in some way or other.
He pick'd at the hill, with small power or skill,
For only a very few minutes' together;
Then threw down his implement
Swearing he simply meant
To rest for a moment and look at the weather.
But for an hour together he'd linger,
Biting his cocoa-nut husk of a finger,
Or sucking his thumb of rhinoceros leather.

Then again he would take the tool
And work without design or rule,
Clipping a little off here and there,
Till after a time he made it his care
To hew for himself a great arm-chair
Wherein he might sit, with an easy air,
As oft as the weather was hot, to cool
His porpoise toes in the river below:
For already the waters began to flow
Through the rocks that have form'd our theme;
And 'twas pleasant to sit with his feet in the stream.

Ye who have roam'd, with favour'd feet,
Through the enchanted grounds of Blaise,
(Know ye a scene that's half so fair?)
Have seen the giant's stony seat
Such as 'twas form'd in ancient days—
Still do they call it, "Goram's chair."*
Now o'er the top ashes gracefully bow,
Ever-green ivy-trails climb up it now;
Grass, moss, and woodbine, its cushion have made;
Festoons of roses hang over its arms;
Foxglove and nightshade are round it array'd,
And soft-scented clematis adds to its charms.
Thus its attractions are forty times greater
(Thanks to the tasteful upholstery of nature—
Thanks to old Time with his fine necromancy)
Than ever the muddy-brain'd giant could fancy.

* "Goram's Chair," or "The Giant's Chair," in the beautiful grounds of Blaise Castle at Henbury, is a remarkable rock, in form closely resembling an arm-chair. It is distant about three miles from Bristol, and is situated on the edge of a ravine through which runs a rivulet, called, by courtesy, the River Trim. Tradition relates, as stated in the text (but statements in verse pass for nothing, which gives occasion to this note in prose), that the giant Goram used to sit in the chair and bathe his feet in the water below.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION, BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

"Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the King's now.—SHAKSPEARE.

IX.

BY one of those fortuities which render truth sometimes stranger than fiction, the unhappy parents of our hero, between whom, it will be remembered, a separation had taken place many months before, were now brought, face to face, *tout à coup*, in the small back parlour of a chemist's shop, in Somers Town. A crowd had collected before the glazed door, owing to a person having been carried within who had a few minutes before fallen down in a fit. The good mother, passing at the time, being well known to the compounder of drugs, gained ready admittance; and prompted by something better than curiosity, approached the unfortunate sufferer just as he was "coming to." No sooner had she fixed her eyes on the object in question, than the epileptic shock seemed instantaneously conveyed by contact with the patient, and clasping her hands, she faintly exclaimed, "Robert!" and sank on a chair beside him. The one was the *horloger*, Elliston himself, and the good Samaritan no other than his faithful helpmate, whose affection for her husband neglect had never weakened nor separation estranged. But this rencontre was Destiny rather than Chance, or "Chance, direction, which they could not see;" for being thus brought together, a renewal of conjugal rights was the result; and a cottage, in the neighbourhood of Bath, was taken and furnished for the aged couple—the expenses of which, young Elliston, with some assistance from the Doctor, cheerfully engaged to defray. The old lady, however, did not long enjoy the comfort thus provided—she died in November, 1798. On Elliston's return to Bath, in 1799, he found his father in a very alarming state, who was therefore immediately removed from the cottage to his son's house, where he lingered till the June of the following year, and then expired. The fact was, both mother and son had gone through much vexation and painful trouble on the watchmaker's account. Drink had sadly disordered Nature's works; and the time-piece man was no more. If his amiable mate had ever found him a blessing, he was, beyond all question, a blessing in disguise, for he was seldom sober. So, in his age, like the old eagle, he lived only on suction—it was both his malady and his medicine.

"Si nocturna tibi noceat potatio vini,
Hanc tu mane bibas iterum, et fuerit medicina."

As a proof of Elliston's sincere and attentive devotion to his art, at this period of his career, it should be noticed that he was in the habit of drawing up an analysis of each part previous to his first appearance therein. For a brief example, we give an extract of his view of the character of *Panglos*;—"It is no uncommon thing to find men of letters courting the hand of power or fortune by descending to meannesses which an independent mind would shudder at. Knowledge, it would be supposed, should fortify the mind to bear disappointments and meet

the casualties of life with firmness, but no sooner does the gripe of poverty bind us, than we frequently forget the theorems which have convinced us in books, and altogether discard our philosophy in practice. In this state is the subject of our present contemplation. He continues with few or no attempts to release himself from the caprice and insults of his employers, and his conscience is presently reconciled to his interest. His quotations are not unnatural and irresistibly laughable, and we forgive his vanity for the sake of the mirth it causes. We are not elated at his success, because he has not deserved it. His reverse of fortune we behold with indifference, because his nature is not deeply vitiated.

"Comic characters are seldom analyzed in their moral features; we laugh at singularities, without regarding their tendency, which may possibly be bad. The oddity of *Panglos*, his pedantry and cringing, all combine to make him ridiculous; but the author has done good dramatic justice; for, while we find the Doctor amusing, to answer the cause of theatrical entertainment, he is left contemptible, as a lesson to take home with us."

Happy should we have been to leave undisturbed the good impression which no doubt our hero has made on our readers by this example of professional diligence; but, as faithful historians, we are compelled now to present them with a letter, which may possibly raise more than a suspicion of his fallibility, and call to mind those sundry airy securities for good behaviour which in 1792 he showered on his confiding uncle, and made us tremble, at the time, for his liabilities. The epistle is from the *conservative* Mrs. Collins, who, from the storehouse of her affection, supplies the following admonition—the exigency of which occasion will be explained by the tenour of her words.

"I received your packet, my dear young friend, with mingled sentiments of *concern* and *satisfaction*. If I ever mentioned to Mrs. E. the report of your being an *unsteady husband*, it was to weaken the blow of her being a *deceived wife*—for these latter reports are flying about like *musquitoes*. For myself, I have *ever* considered you incapable of *studied deception;* and the affectionate zeal with which she has *often* spoken of your *unabating tenderness*, I would not for the world disturb. That you are really *in debt*, I never have believed; *but* that you *go the way* to become in debt, I *do believe*, because I *know it*—know that you *play—gamble*—know that you have visited the *hazard table*—thank God, I do not believe it is *yet* a HABIT. But it is in dread of *this* that I now write—when *once* the *habit* is confirmed—when once this idle *pleasure* has ripened into *passion*, you are lost to any hope which *this world* can give of your own preservation; whilst the pang that event will inflict on you will be a *hundredfold* repeated in the knowledge that you are the *curse* instead of the *blessing* to innocent hearts who now look up to you alone for shelter, and for *whose moral nature* you are *also responsible*. The reports that '*young Elliston is a gambler*,' have already reached *Mr. Gore;* I therefore recommend you to take an early opportunity, *not* of *denying* these, if they be true, but of *breaking the vicious bonds* while yet they are *within* your strength. What have I heard! that even between the *scenes* of the very *playhouse*—frequently in your *dressing-room* there—you gamble in *some shape* or other. Can such things fail of *notoriety*?

and will notoriety have any tenderness for the ears of your *inestimable wife?* 'I say again, Take heed!' and believe me,

"Your sincere friend,

"ANNE COLLINS.

"P.S.—I hope you have not forgot to thank Lady Perth for her letters to the north in *your behalf;* and Mr. Ashe thinks it would be right for you to call on Mr. Duff, who addressed his sister, Lady Ann, and several others, for you. You may find out her abode at the Pump Room."

This letter was unequivocally to the point; as Elliston secretly confessed, not without abundant reason. He first made an attempt at some display at indignation on reading it, but, like Jonathan Wild, who, when thrust to sea alone, in an open boat, cocked his hat and looked fierce for a moment, and then recollected there was no one by to applaud him, so did our hero think better of his anger, and pocketing the affront, vowed there was no real happiness but what conscience approved, and so passed that evening in the full enjoyment of domestic virtue.

In the midst of these things—the analysis, one moment, and the dice, another—schemes of theatrical partnership, and sudden excursions of pleasure,—Elliston made his appearance as a public lecturer! During the Lent season of this year, 1798, he undertook a series of lectures, both at Bath and Bristol, on morals and general criticism—it was a kind of "Blair," "Kames," and *Elliston* partnership, in which the moralist and the critic, pleasantly impregnated with the popular actor, drew together very profitable assemblies at both cities, and ended greatly to the success of this new enterprise. Poor Mrs. Collins! what a letter would she have written—how emphatically scored each alternate word—had she heard the malicious anecdote which for a time prevailed on the termination of these academic displays!

It was on a certain evening, at the ancient city of Bristol, after our adventurous scholiast had delivered himself, "ore rotundissimo," on the *Life and Genius of Bishop Berkley,* and having left his enraptured audience with the words of Pope, "To Berkley every virtue under heaven!" that, having pocketed the proceeds of his spiritual exercise, amounting to no less than thirty-six pounds, he carried the same to a house of riot, known in those days as the "Artichoke," scattering the profits of so much godliness amidst "Bates, Dawson, and the rest," when returning to Bath with his despised friends—namely, his own reflections,—he was met with a smile of confidence and affection, which, though in value beyond all human price, stung him in the keenest vibration of his heart.

Some few months previous to these events, Elliston had discovered the mistake in his calculation of the Pulteney-street establishment. He found that bringing a large house "over his head" was as destructive as an "old one"—part of it had never once been occupied at all, and his tenant for another had absconded, with a month's rent yet unsatisfied, and a few pounds to boot, borrowed from his landlord in the hurry of some business, by which any gentleman may be surprised. Elliston and his family had now taken up their residence in Bathwick-street.

X.

It was about this period Elliston became known to the Earl of Harcourt, a nobleman of unostentatious friendliness and refined taste; enjoying the favour of the sovereign, and dispensing patronage and encouragement to British art under every denomination. The Earl's father had been nominated ambassador extraordinary to the court of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, to demand the Princess Charlotte in marriage for George III.: he lost his life by a lamentable accident—falling into a well in his own park at Nuneham, and was succeeded by George Simon, the subject of our present notice. The Earl was a great patron of the stage and its professors; the Kemble family shared his especial favour, and many actors of merit his notice and regard. To Elliston and his wife he was most friendly; and whilst his position enabled him to be highly beneficial in their professional pursuits, his enlightened mind and mature judgment supplied them frequently with the best counsel.

The two following are among the earliest of Lord Harcourt's letters —the first addressed to Mrs. Elliston.

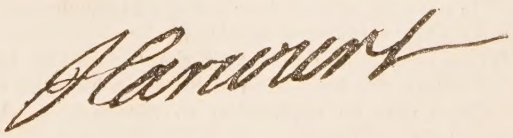
"Nuneham, April 6th.

"Madam,—As it cannot but be gratifying to you to hear the opinion of a good judge of acting, and who is himself an excellent comedian, respecting Mr. Elliston's performance of *Charles*, I will not deny myself the pleasure of transcribing a paragraph from a letter I received this morning. The approbation of a few such judges is of far higher value than the plaudits of an unreflecting multitude, for such, I fear, must all multitudes be considered.

"'*Charles* was better performed by Elliston than by Smith—at least, in my opinion. Smith I never really liked in the part. It was a relief to me not to see the chair leaned upon, &c. &c. Elliston looks the character admirably. Lord St. Helens was as much pleased as myself, who, never having seen O'Brien, thinks Elliston the first gentleman on the stage—he has an easy vivacity and a spiritual quality which no other performer possesses—a charming voice, and his side-acting is admirable.'

"If your affection, madam, has some gratification from reading this eulogy, my own vanity is gratified while I write it, as I take to myself the credit of having discovered Mr. Elliston's peculiar talent in much earlier days than the present. The annals of the stage record two gentlemen actors only—viz., Wilkes, in the time of Cibber and Mrs. Oldfield, and O'Brien in that of Garrick, which last-named, with all his astonishing powers both in tragedy and comedy, could be anything —everything—except a gentleman.

"I am, Madam, your humble servant,



Who the correspondent of Lord Harcourt really was, does not appear; but we by no means call on our readers to subscribe implicitly to his opinion of Elliston's personification of *Charles Surface*. In our

own humble impression, *Charles* was not amongst his most successful efforts ; and we the more regret this, as it was no doubt the dazzle of this character which led Elliston away from *Joseph*—a part which he ought to have made most triumphantly his own, and but for the other attraction most probably would have done so. That he played *Charles* charmingly, no one can deny ; but his transcendent merit therein is at least equivocal. *Joseph Surface* is perhaps the most difficult part in comedy on the stage to sustain with effect—to make what is called a hit, is next to impossible. Here are no points—no strong situations which sometimes command applause ; all that can be done must be accomplished by sound, intrinsic acting. The character is introduced by neither flower nor flourish—the mere "good morrow" are the simple words committed to him. You sympathize with him for not one moment in the play,—for he is no bold-faced villain, who will sometimes beguile the spectator of a transient impulse of pity or applause—he is detested throughout, and on his shoulders the airy fascination of *Charles* is borne sparkling to the close ; and yet, with all this, is *Joseph* the hero of the play—a question which the inimitable Palmer satisfactorily proved ; and a fact which Elliston in that peculiar quality of his art which so distinguished him, ought still to have maintained and perpetuated.

The second is to Elliston himself—the subject of it appears to have been his own benefit.

"Nuneham, April 24th.

"Lord Harcourt sends his compliments to Mr. Elliston, and assures him that he has great pleasure in communicating to him the enclosed letter from Mr. Smith. He thinks it would be more correct and respectful towards their R.R.H.H., the Duke and Duchess of York, to advertise the play to be performed by their command, than under their patronage. No one, except Mr. Elliston himself, need know that their R.R.H.H. cannot actually be present at the performance."

In July of this year (1799), Sheridan renewed his attack on Elliston in his Bath fastnesses, bringing so powerful a force into the field, as to calculate on the fullest success. On the 6th, the following dispatch reached the besieged party :—

"Mr. Sheridan presents compliments to Mr. Elliston, and, at the desire of the Duchess of Devonshire, has transmitted the enclosed. Mr. Sheridan will do himself the pleasure of writing to Mr. Elliston on the subject, in a day or two."

The enclosure was addressed to Mrs. Elliston, by the Duchess.

"The Duchess of Devonshire has heard so much of Mr. Elliston's success in London, that if he wishes to be engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, she thinks there can be no doubt of his succeeding ; and Mr. Sheridan would offer him terms he would approve. The Duchess will, in case this should take place, endeavour to obtain for Mrs. Elliston a great number of scholars."

There can be no doubt that the "desire of the Duchess" was, in point of fact, the suggestion of Sheridan himself; who not unnaturally concluded that an application so flattering as that of her Grace of Devonshire—of her—

> "Who, had she lived before the Siege of Troy,
> Helen, whose beauty summon'd Greece to arms,
> And drew a thousand ships to Tenedos,
> Had not been named in Homer's Iliad,"

would have been too dazzling for the weak eyesight of the noviciate actor, and that he would have been led blind to the asylum of Drury. But such was not the result—his duty and inclinations had both been pledged to his Bath friends beyond this offer of redemption, and for the present, at least, he refused acceding to any permanent engagement in London.

Thornton, the Windsor manager, having offered proposals to Elliston for his services for a certain number of nights, Robert William solicits the advice of his friend Lord Harcourt on the occasion, and receives, in consequence, the following answer :—

"Oxford, July 11, 1799.

"Sir,—As I understand their Majesties will not leave Windsor before the beginning of next month, I am glad to hear that you are in treaty with Mr. Thornton, as it will be the means of making your talents known to the king and queen, who, I doubt not, will honour you with their commands. I have apprised them of the probability of your engagement at Windsor, and allow me to say, their Majesties are no strangers to the opinion I entertain of your abilities in the art you profess, or of the esteem I feel for you in your private character.

"I fear you will experience some difficulty in your choice of character for an appearance before their Majesties; for I must observe, that if Mr. Thornton's company be not improved since I last saw it, it is only fit to exhibit in a village barn. This opinion, however, I have kept to myself, lest by its expression I might injure this most wretched band of performers; though I could not but regret so many able haymakers, sturdy blacksmiths, and active ostlers, should thus have miscalculated their usefulness, and despised the station which Providence had evidently allotted them. With such a company I cannot imagine how such plays could be produced which might shew you to advantage, and I should be concerned to find you were reduced to appear only in such characters, which, having no archetype in nature, render the actor but a mere buffoon, wherein he who stoops lowest is most successful. I wish you had seen Mr. Fawcett and Munden in the "Birthday:" their performance was exquisite, worthy, not only the Garrick school, but even Garrick himself. Munden is an actor of true genius; but I trust he will, for the future, honour Nature, and not hold her up to scorn; that he will see by the *fairly* earned applause he obtained in the above drama, that it is not necessary to become a Merry Andrew in order to please. The loudest laugh is not always the liveliest sensation of delight—it is a kind of borachio, which leaves no satisfaction better than a head-ache. *Don Felix*, *Charles Surface*, *Young Wilding*, the *Jew* (in the "Jew and Doctor"), and *Vapour*, are characters which would please their majesties, and represent you to advantage. *Walter*, one of your best performances, I do not mention, because *I am sure the king will never again see the 'Children in the Wood.'* Pray give my compliments to Mrs. Elliston, and believe me to be, your humble servant, "Harcourt."

(Letter 2.)

"Nuneham, Saturday.

"Sir,—The patronage afforded to the theatre at Windsor by their majesties, gives to it a distinction that obviates any objection which a

performer of eminence might naturally have in appearing amongst actors so greatly inferior, and several of the first have, consequently, shewn themselves on that stage. It would be to your advantage, therefore, to accept the offer of the manager; otherwise, as I have been informed, the passion for cards so engrosses the minds of the Windsor inhabitants, that they have but little inclination to go to plays. There is every reason to believe that the king and queen have no intention of quitting the castle this summer, and as I have before told you, their Majesties knowing my opinion of you, I think there is but little doubt of their commanding a play in which you would have the leading part. If I should have the honour of being summoned by their Majesties before September, I will contrive to pave the way for your appearance; but the choice of character is an affair of no small concern, as the king does not like any comedies of a serious cast, and I should be sorry, on the other hand, that you only shewed yourself in the walk of mere farce. I am particularly anxious you should play *The Liar*, because the grace of your deportment, your vivacity, and youthfulness of figure, unite to render your representation of that character a first-rate performance. You, sir, and you almost alone, are the theatrical gentleman. Pray give my compliments to Mrs. Elliston, and believe me, your humble servant, "HARCOURT.

"My compliments also to Mr. Dimond."

In consequence of this flattering correspondence with his noble patron, Elliston arrived at Windsor on the 24th of July, and by command of his majesty acted on the following night, *Don Felix*, before the royal party. On the 26th, the next night, he was playing at Bristol, and again on the 27th at Windsor. Thus to and fro, between Bristol and Windsor, he vibrated in the space of each civil day; constant as the sun, for one whole fortnight, he performed his course, and like him imparting light and life to the opaque bodies of his clustering fraternity. It may be well believed, Elliston felt no little satisfaction in perceiving he had pleased the king. His majesty expressed himself in terms highly flattering to this new object of his notice, and the delight he evidently felt at his several performances became a subject of public comment.

It was interesting as singular to behold, at this time, a sovereign—the King of England, at the head of his family, in simple citizenship, indulging sympathies with his people in their national pastimes; confessing his sense of enjoyment from the same source to which they, one and all, were accustomed to apply; brought with them by one common, humble invitation, to social pleasures; quite in fellowship, almost in contact with him who looked alone to health and strength for the supply of his daily wants; on a spot, which even the humblest burgess would have accounted mean; asking no adulation but the respect of well-disciplined minds to age and honour; placing no restraint on the impulsive expression of joy or wonderment, but leading the way in each indication of delight; echoing the youthful glee which the boy's "first play" excited, and almost pressing the same plank which danced with the compact array of excited gazers.

A fête, on the 7th of August, in honour of the birth of the Princess Amelia, was given by her majesty at Frogmore, and more especially in consequence of the princess's recovery from recent illness. Elliston

was invited to speak some occasional lines, in the character of *Merlin*, before the royal party, for which the august convalescent presented him with ten guineas; Dr. Aylward, the king's organist, having given him apartments in the castle, during his stay.

Elliston acted six times in the fortnight's engagement at Windsor, the king having commanded five; by whose order, also, twenty-five guineas were transmitted to him on his benefit. He cleared by this trip above one hundred guineas.

These daily transits between Bristol and Windsor being undertaken after each performance, by night, (for he slept like a top within a coach, as sound and as vertical,) were styled by his comrades *Night Errantry;* and verily our "Troubadour" could have been no other than "William de la *Tour*" himself, achieving also some certain exploits on these missions, if report be true, not altogether unworthy the famed "Provençal" band. Elliston, who was one of those who considered no behaviour towards the other sex worthy the term civility which fell short of a positive declaration of love—like our forefathers, who fancied their hospitality poor, unless they made their guests dead drunk—used to relate a smart rebuke he once received in one of these moments of stage-coach *innamoramenti.* Addressing himself to a fair fellow-passenger in language somewhat savouring of *Young Wilding*, and perceiving the lady less favourable to his suit than he had expected, concluded by hoping he had not exceeded the bounds of decorum. "Perhaps not, sir," replied she, "but your limits of decorum are so extremely liberal that you may possibly lose your way in the excursion."

On another occasion, having acted the night at Windsor, and finding himself too late for the mail on reaching Slough, he was compelled at once to order a post-chaise, as it was necessary he should arrive at Bath by a certain hour the next day. With but a faint hope of finding any companion at that time of night who might be about to take the same direction, he still made application within the entry of the "White Hart," when a stranger of no ordinary size, and enveloped in a large shaggy coat, sprang eagerly forward, declaring at once that he "was his man!" His new-found friend being evidently a little drunk, Elliston began to repent his invitation; but before he could raise any plausible objection, his agile companion had taken his seat within the vehicle, and already deposited what little baggage he appeared to be travelling with. Elliston, not displeased with the stranger's humour, but having little hope of reducing him to his own state of sobriety, fancied he could do no less than elevate himself to the same level. Ordering, therefore, a double-strong glass of brandy-and-water, much to the applause of his companion in the large coat, they started together. Naturally enough, Elliston began his surmises who and what his companion could be. He was rough, but not vulgar; rude in speech, yet on the best terms with the very pride of nobility; and the tumblers he had emptied, which too frequently, in humble life, like cupping-glasses, only draw out the ill-humours of the animal, proved him clearly enough as good-tempered a fellow-voyager as many of his betters. What could he be? A question which his increasing volubility only rendered still more obscure; for, like an unskilled finger travelling the keys of a harpsichord, he touched on a vast variety of subjects, producing anything but intelligent sounds. In summing up

the case, Elliston concluded him to be the first-born of some good easy yeoman, who, on his first visit to London, had paid dearly for the "Stranger's Guide," and was now returning with mock satisfaction and empty pockets to astonish the "auld wife at home." Suddenly, the stranger struck up the ballad of "Black-eyed Susan," which he sang not without some slight pretensions to taste; and on Elliston expressing his satisfaction at the change of entertainment, he pulled from under his coat a copy of the "Convivial Warbler," which, for all he could have deciphered at that time of night, might have been the "Æschylus" of Parson Adams, and immediately commenced, "My Friend and Pitcher."

How long he would have pursued this vein of melody is uncertain; but on the chaise stopping to change horses, (for as to the term "fresh," it was far more applicable to the travellers than the poor cattle,) he abruptly broke off, and ordering one other tumbler "of the same," cried, "So much for good luck at Moulsey, and now all's over!" This expression Elliston as little understood as the rest his companion had vouchsafed in the form of prose, when suddenly the stranger raising the ostler's lantern directly on the comedian's countenance, and planting his hand impressively on his shoulder, exclaimed, "I know you, sir; you are the Prince of Wales. I'll not sell you—you know, sir, I'll not sell you," shaking Elliston, cordially. "Here!" continued he, pointing to his empty glass; "I would say it before your honoured father himself, God bless him!—never a drop more from this day midnight—six weeks and hard allowance; you look to me—I know you look to me, and I'll stand your friend." Like an Egyptian hieroglyphic, full of interest, yet perfectly unintelligible, he continued his fragmental address for some miles further, when again murmuring, "You're the 'Prince of Wales,'" he fell into a most audible sleep. In due time, the travellers reached Woolhampton, the place, as Elliston had understood, his friend intended parting; he hereupon returned the humeral salutation, with a full per centage of violence, at the same time roaring in his ear "Woolhampton!" This altisonant announcement had the desired effect. Up sprang the tenant of the rough habiliment, and rubbing his eyes violently for a few moments, "Woolhampton?" repeated he. "Yes," continued Elliston, "and here, I'm afraid, we part." "Sir," replied the other, taking the actor's hand; "we've been fellow-travellers so far, and now with best service to ye for the number o' merry tales you've told us, what's the total of my whack?" and out he drew a canvass bag, containing no despicable sum. "Why verily, my good fellow——" began Elliston; but the other at once apprehending his meaning, jerked him smartly by the collar, exclaiming, "Gingerly—gingerly! You don't stir to-night unless I pay my whack. Come! how much—a brace o' smelts?"

"A brace of smelts!" repeated Elliston.

"Two half-guineas," continued the other; "remember, I've six hard weeks on't in yon village there."

"How?"

"Why, didn't I tell you all at the 'White Hart.'"

"Not a word."

"Whew!—that I should 'a been travelling with a gent thirty mile, and said not a word!" Elliston here merely interrupted him with a smile. "My name's Tom Owen," proceeded he, jocosely, but con-

The King and the Player.

fidentially; "you've heard of the fight that's to come off, in September, at Moulsey, 'twixt me and Davis, as good a man as ever entered the ring; but 'tis plaguy hard, training—six weeks on't. Harkye, I know I'm the better man, for a' that; so make your bets." Which having said, and insisted on paying his share of the chaise expenses, he was departing, brisk and partly sober; his little portmanteau dangling from a sturdy ash, when Elliston called out, "Well, beat your man, and good luck to you; but the girl!—the girl! Why give '*Susan*' a *black-eye?*" Snapping his fingers with a laugh, the bruiser mounted the stile, and was presently out of sight.

From Windsor, Elliston proceeded to Plymouth, and acted, for the first time, the part of *Rolla*. His youth, his appearance, the romantic cast of the drama, and the great popularity of both actor and play, at this precise time, rendered this one of the most successful sea-port speculations that the manager of the West had made for several years. The Cornish and Devon families talked more, even at this moment, of "Pizarro," than Tippoo Sultan—of Elliston, than Sir David Baird; while Acre, Napoleon, and Sir Sidney, were lost in the Andes, Almagro, and Rolla. From Plymouth, Elliston went next to Birmingham, and having acted his number of nights according to agreement, he proceeded to Weymouth, where he terminated his summer excursion, and again played before the royal family.

George the Third, as it is well-known, was extremely partial to Weymouth, and it was no unusual thing for him to take his stroll quite unattended. On the morning of Elliston's benefit (an occasion which the king had expressly honoured by a command), he had been enjoying one of these afternoon wanderings, when rain coming on just as he was passing the theatre-door, in he went, and finding no one immediately at hand, proceeded at once to the royal box, and seated himself in his own chair. The dim daylight of the theatre, and slight fatigue, which exercise had occasioned, induced an inclination of drowsiness. His majesty, in fact, fell into a comfortable doze, which presently became a sound sleep. In the meantime, Lord Townshend, who had encountered Elliston in the neighbourhood, inquired whether he had seen the king, as his majesty had not been at the palace since his three o'clock dinner; and it being then nearly five, the queen and princesses were in some little anxiety about him. But his lordship gaining no direction from the dramatic star, pursued his object in another course.

Elliston, now making his way to the theatre for the purpose of superintending all things necessary for the reception of his august patrons, went straight into the king's box; and on perceiving a man fast asleep in his majesty's chair, was about recalling him to his senses in as ungentle a manner as he roused the recollection of Tom Owen in the post-chaise, when, very fortunately, he discovered who his friend really was who had so unexpectedly dropped in. What was to be done? Elliston could not presume to wake his majesty—to approach him—speak to him—touch him, impossible!—and yet something was necessary to be attempted, as it was now time the theatre should be lit, and what was of still greater importance, the anxiety of the queen and family assuaged. Elliston hit on the following expedient: taking up a violin from the orchestra, he stepped into the pit, and placing himself just beneath his truly-exalted guest, struck up, *dolcemente*, "God save the

King !" The expedient had the desired effect—the royal sleeper was gently loosened from the spell which had bound him ; and awaking, up he sprang, and, staring the genuflecting comedian full in the face, exclaimed, " Hey! hey! hey! what, what! Oh, yes! I see, Elliston—ha ! ha ! Rain came on—took a seat—took a nap.—What's o'clock ?"

" Approaching six, your majesty."

" Six ! — six o'clock !" interrupted the king. " Send to her majesty—say I'm here. Stay—stay—this wig wont do,—eh, eh ? Don't keep the people waiting—light up—light up—let 'em in—let 'em in—ha! ha! fast asleep. Play well to-night, Elliston—great favourite with the queen. Let 'em in—let 'em in."

The house was presently illuminated—messengers were sent off to the royal party, which in a short lapse of time reached the theatre. Elliston then quitted the side of his most affable monarch ; and dressing himself in five minutes for his part in the drama, went through his business with bounding spirit ; nor was his glee at all diminished, when, on attending the royal visitors to their carriage, the king once more nodded his head, saying, " Fast asleep, eh, Elliston ! —fast asleep !"

RAPHAEL.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

On the death of this great Painter, his body lay in state in the Pantheon, at Rome, and his last and noblest work, the " Transfiguration," was placed at his head.

THE hand is cold which shadow'd forth
The spirit's soft creation ;
One parting gift remains to earth—
That bright " Transfiguration !"

And who can view the sainted smile
Of yon Redeemer's eye,
Nor feel within his heart the while
Its calm divinity ?

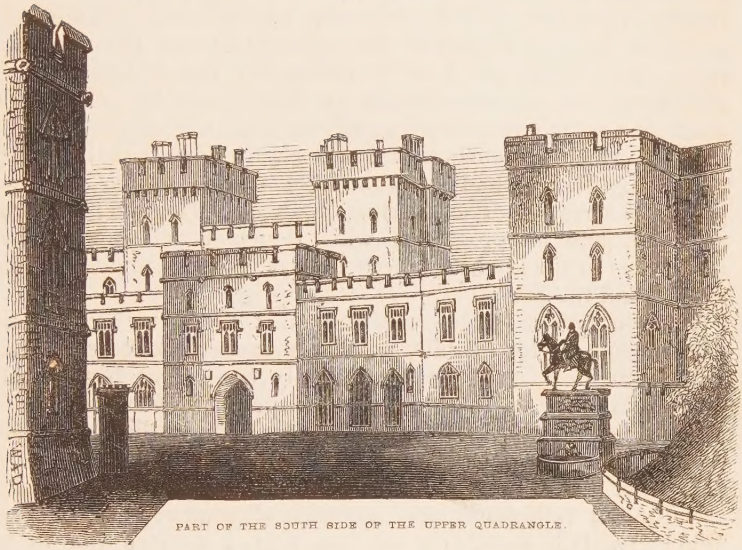
In thee the art, oh ! Raphael, reign'd,
Eloquently to express
Seraphic forms, on earth detain'd,
Of perfect loveliness !

THE LAST PAGE OF AN ALBUM.

BY MARGARET SCOTT.

" Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end."

KEEP the last page for ever in thy sight—
In the gay morning, think upon the night—
In all thy ways, consider where they tend—
In every thing, ask what will be its end—
In fairest flowers, remember they must fade—
In brightest skies, that clouds may overshade—
In thoughts indulged, think well on afterthought—
In all thou seekest, at what price 'tis bought—
In maddest hours, remember thought must come—
In strongest youth, bethink thee of the tomb—
And chasing thought, be sure it is in vain,
For though thou diest, thou must rise again.



PART OF THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE UPPER QUADRANGLE.

V.

OF THE COMBAT BETWEEN WILL SOMMERS AND PATCH; AND HOW IT TERMINATED.

MABEL'S heart fluttered violently at the usher's announcement, and for a moment the colour deserted her cheek, while the next instant she was covered with blushes. As to poor Patch, feeling that his indiscretion might place him in great jeopardy, and seriously affect his master, to whom he was devotedly attached, he cast a piteous and imploring look at his antagonist, but was answered only by a derisive laugh, coupled with an expressive gesture to intimate that a halter would be his fate. Fearful that mischief might ensue, the good-natured Simon Quanden got out of his chair, and earnestly besought Will not to carry matters too far; but the jester remained implacable.

It was not unusual with Henry to visit the different offices of the castle, and converse freely and familiarly with the members

of his household; but it was by no means safe to trust to the continuance of his good humour, or in the slightest degree to presume upon it. It is well known that his taste for variety of character often led him, like the renowned Caliph Haroun Al Reschid, to mix with the lower classes of his subjects in disguise; at which times, many extraordinary adventures are said to have befallen him. His present visit to the kitchen, therefore, would have occasioned no surprise to its occupants, if it had not occurred so soon after the cardinal's arrival. But it was this circumstance, in fact, that sent him thither. The intelligence brought by Wolsey of the adjournment of the court for three days, under the plea of giving the queen time for her allegations, was so unlooked for by Henry, that he quitted the cardinal in high displeasure, and was about to repair to Anne Boleyn, when he encountered Bouchier, who told him that Mabel Lyndwood had been brought to the castle, and her grandsire arrested. The information changed Henry's intentions at once, and he proceeded with Bouchier and some other attendants to the kitchen, where he was given to understand he should find the damsel.

Many a furtive glance was thrown at the king, for no one dared openly to regard him, as he approached the forester's fair grand-daughter. But he tarried only a moment beside her, chucked her under the chin, and whispering a word or two in her ear that heightened her blushes, passed on to the spot where the two jesters were standing.

"What dost thou here, knave?" he said to Will Sommers.

"I might rather ask that question of your majesty," replied Will; "and I would do so, but that I require not to be told."

"I have come to see what passeth in my household," replied the king, throwing himself into the chair lately occupied by the chief cook. "Ah! Hob and Nob, my merry rascals," he cried, patting the turnspits who ran towards him, and thrust their noses against his hand, "ye are as gamesome and loving as ever, I see. Give me a manchet for them, master cook, and let not the proceedings in the kitchen be stayed for my presence. I would not have my supper delayed, or the roasts spoiled, for any false ceremony. And now, Will, what hast thou to say that thou lookest so hard at me?"

"I have a heavy charge to bring against this knave, an' please your majesty," replied Will Sommers, pointing to Patch.

"What! hath he retorted upon thee too sharply?" replied the king, laughing. "If so, challenge him to the combat, and settle the grievance with thy lathen dagger. But refer not the matter to me. I am no judge in fools' quarrels."

"Your own excepted," muttered Will. "This is not a quarrel that can be so adjusted," he added aloud. "I charge this

rascal Patch with speaking disrespectfully of your highness in the hearing of the whole kitchen. And I also charge his master, the cardinal, with having secreted in his cellars at Hampton a vast amount of treasure, obtained by extortion, privy dealings with foreign powers, and other iniquitous practices, and which ought of right to find its way to your royal exchequer."

"And which *shall* find its way thither, if what thou avouchest be not a fable," replied the king.

"Your majesty shall judge," rejoined Will. And he repeated the story which he had just before related.

"Can this be true?" exclaimed Henry, at its close.

"It is false, your highness, every word of it," cried Patch, throwing himself at the king's feet, "except so far as relates to our visit to the cellar, where, I shame to speak it, we drank so much that our senses clean forsook us. As to my indiscreet speech touching your majesty, neither disrespect nor disloyalty were intended by it. I was goaded to the rejoinder by the sharp sting of this hornet."

"The matter of the treasure shall be inquired into without delay," said Henry. "As to the quarrel, it shall be thus settled. Get both of you upon that table. A flour bag shall be given to each; and he who is first knocked off shall be held vanquished."

The king's judgment was received with as much applause as dared be exhibited by the hearers; and in an instant the board was cleared, and a couple of flour bags, partly filled, delivered to the combatants by Simon Quanden, who bestirred himself with unwonted activity on the occasion.

Leaping upon the table, amid the smothered mirth of the assemblage, the two jesters placed themselves opposite each other, and grinned such comical defiance that the king roared with laughter. After a variety of odd movements and feints on either side, Patch tried to bring down his adversary by a tremendous two-handed blow; but in dealing it, the weight of the bag dragged him forward, and well nigh pitched him head foremost upon the floor. As it was, he fell on his face upon the table, and in this position received several heavy blows upon the prominent part of his back from Will Sommers. Ere long, however, he managed to regain his legs; and smarting with pain, attacked his opponent furiously in his turn. For a short space, fortune seemed to favour him. His bag had slightly burst, and the flour issuing from it with every blow, well nigh blinded his adversary, whom he drove to the very edge of the table. At this critical juncture, Will managed to bring down his bag full upon his opponent's sconce, and the force of the blow bursting it, Patch was covered from crown to foot with flour, and blinded in his turn. The appearance of the combatants was now so exquisitely ridiculous, that the king leaned back in his chair to indulge his laughter,

and the mirth of the spectators could no longer be kept within decorous limits. The very turnspits barked in laughing concert.

"Well fought on both sides!" cried Henry; "it were hard to say which will prove the victor. Now, knaves, to it again—ha! ha!—to it again!"

Once more the bags were wielded, descended, and the blows were so well directed on either side, that both combatants fell backwards. Again the king's laughter rose loud and long. Again the merriment of the other beholders was redoubled. Again Hob and Nob barked joyously, and tried to spring on to the table to take part in the conflict. Amid the general glee, the combatants rose and renewed the fight, dealing blows thick and fast,—for the bags were now considerably lightened of their contents,—until they were completely hidden from view by a cloud of white dust.

"We cannot see the fray," remarked Henry; "but we can hear the din of battle. Which will prove the victor, I marvel?"

"I am for Will Sommers," cried Bouchier.

"And I for Patch," said Simon Quanden. "Latterly, he hath seemed to me to have the advantage."

"It is decided!" cried the king, rising, as one of the combatants was knocked off the table, and fell to the floor with a great noise. "Who is it?"

"Patch," replied a faint voice. And through the cloud of dust struggled forth the forlorn figure of the cardinal's jester, while Will Sommers leaped triumphantly to the ground.

"Get thee to a wash-tub, knave, and cleanse thyself," said Henry, laughing. "In consideration of the punishment thou hast undergone, I pardon thee thy treasonable speech."

So saying, he rose and walked towards Mabel, who had been quite as much alarmed as amused by the scene which had just taken place.

"I hope you have been as well cared for, damsel," he said, "since your arrival at the castle, as you cared for the Duke of Suffolk and myself when we visited your cottage?"

"I have had everything I require, my liege," replied Mabel, timidly.

"Dame Quanden will take charge of you till to-morrow," replied the king, "when you will enter upon the service of one of our dames."

"Your majesty is very considerate," said Mabel—"but I would rather go back at early dawn to my grandsire."

"That is needless," rejoined the king, sternly. "Your grandsire is in the castle."

"I am glad to hear it," exclaimed Mabel. And then altering her tone, for she did not like the expression of the king's countenance, she added, "I hope he has not incurred your majesty's displeasure."

"I trust he will be able to clear himself, Mabel," said Henry; "but he labours under the suspicion of leaguing with lawless men."

Mabel shuddered; for the thought of what she had witnessed on the previous night during the storm rushed forcibly to her recollection. The king noticed her uneasiness, and added, in a gentler tone—"If he makes such confession as will bring the others to justice, he has nothing to fear. Dame Quanden, I commit this maiden to your charge. To-morrow, she will take her place as attendant to the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald."

So saying, he moved off with Bouchier and the rest of his attendants, leaving Mabel to the care of the cook's good-humoured spouse, who seeing her eyes filled with tears, strove to cheer her, and led her towards a small side table, where she pressed wine and cates upon her.

"Be of good cheer, sweetheart," she said, in a soothing tone, "no harm will befal your grandfather. You are much too high in favour with the king for that."

"I liked the king much better as I saw him at our cottage, good dame," replied Mabel, smiling through her tears—"in the guise of a Guildford merchant. He seemed scarcely to notice me just now."

"That was because so many eyes were upon you, sweetheart," replied Deborah; "but sooth to say, I should be better pleased if he did not notice you at all."

Mabel blushed, and hung her head.

"I am glad you are to be an attendant on the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald," pursued Deborah, "for she is the fairest young lady at court, and as good and gentle as she is fair, and I am sure you will find her a kind mistress. I will tell you something about her. She is beloved by the king's son, the Duke of Richmond, but she requites not his passion, for her heart is fixed on the youthful Earl of Surrey. Alack a day! the noble rivals quarrelled, and crossed swords about her; but as luck would have it, they were separated before any mischief was done. The king was very wroth with Lord Surrey, and ordered him to be imprisoned for two months in the Round Tower, in this castle, where he is now, though his term has very nearly expired."

"How I pity him, to be thus harshly treated," remarked Mabel, her eyes swimming with tears, "and the Lady Elizabeth too! I shall delight to serve her."

"I am told the Earl passes the whole of his time in poring over books, and writing love verses and sonnets," said Deborah. "It seems strange that one so young should be a poet; but I suppose he caught the art from his friend Sir Thomas Wyat."

"Is he a friend of Sir Thomas Wyat?" asked Mabel, quickly.

"His close friend," replied Deborah; "except the Duke of Richmond, now his rival, he had none closer. Have you ever seen Sir Thomas, sweetheart?"

"Yes, for a few moments," replied Mabel, confusedly.

"I heard that he lingered for a short time in the forest before his departure for Paris," said Dame Quanden. "There was a strange rumour that he had joined the band of Herne the hunter. But that must have been untrue."

"Is he returned from France?" inquired Mabel, without heeding the remark.

"I fancy not," replied the good dame. "At all events, he is not come to the castle. Know you not," she added, in a low confidential tone, "that the king is jealous of him? He was a former suitor to the Lady Anne Boleyn, and desperately in love with her; and it is supposed that his mission to France was only a pretext to get him out of the way."

"I suspected as much," replied Mabel. "Alas! for Sir Thomas, and alas! for the Earl of Surrey."

"And alas! for Mabel Lyndwood, if she allows her heart to be fixed upon the king," said Deborah.

While this was passing, the business of the kitchen, which had been interrupted by the various incidents above related, and especially by the conflict between the two jesters, was hurried forward, and for some time all was bustle and confusion.

But as soon as the supper was served, and all his duties were fully discharged, Simon Quanden, who had been bustling about, sat down in his easy chair, and recruited himself with a toast and a sack-posset. Hob and Nob had their supper at the same time, and the party at the table, which had been increased by the two archers and Nicholas Clamp, attacked with renewed vigour a fresh supply of mead and ale, which had been provided for them by Jack of the Bottles.

The conversation then turned upon Herne the hunter; and as all had heard more or less about him, and some had seen him, while few knew the legend connected with him, Hector Cutbeard volunteered to relate it; upon which all the party gathered closer together, and Mabel and Deborah left off talking, and drew near to listen.

SCATHED OAK-TREE IN THE HOME PARK.

VI.

The Legend of Herne the Hunter.

"NEARLY a century and a half ago," commenced Cutbeard, "about the middle of the reign of Richard the Second, there was among the keepers of the forest a young man named Herne. He was expert beyond his fellows in all matters of woodcraft, and consequently in great favour with the king, who was himself devoted to the chase. Whenever he stayed at the castle, King Richard, like our own royal Harry, would pass his time in hunting, hawking, or shooting with the long bow; and on all these occasions the young keeper was his constant attendant. If a hart was to be chased, Herne and his two black hounds of Saint Hubert's breed would hunt him down with marvellous speed; if a wild boar was to be reared, a badger digged out, a fox unkennelled. a marten bayed, or an otter vented, Herne was

chosen for the task. No one could fly a falcon so well as Herne, —no one could break up a deer so quickly or so skilfully as him. But in proportion as he grew in favour with the king, the young keeper was hated by his comrades, and they concerted together how to ruin him. All their efforts, however, were ineffectual, and rather tended to his advantage than injury.

"One day, it chanced that the king hunted in the forest with his favourite, the Earl of Oxford, when a great deer of head was unharboured, and a tremendous chase ensued, the hart leading his pursuers within a few miles of Hungerford, whither the borders of the forest then extended. All the followers of the king, even the Earl of Oxford, had by this time dropped off, and the royal huntsman was only attended by Herne, who kept close behind him. At last, the hart, driven to desperation, stood at bay, and gored the king's horse as he came up in such manner that it reared and threw its rider. Another instant, and the horns of the infuriated animal would have been plunged into the body of the king, if Herne had not flung himself between the prostrate monarch and his assailant, and received the stroke intended for him. Though desperately wounded, the young hunter contrived slightly to raise himself, and plunged his knife into the hart's throat, while the king regained his feet.

"Gazing with the utmost concern at his unfortunate deliverer, King Richard demanded what he could do for him.

"'Nothing, sire—nothing,' replied Herne, with a groan. 'I shall require nothing but a grave from you, for I have received a wound that will speedily bring me to it.'

"'Not so, I trust, good fellow,' replied the king, in a tone meant to be encouraging, though his looks shewed that his heart misgave him; 'my best leech shall attend you.'

"'No skill will avail me now,' replied Herne, sadly. 'A hurt from hart's horn bringeth to the bier.'

"'I hope the proverb will not be justified in thy case,' rejoined the king; 'and I promise thee, if thou dost recover, thou shalt have the post of head keeper of the forest, with twenty nobles a-year for wages. If, unhappily, thy forebodings are realized, I will give the same sum to be laid out in masses for thy soul.'

"'I humbly thank your highness,' replied the young man, 'and I accept the latter offer, seeing it is the only one likely to profit me.'

"With this, he put his horn to his lips, and winding the dead mot feebly, fell back senseless. Much moved, the king rode off for succour; and blowing a lusty call on his bugle, was presently joined by the Earl of Oxford and some of his followers, among whom were the keepers. The latter were secretly rejoiced on hearing what had befallen Herne, but they feigned the greatest affliction, and hastened with the king to the spot

where the body was lying stretched out beside that of the hart.

"'It is almost a pity his soul cannot pass away thus,' said King Richard, gazing compassionately at him, 'for he will only revive to anguish and speedy death.'

"'Your highness is right,' replied the chief keeper, a grim old man, named Osmond Crooke, kneeling beside him, and half-drawing his hunting-knife, 'it were better to put him out of his misery.'

"'What! slay the man who has just saved my own life!' cried the king. 'I will consent to no such infamous deed. I would give a large reward to any one who could cure him.'

"As the words were uttered, a tall dark man, in a strange garb, and mounted on a black wild-looking steed, whom no one had hitherto observed, sprang to the ground, and advanced towards the king.

"'I take your offer, sire,' said this personage, in a harsh voice. 'I will cure him.'

"'Who art thou, fellow?' demanded King Richard, doubtfully.

"'I am a forester,' replied the tall man, 'but I understand somewhat of chirurgery and leechcraft.'

"'And woodcraft too, I'll be sworn, fellow,' said the king. 'Thou hast, or I am mistaken, made free with some of my venison.'

"'He looks marvellously like Arnold Sheafe, who was outlawed for deer-stealing,' said Osmond Crooke, regarding him steadfastly.

"'I am no outlaw, neither am I called Arnold Sheafe,' replied the other. 'My name is Philip Urswick, and I can render a good account of myself when it shall please the king's highness to examine me. I dwell on the heath near Bagshot, which you passed to-day in the chase, and where I joined you.'

"'I noted you not,' said Osmond.

"'Nor I—nor I!' cried the other keepers.

"'That may be; but I saw you,' rejoined Urswick, contemptuously; 'and I tell you there is not one among you to be compared with the brave hunter who lies there. You have all pronounced his case hopeless. I repeat I can cure him if the king will make it worth my while to do so.'

"'Make good thy words, fellow,' replied the king; 'and thou shalt not only be amply rewarded, but shalt have a free pardon for any offence thou mayst have committed.'

"'Enough,' replied Urswick. And taking a large, keen-edged hunting-knife from his girdle, he cut off the head of the hart close to the point where the neck joins the scull, and then laid it open from the extremity of the under-lip to the nuke.

'This must be bound on the head of the wounded man,' he said.

"The keepers stared in astonishment. But the king commanded that the strange order should be obeyed. Upon which, the bleeding scull was fastened on the head of the keeper, with leathern thongs.

"'I will now answer for his perfect cure in a month's time,' said Urswick to the king; 'but I shall require to watch over him myself till all danger is at an end. I pray your highness to command these keepers to transport him to my hut.'

"'You hear what he says, knaves,' cried the king—'do his bidding, and carefully, or ye shall answer to me with your lives.'

"Accordingly, a litter was formed with branches of trees, and on this the body of Herne, with the hart's head still bound to it, was conveyed by the keepers to Urswick's hut,—a small dwelling, situated in the wildest part of Bagshot Heath. After placing the body upon a bed of dried fern, the keepers were about to depart, when Osmond Crooke observed to the forester, 'I am now certain thou art Arnold Sheafe.'

"'It matters not who I am, since I have the king's pardon,' replied the other, laughing disdainfully.

"'Thou hast yet to earn it,' said Osmond.

"'Leave that to me,' replied Urswick. 'There is more fear that thou wilt lose thy post as chief keeper, which the king has promised to Herne, than that I shall fail.'

"'Would the deer had killed him outright!' growled Osmond.

"And the savage wish was echoed by the other keepers.

"'I see you all hate him bitterly,' said Urswick. What will ye give me for revenge?'

"'We have little to give, save a fat buck on occasions,' replied Osmond; 'and, in all likelihood, thou canst help thyself to venison.'

"'Will you swear to grant the first request I may make of you,—provided it shall be in your power to grant it?' demanded Urswick.

"'Readily,' they replied.

"'Enough,' said Urswick. 'I must keep faith with the king. Herne will recover, but he shall lose all his skill as an archer,—all his craft as a hunter.'

"'If thou canst accomplish this thou art the fiend himself!' cried Osmond, trembling.

"'Fiend or not,' replied Urswick, with a triumphant laugh,—'ye have made a compact with me, and must fulfil it. Now begone. I must attend to the wounded man.'

"And the keepers, full of secret misgiving, departed.

"At the precise time promised, Herne, attended by Urswick, presented himself to the king. He looked thin and pale, but all danger was past. King Richard gave the forester a purse

full of nobles, and added a silver bugle to the gift. He then appointed Herne his chief keeper; hung a chain of gold round his neck; and ordered him to be lodged in the castle.

"About a week after this, Herne, having entirely regained his strength, accompanied the king on a hunting expedition to the forest, and they had scarcely entered it, when his horse started, and threw him. Up to that moment, such an accident had never happened to him, for he was an excellent horseman; and he arose greatly discomfited, while the keepers eyed each other askance. Soon after this, a buck was started; and though Herne was bravely mounted on a black steed bestowed on him on account of its swiftness by the king, he was the last in the chase.

"'Thou art out of practice,' said the king, laughing, as he came up.

"'I know not what ails me,' replied Herne, gloomily.

"'It cannot be thy steed's fault,' said the king; 'for he is usually as fleet as the wind. But I will give thee an opportunity of gaining credit in another way. Thou seest yon buck. He cannot be seventy yards off; and I have seen thee hit the mark at twice the distance. Bring him down.'

"Herne raised his crossbow, and let fly the bolt; but it missed its mark, and the buck, startled by the noise, dashed down the brake, wholly uninjured.

"King Richard's brow grew dark, and Herne uttered an exclamation of rage and despair.

"'Thou shalt have a third, and yet easier trial,' said the king. 'Old Osmond Crooke shall lend thee his bow, and thy quarry shall be yon magot-pie.'

"As he spoke, the arrow sped. But it quivered in the trunk of the tree, some yards from the bird. The unfortunate shooter looked distracted; but King Richard made no remark, until, towards the close of the day, he said to him, 'Thou must regain thy craft, friend Herne, for I cannot continue thee as my chief keeper.'

"The keepers congratulated each other in secret, for they felt that their malice was in some measure gratified.

"The next day, Herne went forth, as he thought, alone, but he was watched by his enemies. Not a shaft would go true, and he found that he had completely lost his mastery over hound and horse. The day after that, he again rode forth to hunt with the king, and his failures made him the laughing-stock of the party. Richard, at length, dismissed him with these words—'Take repose for a week, and then thou shalt have a further trial. If thou dost not then succeed, I must, perforce, discharge thee from thy post.'

"Instead of returning to the castle, Herne rode off wildly into the forest, where he remained till eventide. He then re-

turned with ghastly looks and a strange appearance,—having the links of a rusty chain which he had plucked from a gibbet hanging from his left arm, and the hart's antlered scull, which he had procured from Urswick, fixed like a helm upon his head. His whole demeanour shewed that he was crazed; and his condition, which might have moved the compassion of his foes, only provoked their laughter. After committing the wildest extravagances, he burst from all restraint, and disappeared among the trees of the Home Park.

"An hour after this, a pedler, who was crossing the park from Datchet, found him suspended by a rope from a branch of the oak tree which you have all seen, and which bears his name. Despair had driven him to the dreadful deed. Instead of cutting him down, the pedler ran to the castle to relate what he had witnessed; and the keepers, satisfied that their revenge was now fully accomplished, hastened with him to the tree. But the body was gone; and all that proclaimed that it had been there, was the rope hanging from the branch. Search was everywhere made for the missing body, but without effect. When the matter was related to the king, he was much troubled, and would fain have had masses said for the repose of the soul of the unfortunate keeper, but the priests refused to perform them, alleging that he had committed self-destruction, and was therefore out of the pale of the church.

"On that night, a terrible thunderstorm occurred—as terrible, it may be, as that of last night—and during its continuance, the oak on which Herne had hanged himself was blasted by the lightning.

"Old Osmond was immediately reinstated in his post of chief keeper; but he had little time for rejoicing, for he found that the same spell that had bound Herne had fallen upon him. His bolts and arrows went wide of their mark, his hounds lost their scent, and his falcon would not be lured back. Half-frantic, and afraid of exposing himself to the taunts of his companions, he feigned illness, and left his comrade, Roger Barfoot, to take his place. But the same ill luck befel Barfoot, and he returned in woful plight, without a single head of game. Four others were equally unfortunate, and it was now clear that the whole party were bewitched.

"Luckily, the king had quitted the castle, but they felt certain they should be dismissed on his return, if not more severely punished. At last, after taking counsel together, they resolved to consult Urswick, who they doubted not could remove the spell. Accordingly, they went to Bagshot Heath, and related their story to him. When they had done, he said—'The curse of Herne's blood is upon you, and can only be removed in one way. As you return to the castle, go to the tree on which he destroyed himself, and you may learn how to act.'

"The keepers would have questioned him further, but he refused to answer, and dismissed them.

"The shades of evening had fallen as they quitted Bagshot; and it was midnight as they entered the Home Park, and proceeded towards the fatal oak. It was pitchy dark; and they could only distinguish the tree by its white, scatched trunk. All at once, a blue flame, like a will-o'-the-wisp, appeared, flitted thrice round the tree, and then remained stationary, its light falling upon a figure in a wild garb, with a rusty chain hanging from its left arm, and an antlered helm upon its head. They knew it to be Herne, and instantly fell down before him, while a burst of terrible laughter sounded in their ears.

"Without heeding them further, the spirit darted round the tree, rattling its chain, and uttering appalling imprecations. It then stopped, and turning to the terrified beholders, bade them, in a hollow voice, to bring hounds and horses as for the chase on the following night, and vanished.

"Filled with dread, the keepers returned home, and the next day, old Osmond again sought the forester, and told him what had occurred.

"'You must obey the spirit's injunctions, or worse mischief will befal you,' said Urswick. 'Go to the tree, mounted as for a hunting-party, and take the black steed given to Herne by the king, and the two black hounds with you. You will see what will ensue.' And without another word, he dismissed him.

"Osmond told his comrades what the forester had said, and though they were filled with alarm, they resolved upon compliance. At midnight, therefore, they rode towards the tree with the black hounds in leash, and leading Herne's favourite horse, saddled and bridled. As they drew near, they again saw the terrible shape stalking round the tree, and heard the fearful imprecations.

"His spells ended, Herne called to Osmond to bring him his steed; and the old man tremblingly obeyed. In an instant, the mysterious being vaulted on its back, and in a voice of resistless authority, cried—'To the forest!—to the forest!' With this, he dashed forward, and the whole party, hounds and men, hurried after him.

"They rode at a furious pace for five or six miles over the Great Park, the keepers wondering where their unearthly leader was taking them, and almost fancying they were hurrying to perdition, when they descended a hill side leading to the marsh, and halted before a huge beech tree, where Herne dismounted and pronounced certain mystic words, accompanying them with strange gestures.

HAUNTED BEECH-TREE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE HILL.

"Presently, he became silent and motionless. A flash of fire then burst from the roots of the tree, and the forester Urswick stood before him. But his aspect was more terrible and commanding than it had seemed heretofore to the keepers.

"'Welcome, Herne,' he cried; 'welcome, lord of the forest. And you his comrades, and soon to be his followers, welcome too. The time is come for the fulfilment of your promise to me. I require you to form a band for Herne the hunter, and to serve him as leader. Swear to obey him, and the spell that hangs over you shall be broken. If not, I leave you to the king's justice.'

"Not daring to refuse compliance, the keepers took the oath proposed, — and a fearful one it was! As soon as it was uttered, Urswick vanished, as he came, in a flash of fire. Herne then commanded the others to dismount, and made them prostrate themselves before him, and pay him homage. This done, he blew a strike on his horn, rode swiftly up the hill side, and a stag being unharboured, the chase commenced. Many a fat buck was hunted and slaughtered that night; and an hour before daybreak, Herne commanded them to lay the four finest and fattest at the foot of the beech tree, and then dismissed them, bidding them meet him at midnight at the scathed oak in the Home Park.

"They came as they were commanded; but fearful of detection, they adopted strange disguises, not unlike those worn by the villains who were put to death, a few weeks ago, by the king in the Great Park. Night after night, they thus went forth, thinning the herds of deer, and committing other outrages and depredations. Nor were their dark proceedings altogether unnoticed. Belated travellers crossing the forest beheld them, and related what they had seen; others watched for them, but they were so effectually disguised that they escaped detection.

"At last, however, the king returned to the castle, and accounts of the strange doings in the forest were instantly brought him. Astonished at what he heard, and determined to ascertain the truth of the statement, he ordered the keepers to attend him that night in an expedition to the forest, when he hoped to encounter the demon huntsman and his band. Much alarmed, Osmond Crooke, who acted as spokesman, endeavoured, by representing the risk he would incur, to dissuade the king from the enterprise; but he would not be deterred, and they now gave themselves up for lost.

"As the castle clock tolled forth the hour of midnight, Richard, accompanied by a numerous guard, and attended by the keepers, issued from the gates, and rode towards the scathed oak. As they drew near the tree, the figure of Herne, mounted on his black steed, was discerned beneath it. Deep fear fell upon all the beholders, but chiefly upon the guilty keepers, as they beheld him. The king, however, pressed forward, and cried, 'Why dost thou disturb the quietude of night, accursed spirit?'

"'Because I desire vengeance!' replied Herne, in a hollow voice. 'I was brought to my present woful condition by Osmond Crooke and his comrades.'

"'But you died by your own hand,—did you not?' demanded King Richard.

"'Yea,' replied Herne; 'but I was driven to the deed by an infernal spell laid upon me by the malice of the wretches I have named. Hang them upon this tree, and I will trouble these woods no longer while thou reignest!'

"The king looked round at the keepers. They all remained obdurate, except Roger Barfoot, who, falling on his knees, confessed his guilt, and accused the others.

"'It is enough,' cried the king to Herne; 'they shall all suffer for their offence.'

"Upon this, a flash of fire enveloped the spirit and his horse, and he vanished.

"The king kept his word. Osmond and his comrades were all hanged upon the scathed tree, nor was Herne seen again in the forest while Richard sat upon the throne. But he re-appeared with a new band at the commencement of the rule of Henry the Fourth, and again hunted the deer at night. His band was destroyed, but he defied all attempts at capture; and so it has continued to our own time, for not one of the seven monarchs who have held the castle since Richard's day, have been able to expel him from the forest."

"Nor will the present monarch be able to expel him," said a deep voice. "As long as Windsor Forest endures, Herne the hunter will haunt it."

All turned at the exclamation, and saw that it proceeded from a tall dark man, in an archer's garb, standing behind Simon Quanden's chair.

"Thou hast told thy legend fairly enough, good clerk of the kitchen," continued this personage; "but thou art wrong on many material points."

"I have related the story as it was related to me," said Cutbeard, somewhat nettled at the remark; "but perhaps you will set me right where I have erred."

"It is true that Herne was a keeper in the reign of Richard the Second," replied the tall archer. "It is true also that he was expert in all matters of woodcraft, and that he was in high favour with the king; but he was bewitched by a lovely damsel, and not by a weird forester. He carried off a nun, and dwelt with her in a cave in the forest, where he assembled his brother keepers, and treated them to the king's venison and the king's wine."

"A sacrilegious villain and a reprobate!" exclaimed Launcelot Rutter.

"His mistress was fair enough, I will warrant her," said Kit Coo.

"She was the very image of this damsel," rejoined the tall archer, pointing to Mabel, "and fair enough to work his ruin, for it was through her that the fiend tempted him. The charms that proved his undoing were fatal to her also, for in a fit of jealousy he slew her. The remorse occasioned by this deed made him destroy himself."

"Well, your version of the legend may be the correct one, for aught I know, worthy sir," said Cutbeard; "but I see

not that it accounts for Herne's antlers so well as mine; unless indeed he were wedded to the nun, who you say played him false. But how come you to know she resembled Mabel Lyndwood?"

"Ay, I was thinking of that myself," said Simon Quanden. "How do you know that, master?"

"Because I have seen her picture," replied the tall archer.

"Painted by Satan's chief limner, I suppose?" rejoined Cutbeard.

"He who painted it had seen her," replied the tall archer, sternly. "But, as I have said, it was the very image of this damsel."

And as he uttered the words, he quitted the kitchen.

"Who is that archer?" demanded Cutbeard, looking after him.

But no one could answer the question, nor could any one tell when he had entered the kitchen.

"Strange!" exclaimed Simon Quanden, crossing himself. "Have you ever seen him before, Mabel?"

"I almost think I have," she replied, with a slight shudder.

"I half suspect it is Herne himself," whispered Shoreditch to Paddington.

"It may be," responded the other; "his glance made my blood run cold."

"You look somewhat fatigued, sweetheart," said Deborah, observing Mabel's uneasiness. "Come with me, and I will shew you to a chamber."

Glad to escape, Mabel followed the good dame out of the kitchen, and they ascended a winding staircase, which brought them to a commodious chamber in the upper part of one of the turrets, where Deborah sat down with her young charge, and volunteered her a great deal of good advice, which the other listened to with becoming attention.

VII.

OF THE MYSTERIOUS NOISE HEARD IN THE CURFEW TOWER.

On quitting the kitchen, Henry, having been informed by Bouchier that Tristram Lyndwood was lodged in the prison-chamber in the lower gateway, proceeded thither to question him. He found the old man seated on a bench, with his hands tied behind him. Though evidently much alarmed at his situation, he could not be brought either by threats or proffers, to make any confession.

Out of patience, at length, the king ordered him to be conveyed to the dungeon beneath the Curfew Tower, and personally superintended his removal.

"I will find a means of shaking his obstinacy," said Henry, as he quitted the vault with Bouchier. "If I cannot move him by other means, I may through his granddaughter. I will interrogate him in her presence to night."

"To-night, sire!" exclaimed Bouchier.

"Ay, to-night," repeated the king. "I am resolved, even if it should cost the life of this maiden, whose charms have moved me so, to break the infernal machinery woven around me. And now as I think it not unlikely the miscreant Herne may attempt the prisoner's deliverance, let the strictest watch be kept over the tower. Let an arquebusier be stationed throughout the night at the door of the dungeon, and another at the entrance to the chamber on the ground floor. Your own post must be on the roof of the fortification, that you may watch if any attempt is made to scale it from the town side, or to get in through the loopholes. Keep a sharp look out, Bouchier, for I shall hold you responsible if any mischance occurs."

"I will do my best, my liege," replied Bouchier; "and were it with a human enemy I had to deal, I should have no fear. But what vigilance can avail against a fiend?"

"You have heard my injunctions, and will attend to them," rejoined the king, harshly. "I shall return anon to the examination."

So saying, he departed.

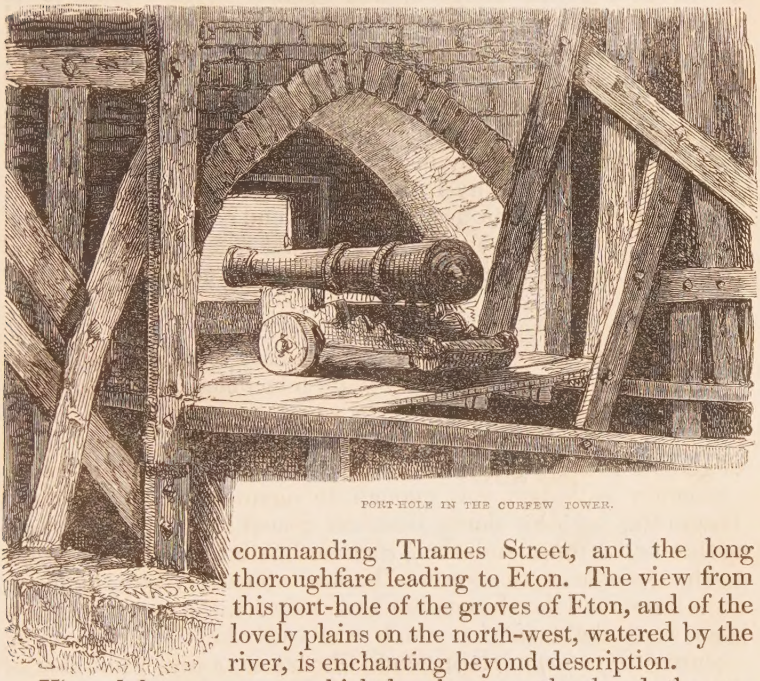
Though as brave as a lion on ordinary occasions, Bouchier entered upon his present duty with reluctance and misgiving; and he found the arquebusiers, by whom he was attended, albeit stout soldiers, equally uneasy. Herne had now become an object of general dread throughout the castle; and the possibility of an encounter with him was enough to daunt the boldest breast. Disguising his own alarm, Bouchier issued his directions in an authoritative tone, and then mounted with three arquebussiers to the summit of the tower. It was now dark, but the moon soon arose, and her beams rendered every object as distinguishable as daylight, so that watch was easily kept. But nothing occurred to occasion alarm, until all at once, a noise, like that of a hammer stricken against a board, was heard in the chamber below.

Drawing his sword, Bouchier hurried down the steps leading into this chamber, which was buried in darkness, and advanced so precipitately and incautiously in the gloom, that he struck his head against a cross beam. The violence of the blow stunned him for a moment, but as soon as he recovered, he called to the guard in the lower chamber to bring up a torch. The order was promptly obeyed; but, meanwhile, the sound had ceased,

The disappearance of Herne in the Curfew Tower.

and, though they searched about, they could not discover the author of it.

This, however, was not so wonderful, for the singular construction of the chamber, with its numerous cross beams, its deep embrasures and recesses, its insecure and uneven floor, its steep ladder-like staircases, was highly favourable to concealment, it being utterly impossible, owing to the intersections of the beams, for the searchers to see far before them, or to move about quickly. In the midst of the chamber was a large wooden compartment enclosing the cumbrous and uncouth machinery of the castle clock, and through this box ran the cord communicating with the belfry above. Pieces of ordnance were then mounted in all the embrasures, but there is now only one gun, placed in a port-hole



PORT-HOLE IN THE CURFEW TOWER.

commanding Thames Street, and the long thoroughfare leading to Eton. The view from this port-hole of the groves of Eton, and of the lovely plains on the north-west, watered by the river, is enchanting beyond description.

Viewed from a recess which has been partly closed, the appearance of this chamber is equally picturesque and singular; and it is scarcely possible to pass beneath its huge beams, or to gaze at the fantastic, yet striking combinations they form in connexion with the deep embrasures, the steep staircases, and trap-doors, and not feel that the whole place belongs to romance, and that a multitude of strange and startling traditions must be connected with it. The old architects were indeed great romancers, and built for the painter and the poet.

UPPER CHAMBER IN THE CURFEW TOWER.

Bouchier and his companion crept about under the great mesh-work of beams—peered into all the embrasures, and beneath the carriages of the culverins. There was a heap of planks and beams lying on the floor between the two staircases, but no one was near it.

The result of their investigations did not tend to decrease their alarm. Bouchier would fain have had the man keep watch in the chamber, but neither threats nor entreaties could induce him to remain there. He was therefore sent below, and the captain returned to the roof. He had scarcely emerged upon the leads when the hammering recommenced more violently than before. In vain Bouchier ordered his men to go down. No one would stir; and superstitious fear had by this time obtained such mastery over the captain, that he hesitated to descend alone. To add to his vexation, the arquebusier had taken the torch with

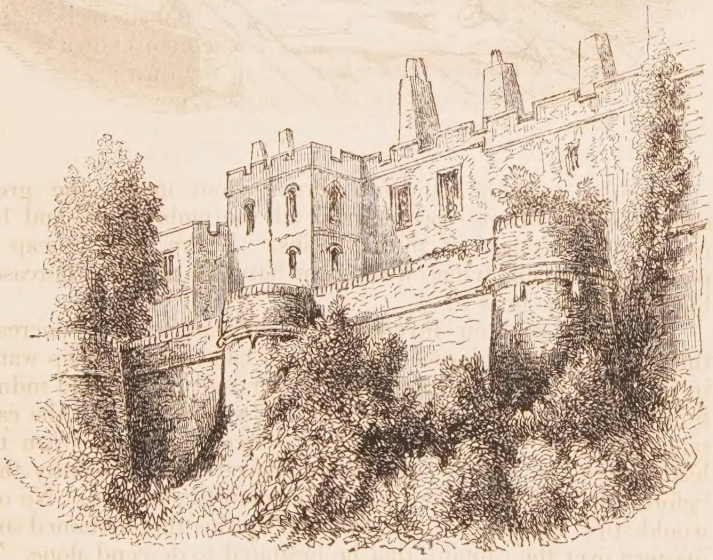
him, so that he should have to proceed in darkness. At length, he mustered up courage to make the attempt; but he paused between each step, peering through the gloom, and half-fancying he could discern the figure of Herne near the spot where the pile of wood lay. Certain it was the sound of diabolical laughter, mingled with the rattling of the chain and the sharp blows of the hammer, smote his ears. The laughter became yet louder as Bouchier advanced, the hammering ceased, and the clanking of the chain seemed to shew that its mysterious wearer was approaching the foot of the steps to meet him. But the encounter was more than the captain had nerve to brook. Calling on the saints to protect him, he beat a precipitate retreat, and closed the little door at the head of the steps after him.

The demon was apparently satisfied with the alarm he had occasioned, for the hammering was not renewed at that time.

VIII.

SHEWING THE VACILLATIONS OF THE KING BETWEEN WOLSEY AND ANNE BOLEYN.

BEFORE returning to the state apartments, Henry took a turn on the ramparts on the north side of the castle, between the Curfew Tower and the Winchester Tower, and lingered for a



BASTION, NEAR THE "HUNDRED STEPS."

short time on the bastion commanding that part of the acclivity where the approach, called the Hundred Steps, is now contrived. Here he cautioned the sentinels to be doubly vigilant throughout the night, and having gazed for a moment at the placid stream flowing at the foot of the castle, and tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, he proceeded to the royal lodgings, and entered the banquet-chamber, where supper was already served.

Wolsey sat on his right hand, but he did not vouchsafe him a single word,— addressing the whole of his discourse to the Duke of Suffolk, who was placed on his left. As soon as the repast was over, he retired to his closet. But the cardinal would not be so repulsed, and sent one of his gentlemen to crave a moment's audience of the king, which, with some reluctance, was accorded.

"Well, cardinal!" cried Henry, as Wolsey presented himself, and the usher withdrew. "You are playing a deep game with me, as you think; but take heed, for I see through it!"

"I pray you dismiss these suspicions from your mind, my liege," said Wolsey. "No servant was ever more faithful to his master than I have been to you."

"No servant ever took better care of himself," cried the king, fiercely. "Not alone have you wronged me to enrich yourself, but you are ever intriguing with my enemies. I have nourished in my breast a viper; but I will cast you off—will crush you as I would the noxious reptile!"

And he stamped upon the floor, as if he could have trampled the cardinal beneath his foot.

"Beseech you, calm yourself, my liege," replied Wolsey, in the soft and deprecatory tone which he had seldom known to fail with the king; "I have never thought of my own aggrandizement, but as it was likely to advance your power. For the countless benefits I have received at your hands, my soul overflows with gratitude. You have raised me from the meanest condition to the highest. You have made me your confidant, your adviser, your treasurer, and with no improper boldness I say it, your friend. But I defy the enemies who have poisoned your ears against me, to prove that I have ever abused the trust placed in me. The sole fault that can be imputed to me is, that I have meddled more with temporal matters than with spiritual; and it is a crime for which I must answer before Heaven. But I have so acted because I felt that I might thereby best serve your highness. If I have aspired to the papal throne,—which you well know I have,—it has been that I might be yet a more powerful friend to your majesty, and render you, what you are entitled to be, the first prince in Christendom."

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the king, who was, nevertheless, moved by the artful appeal.

"The gifts I have received from foreign princes," pursued

Wolsey, seeing the effect he had produced, "the wealth I have amassed, have all been with a view of benefiting your majesty."

"Humph!" exclaimed the king.

"To prove that I speak the truth, sire," continued the wily cardinal, "the palace at Hampton Court, which I have just completed——"

"And at a cost more lavish than I myself should have expended on it," interrupted the king, angrily.

"If I had destined it for myself, I should not have spent a tithe of what I have done," rejoined Wolsey. "Your highness's unjust accusations force me to declare my intentions somewhat prematurely. Deign," he cried, throwing himself at the king's feet,—"deign to accept that palace and all within it. You were pleased, during your late residence there, to express your approval of it. And I trust it will find equal favour in your eyes, now that it is your own."

"By holy Mary, a royal gift!" cried Henry,—"rise, cardinal. You are not the grasping, selfish person you have been represented."

"Declare as much to my enemies, sire, and I shall be more than content," replied Wolsey. "You will find the palace better worth acceptance than at first sight might appear."

"How so?" cried the king.

"Your highness will be pleased to take this key," said the cardinal;—"it is the key of the cellar."

"You have some choice wine there," cried Henry, significantly—"given you by some religious house,—or sent you by some foreign potentate—ha!"

"It is wine that a king might prize," replied the cardinal. "Your majesty will find a hundred hogsheads in that cellar;—and each hogshead filled with gold."

"You amaze me!" cried the king, feigning astonishment. "And all this you freely give me."

"Freely and fully, sire," replied Wolsey. "Nay, I have saved it for you. Men think I have cared for myself, whereas I have cared only for your majesty. Oh! my dear liege, by the devotion I have just approved to you, and which I would also approve, if needful, with my life, I beseech you to consider well before you raise Anne Boleyn to the throne. In giving you this counsel, I know I hazard the favour I have just regained. But even at *that* hazard, I must offer it. Your infatuation blinds you to the terrible consequences of the step. The union is odious to all your subjects—but most of all to those not tainted with the new heresies and opinions. It will never be forgiven by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who will seek to avenge the indignity offered to his illustrious relative; while Francis will gladly make it a pretext for breaking his truce with you. Add to this, the displeasure of the apostolic see, and

it must be apparent, that powerful as you are, your position will be one of infinite peril."

"Thus far advanced, I cannot honourably abandon the divorce," said Henry.

"Nor do I advise its abandonment, sire," replied Wolsey; "but do not let it be a means of injuring you with all men. Do not let a mal-alliance place your very throne in jeopardy; as, with your own subjects and all foreign powers against you, must necessarily be the case."

"You speak warmly, cardinal," said Henry.

"My zeal prompts me to do so," replied Wolsey. "Anne Boleyn is in no respect worthy of the honour you propose her."

"And whom do you think more worthy?" demanded Henry.

"Those whom I have already recommended to your majesty—the Duchess D'Alençon, or the Princess Renée," replied Wolsey; "by a union with either of whom you would secure the cordial co-operation of Francis, and the interests of the see of Rome, which in the event of a war with Spain you may need."

"No, Wolsey," replied Henry, taking two or three hasty steps across the chamber; "no considerations of interest or security shall induce me to give up Anne. I love her too well. Let the lion Charles roar, the fox Francis snarl, and the hydra-headed Clement launch forth his flames, I will remain firm to my purpose. I will not play the hypocrite with you, whatever I may do with others. I cast off Catherine that I may wed Anne, because I cannot otherwise obtain her. And shall I now, when I have dared so much, and when the prize is in my grasp, abandon it?—Never! Threats, expostulations, entreaties, are alike unavailing."

"I grieve to hear it, my liege," replied Wolsey, heaving a deep sigh; "it is an ill-omened union, and will bring woe to you, woe to your realm, and woe to the Catholic church."

"And woe also to you, false cardinal," cried Anne Boleyn, throwing aside the arras, and stepping forward. "I have overheard what has passed; and from my heart of hearts, I thank you, Henry, for the love you have displayed for me. But I here solemnly vow that I will never give you my hand till Wolsey is dismissed from your councils."

"Anne!" exclaimed the king.

"My own enmity I could forego," pursued Anne, vehemently, "but I cannot forgive him his duplicity and perfidy towards you. He has just proffered you his splendid palace of Hampton, and his treasures,—and wherefore?—I will tell you,—because he feared they would be wrested from him. His jester had acquainted him with the discovery that he had made of his secret hoard, and therefore he was compelled to have recourse to this desperate move. But I was apprized of his intentions by Will Sommers, and have come in time to foil him."

"By my faith, I believe you art right, sweetheart," said the king.

"Go tell your allies, Francis and Clement, that the king's love for me outweighs his fear of them," cried Anne, laughing spitefully. "As for you, I regard you as nothing."

"Vain woman, your pride will be abased," cried Wolsey, bitterly.

"Vain man, you are already abased," replied Anne. "A few weeks ago I would have made terms with you. Now I am your mortal enemy, and will never rest till I have procured your downfall."

"The king will have an amiable consort, truly," sneered Wolsey.

"He will have one who can love him and hate his foes," replied Anne; "and not one who would side with them and thee, as would be the case with the Duchess D'Alençon or the Princess Renée. Henry, you know the sole terms on which you can procure my hand."

The king nodded a playful affirmative.

"Then dismiss him at once,—disgrace him," said Anne.

"Nay, nay," replied Henry, "the divorce is not yet passed. You are angered now, and will view matters more coolly to-morrow."

"I shall never change my resolution," she replied.

"If my dismissal and disgrace can save my sovereign, I pray him to sacrifice me without hesitation," said Wolsey; "but while I have liberty of speech with him, and aught of power remaining, I will use it to his advantage. I pray your majesty to suffer me to retire."

And receiving a sign of acquiescence from the king, he withdrew, amid the triumphant laughter of Anne.

IX.

HOW TRISTRAM LYNDWOOD WAS INTERROGATED BY THE KING.

Anne Boleyn remained with the king for a few minutes to pour forth her gratitude for the attachment he had displayed to her, and to confirm the advantage she had gained over Wolsey. As soon as she was gone, Henry summoned an usher, and giving him some instructions respecting Mabel Lyndwood, proceeded to the Curfew Tower.

Nothing was said to him of the strange noise that had been heard in the upper chamber, for the arquebussiers were fearful of exciting his displeasure by a confession of their alarm, and he descended at once to the dungeon.

"Well, fellow," he cried, sternly regarding the captive, who arose at his entrance, "you have now had ample time for reflection, and I trust are in a better frame of mind than when I last conversed with you. I command you to declare all you know concerning Herne the hunter, and to give me such information respecting the proscribed felon, Morgan Fenwolf, as will enable me to accomplish his capture."

"I have already told your highness, that my mouth is sealed by an oath of secrecy," replied Tristram, humbly, but firmly.

"Obstinate dog! thou shalt either speak, or I will hang thee from the top of this tower as I hanged Mark Fytton, the butcher," roared Henry.

"You will execute your sovereign pleasure, my liege," said the old man. "My life is in your hands. It is little matter whether it is closed now or a year hence. I have well-nigh run out my term."

"If thou carest not for thyself, thou mayst not be equally indifferent to another," cried the king. "What, ho! bring in his grand-daughter."

The old man started at the command, and trembled violently. The next moment, Mabel was led into the dungeon by Shoreditch and Paddington. Behind her came Nicholas Clamp. On seeing her grandsire, she uttered a loud cry, and would have rushed towards him, but she was held back by her companions.

"Oh! grandfather," she cried; "what have you done?—why do I find you here?"

Tristram groaned, and averted his head.

"He is charged with felony and sorcery," said the king, sternly; "and you, maiden, come under the same suspicion."

"Believe it not, sire," cried the old man, flinging himself at Henry's feet; "oh, believe it not. Whatever you may judge of me, believe her innocent. She was brought up most devoutly, by a lay sister of the monastery at Chertsey; and she knows nothing, save by report, of what passes in the forest."

"Yet she has seen and conversed with Morgan Fenwolf," said the king.

"Not since he was outlawed," said Tristram.

"I saw him to-day, as I was brought to the castle," cried Mabel; "and—" but recollecting that she might implicate her grandfather, she suddenly stopped.

"What said he?—ha!" demanded the king.

"I will tell your majesty what passed," interposed Nicholas Clamp, stepping forward, "for I was with her at the time. He came upon us suddenly from behind a great tree, and ordered Mabel to accompany him to her grandsire."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king.

"But he had no authority for what he said, I am well convinced," pursued Clamp. "Mabel disbelieved him, and refused

to go, and I should have captured him if the fiend he serves had not given him a helping hand."

"What says the prisoner himself to this?" observed the king. "Didst thou send Fenwolf on the errand?"

"I did," replied Tristram. "I sent him to prevent her from going to the castle."

Mabel sobbed audibly.

"Thou art condemned by thy own confession, caitiff!" said the king, "and thou knowest upon what terms alone thou canst save thyself from the hangman, and thy grand-daughter from the stake!"

"Oh, mercy, sire,—mercy!" shrieked Mabel.

"Your fate rests with your grandsire," said the king, sternly. "If he chooses to be your executioner, he will remain silent."

"Oh! speak, grandsire, speak!" cried Mabel. "What signifies the violation of an unholy vow?"

"Give me till to-morrow for consideration, sire," said the old man.

"Thou shalt have till midnight," replied the king; "and till then, Mabel shall remain with thee."

"I would rather be left alone," said Tristram.

"I doubt it not," replied the king; "but it shall not be."

And without bestowing a look at Mabel, whose supplications he feared might shake his purpose, he quitted the vault, with his attendants, leaving her alone with her grandsire.

"I shall return at midnight," he said to the arquebusier stationed at the door; "and meanwhile, let no one enter the dungeon—not even the Duke of Suffolk, unless," he added, holding forth his hand to display the ring in question, "he shall bring this signet."

X.

OF THE BRIEF ADVANTAGE GAINED BY THE QUEEN AND THE CARDINAL.

As the king, wholly unattended—for he had left the archers at the Curfew Tower—was passing at the back of Saint George's Chapel, near the north transept, he paused for a moment to look at the embattled wall, with its niches and statues, then glimmering in the bright moonlight, in which stood the door-way leading to the New Commons—a structure erected in the eleventh year of his own reign, by James Denton, a canon, and afterwards Dean of Lichfield, for the accommodation of such chantry priests and choristers as had no place in the college.

While he was contemplating this beautiful gateway, which is

now embedded in the walls of a modern structure, called the Refectory, a tall figure suddenly darted from behind one of the

ENTRANCE TO THE REFECTORY.

buttresses of the chapel, and seized his left arm with an iron grasp. The suddenness of the attack took him by surprise; but he instantly recovered himself, plucked away his arm, and drawing his sword, made a pass at his assailant, who, however, avoided the thrust, and darted with inconceivable swiftness through the archway leading to the cloisters. Though Henry followed as quickly as he could, he lost sight of the fugitive, but just as he was about to enter the passage running between the tomb-house and the chapel, he caught sight of a person in the south ambulatory, evidently anxious to conceal himself, and rushing up to him, and dragging him to the light, he found it was no other than the cardinal's jester, Patch.

"What dost thou here, knave?" cried Henry, angrily.

"I am waiting for my master, the cardinal," replied the jester, terrified almost out of his senses.

"Waiting for him here!" cried the king. "Where is he?"

"In that house," replied Patch, pointing to a beautiful bay window full of stained glass, overhanging the exquisite arches of the north ambulatory.

"Why, that is Doctor Sampson's dwelling," cried Henry, "he

HOUSE IN THE NORTH AMBULATORY OF THE CLOISTERS.

who was chaplain to the queen, and is a strong opponent of the divorce. What doth he there?"

"I am sure I know not," replied Patch, whose terror increased each moment. "Perhaps I have mistaken the house. Indeed, I am sure it must be Doctor Voysey's, the next door."

"Thou liest, knave!" cried Henry, fiercely; "thy manner convinces me there is some treasonable practice going forward. But I will soon find it out. Attempt to give the alarm, and I will cut thy throat."

With this, he proceeded to the back of the north ambulatory, and finding the door he sought unfastened, raised the latch, and walked softly in. But before he got half-way down the passage, Doctor Sampson himself issued from an inner room with a lamp in his hand. He started on seeing the king, and exhibited the utmost alarm.

"The cardinal of York is here—I know it," said Henry, in a deep whisper. "Lead me to him."

"Oh! go not forward, my gracious liege," cried Sampson, placing himself in his path.

"Wherefore not?" rejoined the king. "Ha! what voice is that I hear in the upper chamber. Is she here, and with Wolsey? Out of my way, man," he added, pushing the canon aside, and rushing up the short wooden staircase.

When Wolsey returned from his interview with the king, which had been so unluckily interrupted by Anne Boleyn, he found his ante-chamber beset with a crowd of suitors, to whose solicitations he was compelled to listen, and having been detained in this manner for nearly half-an-hour, he at length retired into an inner room.

"Vile sycophants!" he muttered, "they bow the knee before me, and pay me greater homage than they render the king,—but though they have fed upon my bounty, and risen by my help, not one of them, if he was aware of my true position, but would desert me. Not one of them but would lend a helping hand to crush me; not one but would rejoice in my downfal. But they have not deceived me. I knew them from the first—saw through their hollowness, and despised them. While power lasts to me, I will punish some of them. While power lasts!" he repeated. "Have I any power remaining? I have already given up Hampton and my treasures to the king; and the work of spoliation once commenced, the royal plunderer will not be content till he has robbed me of all; while his minion Anne Boleyn has vowed my destruction. Well, I will not yield tamely, nor fall unavenged."

As these thoughts passed through his mind, Patch, who had waited for a favourable moment to approach him, delivered him a small billet, carefully sealed, and fastened with a silken thread. Wolsey took it, and broke it open; and as his eye eagerly scanned its contents, the expression of his countenance totally changed. A flash of joy and triumph irradiated his fallen features; and thrusting the note into the folds of his robe, he inquired of the jester by whom it had been brought, and how long?

"It was brought by a messenger from Doctor Sampson," replied Patch, "and was committed to me with special injunctions to deliver it to your grace immediately on your return, and secretly."

The cardinal sat down, and for a few moments appeared lost in deep reflection; he then arose, and telling Patch he should return presently, quitted the chamber. But the jester, who was of an inquisitive turn, and did not like to be confined to half a secret, determined to follow him, and accordingly tracked him along the great corridor, down a winding staircase, through a private door near the Norman Gateway, across the middle ward, and finally saw him enter Doctor Sampson's dwelling, at the back of the north ambulatory. He was reconnoitring the windows of the house from the opposite side of the cloisters, in the hope

of discovering something, when he was caught, as before mentioned, by the king.

Wolsey, meanwhile, was received by Doctor Sampson at the door-way of his dwelling, and ushered by him into a small chamber, on the upper floor, wainscoted with curiously-carved and lustrously black oak. A silver lamp was burning on the table, and in the recess of the window, which was screened by thick curtains, sat a majestic lady, who rose on the cardinal's appearance. It was Catherine of Arragon.

"I attend your pleasure, madam," said Wolsey, with a profound inclination.

"You have been long in answering my summons," said the queen; "but I could not expect greater promptitude. Time was when a summons from Catherine of Arragon would have been quickly and cheerfully attended to; when the proudest noble in the land would have borne her message to you, and when you would have passed through crowds to her audience-chamber. Now another holds her place, and she is obliged secretly to enter the castle where she once ruled, to despatch a valet to her enemy, to attend his pleasure, and to receive him in the dwelling of a humble canon. Times are changed with me, Wolsey—sadly changed."

"I have been in attendance on the king, madam, or I should have been with you sooner," replied Wolsey. "It grieves me sorely to see you here."

"I want not your pity," replied the queen, proudly. "I did not send for you to gratify your malice by exposing my abject state. I did not send for you to insult me by false sympathy; but in the hope that your own interest would induce you to redress the wrongs you have done me."

"Alas! madam, I fear it is now too late to repair the error I have committed," said Wolsey, in a tone of affected penitence and sorrow.

"You admit, then, that it was an error," cried Catherine. "Well, that is something. Oh! that you had paused before you began this evil work—before you had raised a storm which will destroy me and yourself. Your quarrel with my nephew the Emperor Charles has cost me dear, but it will cost you yet more dearly."

"I deserve all your reproaches, madam," said Wolsey, with feigned meekness; "and I will bear them without a murmur. But you have sent for me for some specific object, I presume?"

"I sent for you to give me aid, as much for your own sake as mine," replied the queen, "for you are in equal danger. Prevent this divorce—foil Anne—and you retain the king's favour. Our interests are so far leagued together, that you must serve me to serve yourself. My object is to gain time to enable my friends to act. Your brother legate is secretly favourable to me. Pronounce no sentence here, but let the cause be removed to

Rome. My nephew the emperor will prevail upon the pope to decide in my favour."

"I dare not thus brave the king's displeasure, madam," replied Wolsey.

"Dissembler!" exclaimed Catherine. "I now perceive the insincerity of your professions. Thus much I have said to try you. And now to my real motive for sending for you. I have in my possession certain letters that will ruin Anne Boleyn with the king."

"Ha!" exclaimed the cardinal, joyfully; "if that be the case, all the rest will be easy. Let me see the letters, I pray you, madam."

Before Catherine could reply, the door was thrown violently open, and the king stood before them.

"Soh!" roared Henry, casting a terrible look at Wolsey, "I have caught you at your treasonable practices at last!—And you, madam," he added, turning to Catherine, who meekly, but steadily, returned his gaze, "what brings you here again? Because I pardoned your indiscretion yesterday, think not I shall always be so lenient. You will leave the castle instantly. As to Wolsey, he shall render me a strict account of his treachery."

"I have been guilty of no treachery, my liege," replied Wolsey, recovering himself. "I leave it to the queen to explain why I came hither."

"The explanation shall be given at once," said Catherine. "I sent for him to request him to lay before your majesty these two letters from Anne Boleyn to Sir Thomas Wyat, that you might judge whether one who could write thus would make you a fitting consort. You disbelieved my charge of levity yesterday. Read these, sire, and judge whether I spoke the truth."

Henry glanced at the letters, and his brow grew dark.

"What say you to them, my liege?" cried Catherine, with a glance of triumph. "In the one she vows eternal constancy to Sir Thomas Wyat; and in the other,—written after her engagement to you,—she tells him that though they can never meet as heretofore, she shall always love him."

"Ten thousand furies!" cried the king. "Where got you these letters, madam?"

"They were given to me by a tall dark man, as I quitted the castle last night," said the queen. "He said they were taken from the person of Sir Thomas Wyat while he lay concealed in the forest in the cave of Herne the hunter."

"If I thought she wrote them," cried Henry, in an access of jealous fury, "I would cast her off for ever."

"Methinks your majesty should be able to judge whether they are true or false," said Catherine. "I know her writing well—too well, alas!—and am satisfied they are genuine."

"I am well assured that Wyat was concealed in the Lady Anne's chamber when your majesty demanded admittance, and

could not obtain it,—when the Earl of Surrey sacrificed himself for her, and for his friend," said Wolsey.

"Perdition!" exclaimed the king, striking his brow with his clenched hand. "Oh! Catherine," he continued, after a pause, during which she intently watched the workings of his countenance, "and it was for this light-hearted woman I was about to cast you off!"

"I forgive you, sire—I forgive you!" exclaimed the queen, clasping his hands, and bedewing them with grateful tears. "You have been deceived. Heaven keep you in the same mind!"

"You have preserved me," said Henry; "but you must not tarry here. Come with me to the royal lodgings."

"No, Henry," replied Catherine, with a shudder, "not while *she* is there."

"Make no conditions, madam," whispered Wolsey. "Go."

"She shall be removed to-morrow," said Henry.

"In that case I am content to smother my feelings," said the queen.

"Come then, Kate," said Henry, taking her hand. "Lord cardinal, you will attend us."

"Right gladly, my liege," replied Wolsey. "If this mood will only endure," he muttered, "all will go well. But his jealousy must not be allowed to cool. Would that Wyat were here!"

Doctor Sampson could scarcely credit his senses, as he beheld the august pair come forth together, and a word from Wolsey explaining what had occurred, threw him into transports of delight. But the surprise of the good canon was nothing to that exhibited as Henry and Catherine entered the royal lodgings, and the king ordered his own apartments to be instantly prepared for her majesty's reception.

XI.

HOW TRISTRAM LYNDWOOD AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER WERE LIBERATED.

Intelligence of the queen's return was instantly conveyed to Anne Boleyn, and filled her with indescribable alarm. All her visions of power and splendour seemed to melt away at once. She sent for her father, Lord Rochford, who hurried to her in a state of the utmost anxiety, and closely questioned her whether the extraordinary change had not been occasioned by some indiscretion on her own part. But she positively denied the imputation; alleging that she had parted with the king scarcely an hour before on terms of the most perfect amity, and with the full conviction that she had accomplished the cardinal's ruin.

"You should not have put forth your hand against him, till you were sure of striking the blow," said Rochford. "There is no telling what secret influence he has over the king; and there

may yet be a hard battle to fight. But not a moment must be lost in counteracting his operations. Luckily, Suffolk is here; and his enmity to the cardinal will make him a sure friend to us. Pray Heaven you have not given the king fresh occasion for jealousy! That is all I fear."

And quitting his daughter, he sought out Suffolk, who, alarmed at what appeared like a restoration of Wolsey to favour, promised heartily to co-operate with him in the struggle, and that no time might be lost, the duke proceeded at once to the royal closet, where he found the king pacing to and fro with a moody look.

"Your majesty seems disturbed," said the duke.

"Disturbed!—ay!" exclaimed the king. "I have enough to disturb me. I will never love again. I will forswear the whole sex. Harkee, Suffolk, you are my brother, my second self, and know all the secrets of my heart. After the passionate devotion I have displayed for Anne Boleyn,—after all I have done for her,—all I have risked for her,—I have been deceived."

"Impossible, my liege!" exclaimed Suffolk.

"Why, so I thought," cried Henry, "and I turned a deaf ear to all insinuations thrown out against her, till proof was afforded which I could no longer doubt."

"And what was the amount of the proof, my liege?" asked Suffolk.

"These letters," said Henry, handing them to him, "found on the person of Sir Thomas Wyat."

"But these only prove, my liege, the existence of a former passion,—nothing more," remarked Suffolk, after he had scanned them.

"But she vows eternal constancy to him!" cried Henry; "says she shall ever love him!—says so at the time she professes devoted love for me! How can I trust her after that? Suffolk, I feel she does not love me exclusively; and my passion is so deep and devouring, that it demands entire return. I must have her heart as well as her person; and I feel I have only won her in my quality of king."

"I am persuaded your majesty is mistaken," said the duke.

"Would I could think so!" sighed Henry. "But no—no, I cannot be deceived. I will conquer this fatal passion. Oh, Suffolk! it is frightful to be the bondslave of a woman—a fickle, inconstant woman. But between the depths of love and hate is but a step; and I can pass from one to the other."

"Do nothing rashly, my dear liege," said Suffolk; "nothing that may bring with it after-repentance. Do not be swayed by those who have inflamed your jealousy, and who could practise upon it. Think the matter calmly over, and then act. And till you have decided, see neither Catherine nor Anne; and, above all, do not admit Wolsey to your secret councils."

"You are his enemy, Suffolk," said the king, sternly.

"I am your majesty's friend," replied the duke. "Beseech you, yield to me on this occasion, and I am sure hereafter you will thank me."

"Well, I believe you art right, my good friend and brother," said Henry, "and I will curb my impulses of rage and jealousy. To-morrow, before I see either the queen or Anne, we will ride forth into the forest, and talk the matter further over."

"Your highness has come to a wise determination," said the duke.

"Oh, Suffolk!" sighed Henry, "would I had never seen this syren Anne! She exercises a fearful control over me, and enslaves my very soul."

"I cannot say whether it is for good or ill that you have met, my dear liege," replied Suffolk, "but I fancy I can discern the way in which your ultimate decision will be taken. But it is now near midnight. I wish your majesty sound and untroubled repose."

"Stay!" cried Henry, "I am about to visit the Curfew Tower, and must take you with me. I will explain my errand as we go. I had some thought of sending you there in my stead. Ha!" he exclaimed, glancing at his finger—"By Saint Paul! it is gone."

"What is gone, my liege?" asked Suffolk.

"My signet," replied Henry. "I missed it not till now. It has been wrested from me by the fiend. Let us not lose a moment, or the prisoners will be set free by him,—if they have not been liberated already."

So saying, he took a couple of dags (a species of short gun) from a rest on the wall, and giving one to Suffolk, thrust the other into his girdle. Thus armed, they quitted the royal lodgings, and hurried in the direction of the Curfew Tower. Just as they reached the Horse-Shoe Cloisters, the alarm bell began to ring.

"Did I not tell you so?" cried Henry, furiously; "they have escaped. Ha! it stops!—what has happened?"

About a quarter of an hour after the king had quitted the Curfew Tower, a tall man, enveloped in a cloak, and wearing a high conical cap, presented himself to the arquebussier stationed at the entrance to the dungeon, and desired to be admitted to the prisoners.

"I have the king's signet," he said, holding forth the ring.

On seeing this, the arquebusier, who recognised the ring, unlocked the door, and admitted him. Mabel was kneeling on the ground beside her grandsire, with her hands raised as in prayer, but as the tall man entered the vault, she started to her feet, and uttered a slight scream.

"What is the matter, child?" cried Tristram.

"He is here!—he is come!" cried Mabel, in a tone of the deepest terror.

"Who—the king!" cried Tristram, looking up. "Ah! I see! Herne is come to deliver me."

"Do not go with him, grandsire," cried Mabel. "In the name of all the saints, I implore you, do not."

"Silence her!" said Herne, in a harsh voice, "or I leave you."

The old man looked imploringly at his grand-daughter.

"You know the conditions of your liberation?" said Herne.

"I do—I do," replied Tristram, hastily, and with a shudder.

"Oh! grandfather," cried Mabel, falling at his feet, "do not, I conjure you, make any conditions with this dreaded being, or it will be at the expense of your salvation. Better I should perish at the stake—better you should suffer the most ignominious death, than this should be."

"Do you accept them?" cried Herne, disregarding her supplications.

Tristram answered in the affirmative.

"Recall your words, grandfather—recall your words!" cried Mabel. "I will implore your pardon on my knees from the king, and he will not refuse me."

The pledge cannot be recalled, damsel," said Herne; "and it is to save you from the king, as much as to accomplish his own preservation, that your grandsire consents. He would not have you a victim to Henry's lust." And as he spoke, he divided the forester's bonds with his knife. "You must go with him, Mabel," he added.

"I will not!" cried she. "Something warns me that a great danger awaits me."

"You *must* go, girl," cried Tristram, angrily. "I will not leave you to Henry's lawless passion."

Meanwhile, Herne had passed into one of the large embrasures, and opened, by means of a spring, an entrance to a secret staircase in the wall. He then beckoned Tristram towards him, and whispered some instructions in his ear.

"I understand," replied the old man.

"Proceed to the cave," cried Herne, "and remain there till I join you."

Tristram nodded assent.

"Come, Mabel!" he cried, advancing towards her, and seizing her hand.

"Away!" cried Herne, in a menacing tone.

Terrified by the formidable looks and gestures of the demon, the poor girl offered no resistance, and her grandfather drew her into the opening, which was immediately closed after her.

About an hour after this, and when it was near upon the stroke of midnight, the arquebusier who had admitted the tall stranger to the dungeon, and who had momentarily expected his coming forth, opened the door to see what was going forward. What was his astonishment to find the cell empty! After looking around

in mute astonishment, he rushed to the chamber above, to tell his comrades what had happened.

"This is clearly the work of the fiend," said Shoreditch; "it is useless to strive against him."

"That tall black man was doubtless Herne himself," said Paddington. "I am glad he did us no injury. I hope the king will not further provoke his malice."

"Well, we must inform Captain Bouchier of the mischance," said Shoreditch. "I would not be in thy skin, Mat Bee, for a trifle. The king will be here presently, and then——"

"It is impossible to penetrate through the devices of the evil one," interrupted Mat. "I could have sworn it was the royal signet, for I saw it on the king's finger as he delivered the order. I wish such another chance of capturing the fiend would occur to me."

As the words were uttered, a small side door was thrown suddenly open, and Herne, in his wild garb, with his antlered helm upon his brow, and the rusty chain depending from his left arm, stood before them. His appearance was so terrific and unearthly that they all shrank aghast, and Mat Bee fell with his face on the floor.

"I am here!" cried the demon. "Now, braggart, wilt dare to seize me?"

But not a hand was moved against him. The whole party seemed transfixed with terror.

"You dare not brave my power, and you are right," cried Herne—"a wave of my hand would bring this old tower about your ears,—a word would summon a legion of fiends to torment you."

"But do not utter it, I pray you, good Herne—excellent Herne," cried Mat Bee. "And, above all things, do not wave your hand, for we have no desire to be buried alive,—have we, comrade? I should never have said what I did if I had thought your fiendship had been within hearing."

"Your royal master will as vainly seek to contend with me as he did to bury me beneath the oak tree," cried Herne. "If you want me further, you will find me in the upper chamber."

And with these words, he darted up the ladder-like flight of steps and disappeared.

As soon as they recovered from the fright that had enchained them, Shoreditch and Paddington rushed forth into the area in front of the turret, and shouting to those on the roof, told them that Herne was in the upper room—a piece of information which was altogether superfluous, for the hammering had recommenced, and continued till the clock struck twelve, when it stopped. Just then, it occurred to Mat Bee to ring the alarm bell, and he seized the rope, and began to pull it; but the bell had scarcely sounded, when the cord, severed from above, fell down upon his head.

At this juncture, the king and the Duke of Suffolk arrived. When told what had happened, though prepared for it, Henry burst into a terrible passion, and bestowed a buffet on Mat Bee, that well nigh broke his jaw, and sent him reeling to the further side of the chamber. He had not at first understood that Herne was supposed to be in the upper room; but as soon as he was made aware of the circumstances, he cried out—"Ah, dastards! have you let him brave you thus? But I am glad of it. His capture is reserved for my own hand."

"Do not expose yourself to this risk, my gracious liege," said Suffolk.

"What! do you too share in their womanish fears, Suffolk?" cried Henry. "I thought you had been made of braver stuff. If there is danger, I shall be the first to encounter it. Come along," he added, snatching a torch from an arquebusier. And, drawing his dag, he hurried up the steep steps, while Suffolk followed his example, and three or four arquebusiers ventured after them.

Meanwhile, Shoreditch and Paddington ran out, and informed Bouchier that the king had arrived, and was mounting in search of Herne, upon which the captain, shaking off his fears, ordered his men to follow him, and opening the little door at the top of the stairs, began cautiously to descend, feeling his way with his sword. He had got about half-way down, when Henry sprang upon the platform. The light of his torch fell upon the ghostly figure of Herne, with his arms folded upon his breast, standing near the pile of wood, lying between the two staircases. So appalling was the appearance of the demon that Henry stood still to gaze at him, while Bouchier and his men remained irresolute on the stairs. In another moment, the Duke of Suffolk had gained the platform, and the arquebusiers were seen near the head of the stairs.

"At last, thou art in my power, accursed being!" cried Henry, 'Thou art hemmed in on all sides, and canst not escape!"

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Herne.

"This shall prove whether thou art human or not," cried Henry, taking deliberate aim at him with the dag.

"Ho! ho! ho!" roared Herne.

And as the report rang through the room, he sank through the floor, and disappeared from view.

"Gone!" exclaimed Henry, as the smoke cleared off; "gone! Holy Mary! then it must indeed be the fiend. I made the middle of his skull my aim, and if he had not been invulnerable, the bullet must have pierced his brain."

"I heard it rebound from his horned helmet, and drop to the floor," said Bouchier.

"What is that chest?" cried Henry, pointing to a strange coffin-shaped box, lying, as it seemed, on the exact spot where the demon had disappeared.

No one had seen it before, though all called to mind the mysterious hammering; and they had no doubt that the coffin was the work of the demon.

"Break it open," cried Henry; "for aught we know, Herne may be concealed within it."

The order was reluctantly obeyed by the arquebussiers. But no force was required, for the lid was not nailed down; and when it was removed, a human body, in the last stage of decay, was discovered.

"Pah! close it up," cried Henry, turning away in disgust. "How came it there?"

"It must have been brought by the powers of darkness," said Bouchier; "no such coffin was here when I searched the chamber two hours ago. But see," he added, stooping down, and picking up a piece of paper which had fallen from the coffin, "here is a scroll."

"Give it me!" cried Henry; and holding it to the light, he read the words, "*The body of Mark Fytton, the butcher,—the victim of a tyrant's cruelty.*"

Uttering a terrible imprecation, Henry flung the paper from him; and bidding the arquebussiers burn the body at the foot of the gallows without the town, quitted the tower without further search.

XIII.

HOW WOLSEY WAS DISGRACED BY THE KING.

On the following day, a reconciliation took place between the king and Anne Boleyn. During a ride in the Great Park with his royal brother, Suffolk not only convinced him of the groundlessness of his jealousy, but contrived to incense him strongly against Wolsey. Thus the queen and the cardinal lost the momentary advantage they had gained, while Anne's power was raised yet higher. Yielding to her entreaties not to see Catherine again, nor to hold further conference with Wolsey until the sentence of the court should be pronounced, Henry left the castle that very day, and proceeded to his palace of Bridewell. The distress of the unhappy queen at this sudden revolution of affairs may be conceived. Distrusting Wolsey, and putting her sole reliance on Heaven, and the goodness of her cause, she withdrew to Blackfriars, where she remained till the court met. As to the cardinal himself, driven desperate by his situation, and exasperated by the treatment he had experienced, he resolved, at whatever risk, to thwart Henry's schemes, and revenge himself upon Anne Boleyn.

Thus matters continued till the court met as before in the parliament-chamber, at Blackfriars. On this occasion Henry was present, and took his place under a cloth of estate,—the

queen sitting at some distance below him. Opposite them were the legates with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the whole of the bishops. The aspect of the assemblage was grave and anxious. Many eyes were turned on Henry, who looked gloomy and menacing, but the chief object of interest was the queen, who, though pale as death, had never in her highest days of power worn a more majestic and dignified air than on this occasion.

The proceedings of the court then commenced, and the king being called by the crier, he immediately answered to the summons. Catherine was next called, and instead of replying, she marched towards the canopy beneath which the king was seated, prostrated herself, and poured forth a most pathetic and eloquent appeal to him; at the close of which, she arose and making a profound reverence, walked out of the court, leaning upon the arm of her general-receiver, Griffith. Henry desired the crier to call her back, but she would not return; and seeing the effect produced by her address upon the auditory, he endeavoured to efface it by an eulogium on her character and virtues, accompanied by an expression of deep regret at the step he was compelled to take in separating himself from her. But his hypocrisy availed him little, and his speech was received with looks of ill-disguised incredulity. Some further discourse then took place between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Rochester; but as the queen had absented herself, the court was adjourned to the next day, when it again met, and as she did not then appear, though summoned, she was pronounced contumacious. After repeated adjournments, the last session was held, and judgment demanded on the part of the king, when Campeggio, as had been arranged between him and Wolsey, declined to pronounce it until he had referred the matter to the pope, and the court was dissolved.

About two months after this event, during which time the legates' commission had been revoked, while Henry was revolving the expediency of accomplishing the divorce through the medium of his own ecclesiastical courts, and without reference to that of Rome, — a dispatch arrived from the pope, requiring the two cardinals to cite the king to appear before him by attorney on a certain day. At the time of the arrival of this instrument, Campeggio chanced to be staying with Wolsey at his palace at Esher, and as the king was then holding his court at Windsor, the two cardinals set out for the castle on the following day, attended by a retinue of nearly a hundred horsemen, splendidly equipped.

It was now the middle of September, and the woods, instead of presenting one uniform mass of green, glowed with an infinite variety of lovely tints. And yet, despite their beauty, there was something melancholy in witnessing the decline of the year, as marked by those old woods, and by the paths that led through

them, so thickly strewn with leaves. Wolsey was sensibly affected by the scene. "These noble trees will ere long be reft of their glories," he thought—"and so, most likely, will it be with me—and perhaps my winter may come on sooner than theirs!"

The cardinal and his train had crossed Staines Bridge; and passing through Egham, had entered the Great Park, near Englefield Green. They were proceeding along the high ridge overlooking the woody region between it and the Castle, when a joyous shout in the glades beneath reached them; and looking down, they saw the king, accompanied by Anne Boleyn and attended by his falconers and a large company of horsemen, pursuing the sport of hawking. The royal party appeared so much interested in their sport, that they did not notice the cardinal and his train, and were soon out of sight. But as Wolsey descended Snow Hill, and entered the long avenue, he heard the trampling of horses at a little distance; and shortly afterwards, Henry and Anne issued from out the trees. They were somewhat more than a bow-shot in advance of the cardinal; but instead of halting till he came up, the king had no sooner ascertained who it was, than, despatching a messenger to the castle, who was seen galloping swiftly down the avenue, he rode off with Anne Boleyn towards the opposite side of the park. Though deeply mortified by the slight, Wolsey concealed his vexation from his brother cardinal, and pursued his way to the castle, before which he presently arrived. The gates were thrown open at his approach, but he had scarcely entered the lower ward, when Sir Henry Norris, the king's groom of the stole, advanced to meet him, and, with a sorrowful expression of countenance, said that his royal master had so many guests at the castle, that he could not accommodate him and his train.

"I understand your drift, sir," replied Wolsey—"you would tell me I am not welcome. Well, then, his eminence, Cardinal Campeggio and myself must take up our lodging at some hostel in the town, for it is necessary we should see the king."

"If your grace is content to dismiss your attendants," said Norris, in a low tone, "you and Cardinal Campeggio can be lodged in the Lieutenants' Tower. Thus much I will take upon me; but I dare not admit you to the royal lodgings."

Wolsey tried to look unconcerned, and calling to his gentleman usher, George Cavendish, gave him some instructions in a low voice, upon which the other immediately placed himself at the head of the retinue, and ordered them to quit the castle with him, leaving only the jester, Patch, to attend upon his master. Campeggio's attendants, being, comparatively speaking, few in number, were allowed to remain, and his litter was conveyed to the Lieutenants' Tower—a fortification standing in the

south side of the lower ward, near the edge of the dry moat surrounding the Round Tower. At the entrance of this tower Wolsey dismounted, and was about to follow Campeggio into it, when Will Sommers, who had heard of his arrival, stepped forward, and with a salutation of mock formality, said—"I am sure it will grieve the king, my master, not to be able to accommodate your grace's train; but since it is larger than his own, you will scarce blame his want of hospitality."

"Nor the courtesy of his attendants," rejoined Wolsey, sharply. "I am in no mood for thy jesting now. Stand aside, sirrah, or I will have the rod applied to thy back!"

"Take care the king does not apply the rod to your own, lord cardinal," retorted Will Sommers. "If he scourges you according to your deserts, your skin will be redder than your robes." And his mocking laugh pursued Wolsey like the hiss of a snake, as he entered the tower.

Some two hours after this, Henry and his attendants returned from the chase. The king seemed in a blithe humour, and Wolsey saw him laugh heartily as Will Sommers pointed with his bauble towards the Lieutenants' Tower. The cardinal received no invitation to the royal banquet; and the answer to his solicitation for an interview was, that he and Campeggio would be received in the presence-chamber on the following morning, but not before.

That night a great revel was held in the Castle. Masquing, dancing, and feasting, filled up the evening, and the joyous sounds and strains reached Wolsey in his seclusion, and forced him to contrast it with his recent position, when he would have been second only to the king in the entertainment. He laid his head upon his pillow, but not to rest, and while tossing feverishly about his couch, he saw the arras with which the walls were covered, move, and a tall, dark figure step from behind it. The cardinal would have awakened his jester, who slept in a small truckle-bed at his feet, but the strange visitor motioned him to be still.

"You may conjecture who I am, cardinal," he said, "but in case you should doubt, I will tell you. I am Herne the hunter! And now to my errand. There is a damsel, whom you once saw in the forest near the great lake, and whom you promised to befriend. You can assist her now—to-morrow it may be out of your power."

"I have enough to do with what concerns myself," said Wolsey.

"This damsel *does* concern you," cried Herne. "Read this, and you will see in what way."

And he tossed a letter to Wolsey, who glanced at it by the light of the lamp.

"Ha! is it so?" he exclaimed. "Is she——"

"Not so loud," said Herne, "or you will wake this sleeper. It is as you suppose. Will you not aid her now? Will you not bestow some of your treasure upon her before it is wholly wrested from you by the king? I will do aught you wish, surely and swiftly."

"Go then to my palace at Esher," cried the cardinal. "Take this key to my treasurer—it is the key of my coffers. Bid him deliver to you the six caskets in the cabinet in the gilt chamber. Here is a token by which he will know that you came from me," he added, delivering him a small chain of gold, "for it has been so agreed between us. But you will be sure to give the treasure to Mabel."

"Fear nothing," replied Herne. And stretching forth his hand to receive the key and the chain, he glided behind the tapestry, and disappeared.

This strange incident gave some diversion to Wolsey's thoughts; but ere long they returned to their former current. Sleep would not be summoned, and as soon as the first glimpse of day appeared, he arose, and wrapping his robe around him, left his room and ascended a winding staircase leading to the roof of the tower.

The morning promised to be fine, but it was then hazy, and the greater part of the forest was wrapped in fog. The castle, however, was seen to great advantage. Above Wolsey rose the vast fabric of the Round Tower, on the summit of which the broad standard was at that moment being unfurled; while the different battlements and towers arose majestically around. But Wolsey's gaze rested chiefly upon the exquisite mausoleum lying immediately beneath him, which he himself had erected. A sharp pang shook him as he contemplated it, and he cried aloud—"My very tomb will be wrested from me by this rapacious monarch; and after all my care, I know not where I shall rest my bones!"

Saddened by the reflection, he descended to his chamber, and again threw himself on the couch.

But Wolsey was not the only person in the castle who had passed a sleepless night. Of the host of his enemies many had been kept awake by the anticipation of his downfal on the morrow; and among these was Anne Boleyn, who had received an assurance from the king that her enmity should at length be fully gratified.

At the appointed hour, the two cardinals proceeded to the royal lodgings. They were detained for some time in the antechamber, where Wolsey was exposed to the taunts and sneers of the courtiers, who had lately so servilely fawned upon him. At length, they were ushered into the presence-chamber, at the upper end of which, beneath a canopy emblazoned with the royal arms woven in gold, sat Henry, with Anne Boleyn on his

right hand. At the foot of the throne stood Will Sommers, and near him the Dukes of Richmond and Suffolk. Norfolk, Rochford, and a number of other nobles, all open enemies of Wolsey, were likewise present. Henry watched the advance of the cardinals with a stern look, and after they had made an obeisance to him, motioned them to rise.

"You have sought an interview with me, my lords," he said, with suppressed rage. "What would you?"

"We have brought an instrument to you, my liege," said Wolsey, "which has just been received from his holiness the pope."

"Declare its nature," said Henry.

"It is a citation," replied Wolsey, "enjoining your highness to appear by attorney in the papal court, under a penalty of ten thousand ducats."

And he presented a parchment, stamped with the great seal of Rome, to the king, who glanced his eye fiercely over it, and then dashed it to the ground, with an explosion of fury terrible to hear and to witness.

"Ha! by Saint George!" he cried; "am I as nothing, that the pope dares to insult me thus?"

"It is a mere judicial form, your majesty," interposed Campeggio; "and is chiefly sent by his holiness to let you know we have no further jurisdiction in the matter of the divorce."

"I will take care you have not, nor his holiness either," roared the king; "by my father's head! he shall find I will be no longer trifled with."

"But, my liege," cried Campeggio——

"Peace!" cried the king. "I will hear no apologies nor excuses. The insult has been offered, and cannot be effaced. As for you, Wolsey——"

"Sire!" exclaimed the cardinal, shrinking before a whirlwind of passion, which seemed to menace his utter extermination.

"As for you, I say," pursued Henry, extending his hand towards him, while his eyes flashed fire, "who by your outrageous pride have so long overshadowed our honour,—who by your insatiate avarice and appetite for wealth have oppressed our subjects,—who by your manifold acts of bribery and extortion have impoverished our realm, and by your cruelty and partiality have subverted the due course of justice, and turned it to your own ends,—the time is come when you shall receive due punishment for your offences."

"You wrong me, my dear liege," cried Wolsey, abjectly. "These are the accusations of my enemies. Grant me a patient hearing, and I will explain all."

"I would not sharpen the king's resentment against you, lord cardinal," said Anne Boleyn, "for it is keen enough; but I cannot permit you to say that these charges are merely hostile.

The dismissal of Cardinal Wolsey

LONDON PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER 1843

Those who would support the king's honour and dignity must desire to see you removed from his counsels."

"I am ready to take thy place, lord cardinal," said Will Sommers; "and will exchange my bauble for thy chancellor's mace, and my fool's cap for thy cardinal's hat."

"Peace!" thundered the king. "Stand not between us and the object of our wrath. Your accusers are not one, but many, Wolsey; nay, the whole of my people cry out for justice against you, and they shall have it. But you shall hear the charges they bring. Firstly, contrary to our prerogative, and for your own advancement and profit, you have obtained authority legatine from the pope; by which authority you have not only spoiled and taken away their substance from many religious houses, but have usurped much of our own jurisdiction. You have also made a treaty with the King of France for the pope without our consent, and concluded another friendly treaty with the Duke of Ferrara, under our great seal, and in our name, without our warrant. And, furthermore, you have presumed to couple yourself with our royal self in your letters and instructions, as if you had been on an equality with us."

"Ha! ha! 'The king and I would have you do thus!' 'The king and I give you our hearty thanks!' Ran it not so, cardinal?" cried Will Sommers. "You will soon win the cap and bells."

"In exercise of your legatine authority," pursued the king, "you have given away benefices contrary to our crown and dignity, for the which you are in danger of forfeiture of your lands and goods."

"A premunire, cardinal," cried Will Sommers. "A premunire!—ha! ha!"

"Then it has been your practice to receive all the ambassadors to our court first at your own palace," continued Henry,—"to hear their charges and intentions, and to instruct them as you might see fit. You have also so practised that all our letters sent from beyond sea have first come to your own hands, by which you have acquainted yourself with their contents, and compelled us and our council to follow your devices. You have also written to all our ambassadors abroad in your own name concerning our affairs, without our authority; and received letters in return from them by which you have sought to compass your own purposes. By your ambition and pride you have undone many of our poor subjects; have suppressed religious houses, and received their possessions; have seized upon the goods of wealthy spiritual men deceased; constrained all ordinaries yearly to compound with you; have gotten riches for yourself and servants by subversion of the laws, and by abuse of your authority in causing divers pardons of the Pope to be suspended until you, by promise of a yearly pension, chose to revive

them; and also by crafty and untrue tales have sought to create dissension among our nobles."

"That we can all avouch for," cried Suffolk. "It was never merry in England while we had cardinals among us."

"Of all men in England your grace should be the last to say so," rejoined Wolsey; "for if I had not been cardinal you would not have had a head upon your shoulders to utter the taunt."

"No more of this!" cried the king. "You have misdemeaned yourself in our court by keeping up as great state in our absence as if we had been present; and presumptuously have dared to join and imprint your badge—the cardinal's hat, under our arms, graven on our coins struck at York. And lastly—whenever in open parliament allusion hath been made to heresies and erroneous sects, you have failed to correct and notice them, to the danger of the whole body of good and Christian people of this our realm."

"This last charge ought to win me favour in the eyes of one who professes the opinions of Luther," said Wolsey, to Anne. "But I deny it, as I do all the rest."

"I will listen to no defence, Wolsey," replied the king. "I will make you a terrible example to others how they offend us and our laws hereafter."

"Do not condemn me unheard!" cried the cardinal, prostrating himself.

"I have heard too much; and I will hear no more!" cried the king, fiercely. "I dismiss you from my presence for ever. If you are innocent, as you aver, justice will be done you. If you are guilty, as I believe you to be, look not for leniency from me, for I will shew you none!"

And, seating himself, he turned to Anne, and said, in a low tone, "Are you content, sweetheart?"

"I am," she replied. "I shall not now break my vow. False cardinal!" she added aloud, "your reign is at an end."

"Your own may not be much longer, madam," rejoined Wolsey, bitterly. "The shadow of the axe," he added, pointing to the reflection of a partisan on the floor, "is at your feet. Ere long it may rise to the head."

And, accompanied by Campeggio, he slowly quitted the presence-chamber.

Thus ends the Third Book of the Chronicle of Windsor Castle.

RECENT WRITINGS OF SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.*

When *Eva*, and the other Poems which Sir Edward Bulwer published last year, made their appearance, we took up the volume—not assuredly with that narrow and ungracious feeling which is ever ready to argue from success to failure; which predicts, from an acknowledged mastery in one art, incapacity for another; and modestly claims the privilege of controlling by its own tastes or prejudices the impulses of the genius it recognises—yet still, we opened it with a little apprehensiveness that tried habits of composition, and accustomed modes of expression, when proved all-powerful over the thoughts and emotions of countless readers, might in some instances influence too far the expression of the spirit of poetry which had prompted Power to a new exercise of its gifts—and that the highest of all.

As we read, the fear vanished. We saw that the Poet was not standing in his own light, obscured in the brilliancy of his own prose. Instead of being the victim of creations to which, in other forms, his imagination and knowledge have given birth, he appeared in these compositions to have forgotten their existence. Here was the first step gained. The next was in a like unconsciousness of the presence of those great modern lights of poetry, which, if they have inspired many youthful writers, have allured others to an unusual extent into imitative tracks and endless repetitions of a mistake. Scarcely any poems have appeared in our time so free from reminiscences of the late and the living masters of song as these of Bulwer's; so innocent of fleeting colours borrowed from the unfading dreams of Coleridge and Shelley; of faltering tones echoed from the woody haunts of Wordsworth, or the wild shores and gorgeous solitudes where the genius of Byron still reigns unapproachable.

There is much that is new in these poems, and more that is new to the present age. The author, with a power of thought equally deep and brilliant, and with a freshness and fulness of language rarely possessed, employed his gifts wisely when he turned from the models of the day, and studied the tone of our elder poets. It is not so much the tone of a particular writer, or even of a school, as of an age, that we here refer to. It is true, that amongst these poems are several which call to mind the rich music as well as the rare and delicate meanings, of "bright particular stars" amongst the poets of past time. Thus, in such pieces as "Memnon," and the "Consolations of Sleep," we see that all which is happiest—in other words, all which is most simple as well as fanciful, all which is most airy as well as profound—in the writings of Cowley, has justly been remembered. In the graceful little poem, "The Love-letter," in the entire and perfect chrysolite called "Doubt," as in others of the charming class they describe, it is evident that the more exquisite of the strains of Herrick, Carew, and Suckling, have been read and admired. Some passages as plainly indicate a close and successful penetration into the deep and golden secrets of Dryden's verse; as here and there we fall in with aphorisms on books, character, or society, at once cutting and

* Eva, and other Poems: The Last of the Barons, 3 vols.

elegant, denoting that the point and polish of Pope have had their charms, too—so should they have, perpetually.

But these are all incidental resemblances, and nothing more; in no page or passage is the writer's native force weakened by the influences of an imitative spirit, or the pedantic rules of an arbitrary and adopted style. We see the results of his reading not in any particular poem—but in his poetry. The Modern has held communion with the poets for a better purpose than that of mimicking their tones and attitudes. He can admire an old writer without copying the quaintness of his phraseology; and derive a general idea of his excellence as a model, without measuring off his lines so nicely in following him, as to present no image to the mind but that of a free-born muse dancing in rusty fetters.

Thus even the longest poem which Sir Edward Bulwer has yet given to the world—although a tale of modern character and life, related in the language of to-day—has been suggested by the spirit of some of our old metrical tales, the feeling and sentiment of which are as modern as their mere phraseology is antique; and we have in what is not inaptly called a "domestic novel in verse," a narrative as clear and simple as the course of any of our sweetest and purest ballads;—and with what an admirable blending of light and shadow; with what broad and powerful, yet delicate finish of portraiture; with what brilliancy of adornment, what unaffected pathos and untiring interest! Such is the *Ill-omened Marriage;* wonderful skill is in this poem, for it is hidden. *Eva* has less of the old time in its conception, but it has a sentiment and a melody for all time; and in its descriptive title, "a true story of light and darkness," images most of its companions in this noble volume.

We must not, however, be delayed by the various and masterly versification of the longer poem—by the profound tenderness and hopeful melancholy of the next—by the extraordinary grace and succinctness of the *Fairy Bride*—the picturesque beauty and moral force of the *Lay of the Beacon*—or by some other poems worthy to rank beside these. What we must pause to comment on, before we open the great prose work that has just appeared, is that devotion to the highest principles of exquisite Art which these poems, with scarcely an exception, evince. The poet seems nowhere to have drawn but agreeably to a design which he had previously conceived and perfected in all its parts. He nowhere seems borne away by his subject, but moulds it at his will. There is a studied fitness of the measure to the theme; the line is rarely too weak for the thought, nor in a single instance does the imagery overlay what it should adorn.

From those poems which inculcate lofty truths in solemn numbers, to the little sparkling tales, and pieces of a light and airy character—in which, nevertheless, are often hidden some of the deepest truths of life—the poet appears to have religiously rejected whatever was foreign or superfluous to his subject. The reader would perhaps note such a poem as that entitled *Love at First Sight*, as an example of that artistical quality of construction which pervades the book.

They are not patchwork poems; nor are colours anywhere flung in, whether lightly or profusely, but for a reason which affects the unity and completeness of the entire picture. Thus, you could not, except in a very few instances, strike out a stanza without missing it. For-

get a passage of one even of the short poems, and it falls to pieces. You cannot add to or take from them. Whatever be their relative merits, they are all finished. The passion to be depicted, the fancy to be followed out, the character to be traced, or the truth to be expounded, is never trifled with, either in tame and careless touches, or in misjudging exaggeration. This we believe to be a striking and peculiar characteristic of Sir Edward Bulwer's poetical writings.

And in this heightened sense of the essential qualities of Art in Composition—a sense so elevated by the author's desire to express in the harmonies of verse some portion of the Mind of which prose has so long been the popular and eloquent interpreter—consists perhaps the secret of the design which he appears to have had in view in constructing his new historical tale entitled, *The Last of the Barons*—the story of the renowned King-maker, the Earl of Warwick; of him whose gallantry in the field was not exceeded even by his sagacity in council, and his generosity in all human dealings; whose frankness of character won all men's affections, attracting the confidence of powerful nobles and the devoted attachment of the peasantry; whose munificence was as boundless as his wealth, providing daily entertainment for no less than thirty thousand persons at the various manors and castles which he possessed in England; and who is designated by Hume "the greatest, as well as the last, of those mighty barons who formerly overawed the crown."

This gigantic figure moving upon such a stage, and swaying such a struggle, as those in which History places him in action, is an object worthy the highest efforts of the greatest master of Fiction. The subject demanded not only the amplest powers, but the most patient, well-considered, and inquiring application of them. For of the wars of the Roses, scores of little romances had been woven; while the fall and rise of Henry, with the rise and fall of Edward, both crowned at the close with yet another change, in the great battle of Barnet and the death of Warwick, had all been rendered more familiar than history could ever make them, by the vivid and picturesque chronicles of Shakspeare. So that to work a fitting spell, and realize the expectations which the grand subject seemed to raise, it was necessary to introduce for the first time whatever it might embrace—to explore records, to investigate facts, to examine hypotheses, to devise agencies, which had remained wholly out of the reach of the ordinary tale-writer, and which the rapid dramatic course of Shakspeare's narrative had equally compelled him to disregard.

And with this sense of the freshness and novelty yet lurking in his subject—with this comprehensive view of the large field of his labours, the author seems to have made his first essay of preparation, searching out whatever could throw light upon the social life of the remote time, supply omissions in the narrative of events, reconcile uncertainties and contradictions, and give an unmistakeable identity to character.

But all these materials obtained, with the utmost industry and sagacity of research, the new facts would be worse than useless, as mere additions to the old. To weave both into a narrative and follow the beaten track, would be but producing a lengthened and therefore tedious edition of the tale, however curious and valuable in an historical point of view. The only way, consequently, in which the author could, in attractive association with fiction, embody and disseminate

those ideas of historical truth which careful and wide-spread examination had originated, was by taking more than ordinary pains with the construction of his work—by working upon a higher, stricter, and more difficult principle of composition (yet surer in the end) than mere success in interesting the reader would appear to demand.

It was necessary in short, that he should devise and build up an elaborate Work of Art;—very intricate in itself, and drawing continually on the thought and ingenuity of the originator; yet so simple in its results, that the reader is scarcely aware perhaps that any art has been exercised at all in the general design, and amidst the praises which he awards bestows little or none upon that very exercise of skill and knowledge for which he has been most indebted for his pleasure.

This merit, which is visible to few while its effects are felt by all—the merit of a complete conception of all that the subject embraces, worked out upon rules of composition, that extend from the first chapter to the last—is noticeable in the entire conduct of this story. It is, as it seems to us, upon an unerring principle of judgment, that the scenes in succession shift, and the characters disappear and return. In some of the least important arrangements, we see the pervading design assisted; and in the turns which the narrative takes, in the tumult that now fills the scene and the quiet patience which contrasts with it—in the ever-winding and varying course of interest, wonderfully sustained and diversified, until allowed to rush, yet not too hurriedly, into that mighty gathering which is the "ocean to the river" of the story—in the delineation and grouping of the characters—in the rapid change, as in the long lingering where the scene attracts—in all, indeed, wherein the author might seem to follow but the impulse of his mood, and to yield himself to the charm of the moment,—we feel the alternate glow and chill and content, the repose and the excitement and the fear, which a masterly address in applying the resources of art can alone ensure. Had Sir Edward Bulwer never disciplined his mind to a study of the requisites which constitute a poem, possibly he might never have been so fully capable of treating this great subject in so finished and masterly a manner—of adhering so unmisgivingly to his design.

Of the eloquent disquisition which forms so large and so noble a portion, too, of this author's previous works of fiction, there is much less here; and what there is seems essential even to the narrative—we need not say that it is excellent, both in spirit and expression. But the characters are the true enchanters.

Round the profligate but dazzling Edward, are gathered the gaudy members of the new nobility, the breaking phalanx of the old, the striving bands of civic traders, pushing forward to compose that mighty middle-class which in so comparatively short a time was a giant great as the feudal order itself, standing between the prince and the peasant. But we have besides a series of individual portraitures, unsurpassed by any writer (but the one dramatist) for brilliancy, distinctness, and truth. Edward is a fearful delineation, beautiful and hideous, glittering as a serpent, equally repulsive and fascinating; he stands out upon the canvas, a mixture of meanness and grandeur, a truth the more hateful for the love he can compel.

Beside him, his youthful brother Richard rises up to a height made towering by consummate genius and profundity of design. On this wonderful being, Sir Edward has lavished the riches of his power; as well he might, seeing that the picture was to contrast with that great

one which Shakspeare has left us, and to which we suspect Sir Edward does less than justice. The new portrait, divested of that needless deformity which later discoveries have shewn to be an invention of the enemy, reconciles itself at once to the judgment and imagination. In this work, wherever Richard of Gloucester moves, he flashes a quiet but ominous light. While on the scene, though silent, we are never unconscious of his presence; he has taught us, from his first entrance, that wherever he may glide, we must be attracted to follow. His lightest word has a weight—with such deep power and truth is the mental quality imprinted in the portrait; and we think of him even when he is absent, such force has the effect of his presence. It is a triumph for any writer to have done so much, where Shakspeare had preceded him.

Hastings, if less intellectually commanding, wins us by the exquisite discrimination with which the master-keys of his character are touched—the notes of strength and weakness blending in admirable and unjarring harmony. We see the gallant soldier, the wise statesman, the accomplished courtier—the proud, rejected lover—the licentious, yet not ungenerous wooer—to the life; and in all characters the brilliant compound is welcome. A portrait such as this can have few competitors; but there are lesser lights worthy to surround him: the vacillating Clarence, the gallant Montague, the crafty Archbishop—the frank and not over-refined gentleman, Marmaduke Nevile—and the sober trader, with head and heart to match, honest Nick Alwyn.

If there be two pictures "dearer than the rest," we hail the first of them in the image of the meek and gentle Henry, which is touched with a reverent and tender hand that draws pitying tears; and the second is the old philosopher Adam Warner, who, "like a sunbeam that has lost its way," vainly struggles to shed light from the heaven of science upon the dark and boisterous time. As the deposed king, by his rapt anticipation of the serenity and the joy of a life to come, makes the Tower's dungeon-chamber not uncheerful, so the often desolate and persecuted philosopher, in the heavenly conviction that his model of the steam-engine shall be the means of raising earth nearer to the glory of the stars, and of making mankind greater through future ages, even reconciles us to the temporary pains and penalties imposed upon him by the ruthless ignorance around.

But his daughter Sybill, scarcely less spotless and divine than the spirit of light that burns ever in his soul, and shines but for the blessing of man—an angel looking earthward,—Sybill, one of the fairest and sweetest of the many feminine pictures which the world owes to the same lofty sense of truth and beauty in woman—Sybill, the strong and delicate, the fond and firm, the loved of many and the worshipper of one—(the dissipated but not all-deceiving Hastings)—her fate and fortunes constitute one of the deepest sources of interest in the whole work. The heart's beat quickens as the harsh cry of the horror-bringing *tymbesteres* breaks in at intervals, and the dancing forms of that dissolute and cruel troop surround with mocking gestures the daughter of the reputed wizard. With straining eyes, watchful and anxious, we pursue her in her delightful walks with the whispering noble; but more than all do we feel the interest of her magic power in the silent night-scene where she shares the couch of the gentle Lady Anne, great Warwick's youngest daughter—where together

they undress, together hold soft, confiding converse, until their voices sink lower and lower, even into broken murmurs, and, with arms circling one another, they drop into deep sleep;—and believing the innocent child of his friend and benefactor to be alone, *King Edward enters!* There is writing here—nobleness of thought and sweetness of language — that should establish the fame of any author, even though he had done no more.

The allusion to this incident leads us to Warwick himself. The occurrence hinted at furnishes a key to one portion of that great man's conduct which was long wrapped in mystery, and even until now stood in need of the explanation it here happily obtains.

In spite of the manifold injuries and insults which the earl had experienced at the hands of the jealous and ungrateful king, Warwick continued on friendly terms with him, preparing even for a closer alliance by the marriage of his nephew with Edward's daughter, until Feb. 1470, when suddenly we find him without apparent cause in open rebellion, refusing every overture of conciliation. It was not a deliberate and plotted revolt, for the earl was not prepared for the contest; he was even compelled to fly the kingdom; and in the extremity of his revengeful passion bowed his pride to the hated Margaret of Anjou, and led the Lancastrian party against the throne of the Yorkist whom he had placed upon it. A motive of the very strongest force was here sought; but the truth was slow in suggesting itself. History had left us in the dark; when here, says Sir Edward Bulwer, "where our curiosity is the most excited, Fiction gropes amidst the ancient chronicles, and seeks to detect and to guess the truth. And then Fiction, accustomed to deal with the human heart, seizes upon the paramount importance of a fact which the modern historian has been contented to place amongst dubious and collateral causes of dissension. We find it broadly and strongly stated by Hall and others, that Edward had coarsely attempted the virtue of one of the earl's female relations." "And further it erreth not from the truth," says Hall, "that the king did attempt a thing once in the earl's house which was much against the earl's honesty," but whether it was the daughter or the niece, "was not for both their honours openly known; but *surely* such a thing *was* attempted by King Edward," &c.

Sir Edward Bulwer, in a series of connected circumstances, now offers to us the inference that the "female relation" referred to could have been no other than the second daughter of Warwick—Anne, who, after her reluctant marriage with Richard of Gloucester, was very carefully kept from Edward's court. He also shews by dates that the occurrence must have taken place just prior to Warwick's sudden and unexplained revolt.

The probability of this insult once conceded, it will be admitted that the whole obscurity which involves this memorable quarrel vanishes. "Here was indeed a wrong never to be forgiven, and yet never to be proclaimed." The character of the great earl is expounded from first to last in this spirit. What had been left wanting in his portrait, has been boldly filled up by a keen study of the features which the historical pencil had supplied—by a severe scrutiny of facts, and a laborious exercise of qualities seldom found in alliance with high powers of imagination.

The result is, a likeness, at once literal, speculative, and consistent. In a deceptive light, (for almost everything in that time was decep-

tively placed,) there is the stamp of a perfect identity upon him. He bears the mark of a master-hand. All is harmony in the conception of this noble character; no shadow lends an undue depth to another; no false brilliancy mocks the rich lustre that lights it up. Every line exhibits the author's clearness of vision and firmness of touch; his precision, breadth, and life-giving truth of character. And this is accomplished with a power so masterly, that the repeated efforts which must necessarily be employed to produce the result, seem but as one. No labour is visible in the work; it appears to be the effect of a few easy markings of the pencil; and the grandest strokes of art, by which the mighty earl, clad in the complete steel of his chivalry, or in the still more closely-riveted armour of his affections, is livingly presented to us—which shew him in his admiring, yet resentful moods, with the treacherous king—in the half-melancholy fondness of his demeanour with his wife and daughters at Middleham—in his proud humility with the fiery Margaret, in his dignifying humbleness with Henry in the Tower—lastly, in the majesty and terror of his appalling conflict at Barnet, crowned by the bravery of a death that became him as his life had done; these successive manifestations of an ever-varying power of art, adapting itself to circumstances, betray but one consistent aim steadily pursued, and are broken by not a solitary indication of doubt or weakness in the design. And when we praise the achievement of the character of the illustrious King-maker, beyond every other which this work embodies, we feel that we can offer it no higher tribute.

Nothing has here been said of the vivid groupings of the court, and of the commonalty; of the assemblings of magnificent mobs with Robert of Redesdale at their head, and civic processions gorgeous but calculating; of quiet social life, and the ghastly battle-field; of the growing power of opinion which is ever kept in sight, through the smoke and dust of contending factions, as the great though insensible mover of the age. Had much been said on these points, more still must have been omitted. How large a portion of the merits even of common-place works, of works less considered and less complete, escapes the eye that would scan their pretensions at a glance—describe their diversified qualities in a few pages! Criticism can rarely be strictly just—in some cases the attempt is presumption.

Sir Edward Bulwer intimates the probability that the *Last of the Barons* will have no successor—that his fictions here terminate. We shall entertain no such gloomy fear until he has written as many more. But should it, most unhappily, be the latest, assuredly, like its hero, whom it emulates in magnificence, it will be the greatest as well as the last of its order.

THE "HOLY ISLAND" OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The island of Malta is known to all by report, and to very many personally. Historical reminiscences, of a semi-fabulous antiquity, of a mystical pantheism, of a wrecked apostle to the Gentiles, of the championship of Christendom, and of an ever-changing domination, hang over it in all the beauty that prose or poetry, from the days of the Odyssey to those of Childe Harold, can grace it with. The diadem of

the Mediterranean, as Gibraltar is its key, it has been an object of ambition to each successive power which has ruled in that great inland lake; and hence it is that it has been successively in the hands of Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, French, and Britons. There is, however, much that is curious and interesting to psychology in these otherwise dark pages in the history of humanity, and which extend from the times of Xerottistes, the high priest of Apollo, to those of the more recent establishment of a bishop of the Anglican church.

When the traveller arrives in the harbour of Valetta, the sunned atmosphere, dark countenances, Oriental dresses, dreamy skiffs, houses silently rising one above the other, and the surrounding general repose and stillness only broken upon by the tinkle of devotional bells, impress him with the deep sense of his being in a new climate, and amidst a distinct people. Malta is a real transition from the west to the east, and from Europe to Africa. There is none such to be met with on the frontiers of Turkey, where the difference of people is as great as the quarantine line, that shuts out the Mohammedans from civilized Europe, is well defined; but in Malta, the sun-burnt, bonneted Christian-Arab is a real shading off of national peculiarities, which in other places stand out in bold relief.

The first thing, on landing on the mole of the so-called Barriera, that I was struck with was the number of idle men who were lounging about. They were in the ordinary dress of the common people, loose drawers or trousers, with a shirt of coarse stuff, over which was worn a waistcoat fastened by a long woollen sash of a red colour; a red cap, the tassel dangling on the shoulder, was negligently placed on the head. These idlers were congregated near a small chapel, built by the Grand Master Perellos, where devotions are made, previous to venturing upon the sea, to the patron saint of mariners, St. Salvadori. It is impossible not to be forcibly struck with this perpetuation, or rather engrafting into Christianity, of that Pagan worship which gave to Melitas its ancient celebrity. It was here, indeed, that, in the times of the Greeks and Romans, navigators and merchants came from all parts of the then known world to offer their incense to the gods, who were supposed to protect the island and its commerce.

Passing under an archway, an ascent commenced, which was carried up by tiers of steps and successive terraces, closely hemmed in by open shops redolent of fruit, vegetables, and other commodities, till the town was gained; a fact of which I was only rendered sensible by tall houses rising on each side of very narrow streets, and the change from the vitality of the quay and open shops to the polished tranquillity of a higher class of tradesmen, and the aristocracy of lodging-house-keepers. The entrance to the town at this point was defended by a colossal Neptune, wielding at once his mythic trident and the staff of the Christian Grand Master Vignacourt. Continuing my mid-urban climbing for some time, I at last found myself in the open space in front of the magnificent church of St. John's.

The doors of Roman-catholic churches are almost always open, and why should edifices erected to the honour of God be ever shut? I entered, therefore, at once into the sacred structure, and the splendour around me was so dazzling, the ornaments so various, the numerous chapels so richly decorated, the succession of columns covered with

superb mosaics so great, and the paintings and decorations so profuse, that I scarcely knew which way to turn. Here was a deep-toned Caravaggio; there, paintings by the Cavalier Calabrese, to whom the arched ceiling is also indebted for its great fresco illumination; then, again, tapestry, presented by the Grand Master Perellos, and said to have cost several thousand pounds. But neither the paintings, nor the gaudy altars, glittering with silver tears and golden candelabras, were the shrine to which I carried the willing offering of my sympathies. There is, indeed, nothing in Malta—not even the splendid suite of armour of the knights commanders of a church-militant, preserved in the palace—half so much worth a pensive hour, as the silence and semi-obscurity of the under chapel, in which, like the kings at St. Denis, the bones of the grand masters repose, beneath their elegant and costly mausoleums. It is an hour well spent, and replete with wisdom, as durable as if bought by sad experience.

I will not detain the reader with my walks through Valetta, its suburbs, and its mighty forts; how I sauntered through the spacious halls and elegant apartments of the palace, and, what is much better, feasted the inner man therein; how I explored the public library and its antiquities, and the museum of Barbaro: I wish merely to put on record that I visited the church attached to what was once the college of the followers of Loyola, the church called St. Catarina degl' Italiani, and opposite to it the Chiesa della Vittoria, with a painted ceiling. In fort St. Elmo I visited the collegiate church of St. Domenico, where is a coarse wooden statue of St. Paul preaching, and that called delle Anime. The Chiesa di Santa Maria di Gesu, also called the Church of the Reformati, was also close by, and contained a painting, representing St. Trophinus, in company with St. Paul and the centurion, visiting the father of Publius. The Maltese sanctified their converted Roman governor, and there is a church erected to his honour in the suburb of Floriana. In the suburb of Vittoriosa or Borgi, I visited the parish church of San Lorenzo, and a Greek chapel, in which are preserved certain very holy relics—the hat and sword of the Grand Master La Valetta.

Quitting the town founded by this same grand master, with its stair-like streets, and stealthy, dark-eyed maidens; its cool quiet mansions, and rich ecclesiastical structures; its general tone of low, subdued devotion; its frequent processions, and ever-tinkling bells; its surrounding barren rocks, converted by art into spots of infinite luxuriance; and above all, its massive, widely-extending fortifications, which would seem to bid defiance to the combined fleets of the world, I started, in company with a friend, on a pedestrian trip into the interior.

Passing out of the gate called Delle Bombe, we advanced upon the great road, the dry dust of which, and the prevailing aridity around, being at once characteristic of the great and leading physical features of the island. Our attention was first drawn to the aqueduct, a noble work undertaken by the Grand Master Vignacourt, which brings water from a spring, with the corrupt Arabic name of Dujar Chandul, at a distance of nine miles from the city. As we advanced into the country, there was much that was Arabic in character besides the language and the blood—Arab mixed with Greek and Italian; many of the cottages, especially such as are isolated from the casals, as the villages are called, are essentially Arab. The roofs are flat, and the

windows mere loop-holes. They are often divided into two parts, formerly, no doubt, harem and divan khaneh. When the palmetto, as is not unfrequently the case, overshadows the threshold, and the prickly pear bristles upon the crumbling walls, nothing is wanting to complete the illusion but the picketed steed, and the tasseled spear, erect before the door-way. But how different to the condition of an Arab hut! The harem is here unknown; and under a benign government industry and comfort have superseded rapine and poverty.

We had gone out of our way to visit the gardens of an edifice, happily no longer devoted, under the veil of religion, to the most cruel persecution—the inquisitorial palace; and we were richly rewarded for our walk. The gardens of Malta are peculiar, as the resources for soil and water are few; and this boschetto was a good example of what taste and ingenuity, apparently regardless of expense, could do with a barren rock. Broad and level terraces, with marbled fronts, led down through open ways hewn in the rock, from garden to garden. The trees were of splendid growth, the waters were playing in fountains, or distributed in reservoirs; and the uniformity of verdure and flowering-plants was relieved by statues and temples. I could not help asking myself if it was the same men who used to rack and torture their fellow-creatures for conscience' sake, who thus so lovingly married the beauties of nature with those of art?

Arriving in the evening at Citta Vecchia, we repaired to the cathedral of Malta, a noble edifice, not so encumbered with ornaments as the churches of Valetta. It was the hour of vespers. It is said that religion should be in the heart: it is true; but the flesh is so weak, that it likes to be appealed to sometimes by the senses; for my part, I never enter a Romish cathedral without feelings of deep devotion. Apart from all the powerful influences of a noble and correct architecture, there is something commanding in the open area; no shabby boarded monopolies of a pavement sacred to the prayers of all, are admitted here; the deep tones of the organ sweep unobstructed through the aisles—a soft subdued light falls from the stained windows unbroken upon the marble tombstones—burning incense rises in thin wreaths round the altar, and the colossal angels carved on the oaken pulpit seem springing up to heaven.

From the cathedral we went to the old senatorial palace, and thence to the church of Benedictines, and spent the remainder of the evening in rambling over the former capital of the island. If Valetta, a seaport and garrisoned town, is somewhat staid, and of a retired, devotional character, it will hardly be imagined how much more so is the Citta Vecchia or Notabile, as it was formerly called. If any females were in the streets, they were gathered round the well-worn steps of some colossal crucifix; if there were any men, their long black garments and sober pace at once proclaimed their avocations. The very open squares were redolent with the odour of frankincense; and the silence was only broken by the little bell tinkling for the passing host. It is remarkable that there were scarcely any shops; the inhabitants appeared to be solely engaged in fasting and prayer; or as to any intercourse we had with them, they might have been the unsubstantial effigies of the three thousand Greeks whom the Arabs committed to the flames in the year 870, in this melancholy city. In the streets themselves, the number of the living was certainly equalled by that

of the sculptured representations of those agonies over which the true Christian should not grieve, but rather rejoice, as the token of his redemption—of a noble and generous sacrifice, accomplished for his salvation. In such a city there was no inn, and we with difficulty obtained a sofa to sleep upon.

We started early next morning to visit the catacombs, which are said to be very extensive; but I cannot bear witness to this,—for after penetrating to some distance, the road was blocked up with stones, said to have been placed there in consequence of people losing themselves in the intricacy of these subterranean streets. We were not, however, much disappointed, as the living sepulchre above had been quite enough without the catacombs below.

Not far from hence, we explored traces of what, from certain antiquities found there, have been considered to be the remains of a Phœnician temple. We then made a slight ascent to a church on an eminence, dedicated to St. Paul, and beneath which was a little chapel leading into a cave dripping with moisture. This is the cave in which tradition asserts the apostle of the Gentiles to have lived, after the wreck of the ship which was conveying him to Rome. The dripping waters, loaded with lime, are constantly depositing travertino, or incrustations, upon the sides of the cave; and as visitors generally knock off a bit of stone, as a reminiscence of their visit, it is attributed to providential interference that it is thus perpetually regenerated. The side tables of the palace at Valetta are slabs of this travertino of the island. The Maltese attribute peculiar virtue to fragments of the same rock, as also to sharks' teeth, which are found in the limestone of the island, and which they wear as amulets.

Near to this hill, at a place called Emtarfa, we visited the ruins of a temple of Proserpine, from which was derived a square altar, on which are represented men offering a fish to the goddess, and which is preserved in the library at Valetta.

I have seldom enjoyed a more delightful and spirit-stirring walk than the ascent we next made to the highest point of the island, which is called Binjemma, "the thousand caves," from the number of sepulchral grottoes that positively dot the steep cliffs of a deep and picturesque glen close by. The lands which constitute this eminence, and which attains, at its highest part an elevation of 590 feet, are barren and stony to a degree. I can only compare the district to some parts of Carniola, or to the interval between Lough's Mask and Corrib, in Ireland. But it has its own peculiarities—vast slabs of stone, washed clean and bare, by the rain of centuries, or by the currents of the ocean that once rolled over them, with little intervals between, rich in grasses and flowering plants, succeed to one another over wide spaces, like monuments of a bygone city. In other places, the rock becomes continuous and massive; and this pavement is traversed by deep, regular furrows, which tradition has proclaimed to be the tracks of wheels, leaving the island in the direction of Africa, of which it is supposed to have once formed a part, but in reality, only indicating the long-continued flow of waters in the same direction. Then, suddenly, this irregular rocky surface is broken off into steep crags, terminating above rugged acclivities, which slope into a deep and dark valley below. It is on the side of these cliffs that occur the sepulchral grottoes which have given their name to the place. It was with regret that we tore ourselves from this noble prospect—the

picturesque cliffs and walls close by, the whole extent of Malta before us, dotted with towns, villages, and groves, Gozo and Comino beyond, and the wide ocean rolling round and round on every side.

We descended hence into a ravine, with a few houses, where were some natural caves worn by the waters of a former sea, and distributed in tiers, at different levels, indicating either a gradual elevation of the rock, or an elevation at different periods. Beyond this, we ascended a track as stony and barren as Binjemma; nor did the country improve till we descended towards the channel which separated us from the islands of Comino and Gozo.

We took a boat to the latter; the water was beautifully clear; and we could distinguish, with the greatest facility, the strange forms of animal life that were swimming about or that clang to the weed-clad rocks. The cliffs of Comino and of the channel of Gozo were strictly marine in aspect, and breasted the swift-flowing waters in rugged, perpendicular masses; out of the clefts of which strong-winged pigeons issued forth in droves, while more graceful sea-birds swept from the time-worn caves. We arrived the same evening at Rabbato; and after visiting the churches of St. Francesco, St. Giorgio, and of St. Agostino, with its interesting cemetery, the hospital of St. Gio. Battista, and the principal church of the Assunzione della Beata Vergine, within the walls of the ancient castle, we had just time to enjoy the sunset from the heights which command the capital of Gozo and the whole of the island, ere we retired to the shelter and comforts offered by the new hotel situated in the square.

Our first object in the morning, after passing through the garden called Ta Surgent, with its old bath and chapelled sepulchres, was to be swung in a little carriage or box, suspended by ropes, across the chasm which separates the rock called Hajinet (from hadjar, a stone,) el General? from the mainland, and where grows the celebrated fungus of Malta. It appeared to us, however, to be the most innocuous of all the funguses which are of native growth on the great rock in the Mediterranean.

We next traversed the island by the Norman fort of Chambray—a fortification of considerable strength—to the Torre dei Giganti, or the giant's tower, which is composed of enormous pieces of rock piled one upon another without any sort of cement. This is certainly a compilation of a remote antiquity. Such monuments, like the Cyclopean Tells of Syria, the Nuraghes of Sardinia, the Pelasgic walls of Tyrius, and the treasuries of Mycenæ and Erchomenos in Greece, the pillars of Carnac, on the coast of Brittany, and the Cromlech circles of our own islands, denote the existence of a race of men who seem to have occupied themselves (in a state of civilization of which we have no records, and of which we can form no plausible conjecture) in raising edifices of enormous grandeur and almost imperishable strength. Homer mentions that the first inhabitants of the island, then called Hyperia, were Phœcians, who were said to be of the race of the giants, and whose chief was Eurimedon. If not giants, they appear certainly to have been capable of erecting gigantic structures.

From these remains, then, of giant labour, if not of giant population, we proceeded to the sea-coast, to explore some small caves, which dispute with others situated on the island of Malta itself the honour of having been the abode of Calypso and her nymphs. They were narrow, dirty, and difficult of access. While groping about their

remote galleries, I put my hand on something moveable, which led me to withdraw it with great celerity. On a closer examination, it turned out to be a bunch of bats clinging together like a swarm of bees, and of anything but nymph-like beauty. Dissatisfied with the appropriateness of these caves for either love or festivity, we again crossed the channel of Comino, and wended our way to the other assumed grotto of the daughter of Atlas, near Melleha, but were again doomed to disappointment. There was nothing but an open space in the rock—a kind of sorry archway, fringed with a few fronds of fern, with an interior not deep enough to be secret, and an exterior not pleasant enough to be inviting. It was not a residence even for a penitent nymph. It is better and wiser to refer to the pages of the "Odyssey" or of "Telemachus," where the cave will be found as it ought to be, and not as it is.

Calypso appears to have been the Cleopatra of Malta, which in her time was called Ogygia, and was governed by kings, for we find one of them entertaining Queen Dido, on her way to found Carthage. Hence Calypso may have been a queen of the island.

Being overtaken by night, we sought refuge in a sombre, prison-like looking building, called Melleha, and at the head of the bay of the same name. Whether a monastery, a hospital, or a house of reception for the poor, I do not remember; but all the accommodation we could get, was a cell, with naked boards to sleep on. There was, however, a chapel close by, and I have a faint memory of sundry forms wrapped up in long dark garments, moving about in the obscurity of night.

The ensuing morning we were walking at an early hour along the shores of the beautiful bay of St. Paul's, so called from its being traditionally the scene of the Apostle's wreck; but the description given is of a place where two seas met (Acts, xxvii. 41), which would rather appear to be the channel between Malta and Gozo. But I have some faith in traditions that concern localities; and probably the Apostle of Tarsus landed after the wreck in this bay.* We next passed a bay, on the shores of which the salt, for the consumption of the island, is evaporated, and leaving the sea side, walked over to Casal Lia, to see a church of some architectural pretensions. From thence to the palace called Villa Preziosi, the gem of beauty in Malta; Casal Birchircara, with its noble church dedicated to St. Helen; the gardens of San Antonio, which delayed us a considerable time by their great beauty and perfection; and the baths of Pieta, to Valetta.

After our return to Valetta, we made another excursion to the southern parts of the island, on which occasion we visited the fine bay of Marsa-Sirocco, near which are the traces of a temple of Hercules, from whence a statue of the victor of Antæus was obtained, of white marble, and in very good condition. We also visited a large cave on the shore—a cleft in the rock, called Maklubba, like the great rent in the Jebel Maklub, near Arbela—the Mons Nicator, of the historians of Alexander. One of the villages in this part of the island, Casal Zeitun, or "the village of Olives," is the most populous in the island, and has the most splendid church. Not far from it we also visited the church belonging to another great village, called Casal Zurrico, where we were shewn a portrait of St. Catherine, by the

* It was in this bay, also, which is undefended, that the Arabs landed in 870, when occurred the fearful burning of the Greeks at Citta Notabile.

celebrated Maltese painter, Matteo Preti, called the Calabrese; the fifth from the same easel we had seen in the island. One in the palace; one in the church Santa Catarina degl' Italiani; one in Santa Maria di Gesu; one in the church of Zeitun; and this, the fifth. After a pleasant ramble through the gardens of the Marchesa Moscati, we returned from the gratifying sight of so many large and flourishing villages, vying with one another in the sumptuousness of their ecclesiastical edifices, for the last time, before quitting the island.

From the time that Jupiter struck the grandson of Eurimedon dead, for his rebellion and impiety, Malta has been a scene of constant devotion amid ever-changing creeds. The Phœnicians brought with them their gods and goddesses; and it was in these semi-fabulous times that nymphs made this favoured island their dwelling-place; but it was the Greeks who first consecrated Malta a "Holy Island," and called it Melita, comprising it among the fifty sacred islands (Nereids) that sprang from the union of Doris and Nereus, both children of the Ocean, by the daughter of Heaven and Earth. The Greeks erected here a magnificent temple in honour of Apollo, and created a high-priest, by the name of Xerottistes. They also introduced from Syracuse the worship of the goddess Proserpine.

The Romans, either from religious considerations or for other reasons, rebuilt and adorned the churches, for which Melita, now Melitas, was famous, and to visit which had been an object with navigators and merchants, where they offered their incense to the gods, who were supposed to protect the island and its commerce. To these times belong the erection of the temples to Castor and Pollux, protectors of mariners, from whence was obtained a medal commemorative of the fact, preserved in the library—the temple to Juno, the vestiges of which have been found in the Arsenale del Borgo, from whence was derived an effigy of Iside—and the temple of Hercules at Marsa-Sirocco.

It was shortly after this period (A.D. 56) that the extraordinary dispensation occurred to the island of the wreck of St. Paul on its shores, and the conversion of the Roman governor Publius and of the inhabitants to Christianity. The people of the village called Casal Nasciar claim to the present day the honour of having first received baptism.

The ever characteristic devotion of the islanders turned with renewed zeal to the light which had been vouchsafed to them. And it was on the day of a great festival, when the Christian inhabitants were all engaged in worship, that the Arabs, who after their defeat by the Normans (1090) had been confined to a quarter of the island called Kalna ta Bahria (A.D. 1120), made an attempt to seize the leaders of the island; but their attempt failed, and Count Ruggero, the Norman, came from Sicily, and banished the rebels from the island.

On the occasion of the infamous Sicilian vespers, John de Procida had arranged that the same barbarous extirpation of a dissenting faith should take place in Malta, but it was not carried into execution; and the Maltese are not stained by a participation in that horrid transaction.

It was under the champions of Christendom—the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem,—to whom the island was ceded by Charles V., that the Christian religion attained its zenith in the island. There was now no evasion of forms and ceremonies; but there was punishment for the lax, and the inquisition for the sceptic. The island became

crowded with the superb ecclesiastical edifices, of the number and beauty of which I have attempted to give a faint idea; and they were adorned with objects of art and luxury, brought from all parts of the globe. The commander of the armies of the French republic distinguished himself by plundering these temples, enriched by the knights; but these disgraceful proceedings were to a certain extent defeated.

It is now but a few years since the foundations have been laid, in the same island of pageantry and devotion, of a Protestant church, and a bishop of the Anglican creed has been sent out to the Augean task of cleansing the corruptions of ages, and of extending and cementing the general communion of churches. And does not the lesson held out by this brief page in the history of the "Holy Island" of the Mediterranean lead to the belief that its inhabitants may be as open to a religion of the heart as to one chiefly of forms and ceremonies?

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE SECOND.

Sir Gerald, really hurt at the determined manner in which his services were rejected, said, quietly, but pointedly, "Arrange the affair, then, as you please, Mr. Hamilton; but have a care how you induce my cousin to embark in a career for which he is morally unfitted, by his habits, his disposition, and his character. Harry will enter upon this, as he would upon any other calling, with energy and courage; but the time will not fail to arrive when he will awake to the truth of my conviction, that he never can become a man of business; his noble, generous nature will never be drilled into a ciphering automaton."

"You take a prejudiced, and, I hope I may add, an unjust view of mercantile life, Sir Gerald," replied Mr. Hamilton. "What career would you think Mr. Danvers better fitted to fill?"

"Any one," rejoined Sir Gerald, "requiring bright and versatile genius, high and noble enterprise, would be his atmosphere. In whatever position Harry Danvers is placed, he will strive to become noticed; but failing in that, he will sink into indolence and indifference. And now, in turn, I ask you, Mr. Hamilton, what chance has such a character in the dull routine of a counting-house? He would do in an hour what others would be occupied a day in accomplishing; but he would never (at least for a continuance) be able to conform himself to the set rule of going to business at such an hour, and leaving it at such another, as a daily practice."

"I hope," said Mr. Hamilton, "you are mistaken. That your cousin has hitherto been the inconsiderate, reckless young man you describe, I will not attempt to controvert—the picture is, I fear, too true; but he was then not aware of, or rather, he had never inquired into or given a thought to his worldly position; now, I flatter myself, he is perfectly conversant with it, and I hope he is disposed to act as any sensible man would do under such circumstances, and by steadiness and attention to the concern so fortunately at this moment within his reach, do credit to his patrons, and obtain for himself the

independence which can alone give him a right to indulge in those pursuits which have hitherto been the occupation rather than the recreation of his life. Have I your permission, Sir Gerald, to transact the loan I have mentioned?"

Sir Gerald paused; his feelings led him to do whatever might appear to be for Harry's advantage—but his reason was by no means convinced; and in replying to Mr. Hamilton's question, there was a seriousness and an earnestness in his manner which surprised and almost startled Mr. Hamilton. "Assuredly," said he, "you have my permission to negotiate any loan that may be wanting to forward the interests of my cousin; but excuse my adding, that this affair is altogether one I cannot approve. I have a foreboding that it will lead to Harry's misery. God grant it may never drive him to disgrace!"

The evening of the day on which this conversation took place the cousins passed together; and Sir Gerald used every argument that interest and affection could dictate to divert Harry from forming any engagement in a concern so little consonant with his habits; and urged him to seek fame and fortune in one of the learned professions. "At the bar," said he, "you might, and I feel you would become an ornament. But to chain that high spirit, to subject the brilliant talents you possess, to the drudgery of a mercantile concern, where the brightest aspiration would be liable to be checked by some heavy bill of lading being brought for inspection, is to become morally dead. If you must make a fortune—if you no longer regard me sufficiently to share mine,—for both our sakes, Harry, do fix upon some career more in unison with your character and long-indulged habits."

But Harry Danvers, though impressed by his cousin's generous and unvarying affection, was deaf to all these arguments. The fortune to be made in a merchant's house was all he chose to see—was perhaps all he actually did see; for he was one of those enthusiasts who in every change, in every plan they adopt, see but the bright side of the picture: it is for those who, like Sir Gerald, look with the eye of reason, and inspired by friendship, to discover the shades.

"You will go abroad, Gerald," said Harry; "you will travel for two years; and when you return, you will find me settled down into a grave" (and here he laughed heartily), "plodding—no, not plodding—no, hang it! I can't be that—no, no, I shall be an enterprising—ay, and a rich man!"

Sir Gerald sighed deeply; his cousin, his brother—for they had ever been brothers in all but the name,—was still the same buoyant, light-hearted being. "And after all," thought he, "why should I seek to fetter his choice? Harry will try a merchant's life; he will not—he cannot like it. But what then? He will be free to choose again, and my heart and my purse will be ever ready to assist his views." And with this attempt to modify his dislike to the measure did Sir Gerald bid his cousin adieu, and, in company with the Rev. Mr. Stanley, set out on his journey abroad.

Somewhat more than three years after the date of the foregoing events, Sir Gerald Danvers returned to England; Mr. Stanley, having formed a matrimonial connexion, had preceded him some months, and was at this period living with his bride in the vicarage-house, distant about a mile from Rashleigh Castle. Sir Gerald merely passed through London, on his way from the coast to his family seat, where he only

remained to take some slight refreshment, and immediately proceeded on foot to the vicarage. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley were quite unprepared to expect Sir Gerald, and were consequently much surprised on seeing him approaching their house by the fine avenue of trees which led direct to their sitting-room. As he drew near, they were both shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. Indeed, on first meeting them, his agitation was so excessive, that they were all completely unnerved; but on Mrs. Stanley's retiring to recover herself, a long and confidential communication with her husband seemed to have relieved Sir Gerald's oppressed mind; for on her return to the room, he took her hand, and said, "Stanley will tell you all—I cannot speak to you of it to-night."

The following day, Sir Gerald returned to London, where he immediately sought his cousin. During his absence, their correspondence had been at first very frequent—for the last fifteen months it had been less so; but Harry said the falling off was not on his side; and, with a heavy sigh, Sir Gerald confessed that he had been perhaps a little dilatory. Harry's letters had invariably spoken of his content, and told how pleasant he found the life which his cousin had so much dreaded for him. But Sir Gerald fancied these expressions might be in some measure exaggerated. However, these fears could not but find ample refutation in Harry's gay looks and joyous tones; and a few days passed in his society convinced Sir Gerald that his judgment must have been erroneous when he considered his cousin's misery sealed by his becoming a junior partner in an old and respectable mercantile house; for he was evidently happy himself, and beloved by all who knew him. His style of living proclaimed him already in affluent circumstances; and Sir Gerald gazed with a brother's delight on his animated countenance, as he saw him courted and admired in every circle they frequented. Indeed, at that moment Harry Danvers was one of the most popular men of the day. In all his dealings with his fellow-men he was bland and courteous — and in his charities almost prodigal; no tale of distress ever fell on his ear unheeded; he was too volatile to search deeply into causes, or inquire into the merits of those who appealed to him; but their distresses were sure of relief. His habitual good-humour, his never-failing cheerfulness, and an innate kindness of feeling, made him the pet of every society in which he was intimate; and intimate he became with all who knew him. Ever ready to promote, always foremost to extract and enjoy amusement from every passing folly, his society was universally sought. No water-party could be arranged without consulting Harry Danvers—no white-bait dinner could be fixed without a reference to his engagements: everywhere and by every one he was sought and welcomed. And, with all this popularity, he was not in the least spoiled. He was still the gay, cheerful, unpretending person he had at first appeared in society; and but one opinion reigned, that his own store of inward happiness must be great when his very look could cast such a powerful reflection of it. Other men would have been envied; but a something in his manner seemed to defy the indulgence of such a malevolent feeling: and if a disparaging word was ever uttered, it was invariably found to have been hazarded by some one to whom he was not personally known. There are some countenances that seem formed to ensure to their possessors universal suffrage: few, indeed,

may be the instances; but here and there we find them, and find their charm irresistible. One might imagine nature created these exceptions in her holiday hours, and stamped them with nought but pleasing images and happy reflections.

Sir Gerald's inclinations would, perhaps, have led him to live less in the world than he did; but Harry never seemed so thoroughly to enjoy his success as when he saw a smile of satisfaction illumine his cousin's brow. Alas! that brow wanted the impetus of gratified affection to take from it the expression of grief which it now usually wore. On the cousins' first meeting, Harry had remarked, and questioned Sir Gerald on the cause of his dispirited appearance and listless manner; but with a strong effort his cousin had said, "It would be vain to attempt deceiving you, Harry, respecting my state of mind; within the last year my peace has experienced a severe shock, but as the feelings of others have been as sadly betrayed as my own, and silence has been enjoined me, I must not at present, even to you, be more explicit. A time may come when this restraint will be removed"—(there was a slight shudder visible on Sir Gerald's frame, as though that moment were one more dreaded than hoped)—"and then," added he, "you shall hear all. Meanwhile, as you love me, dear Harry, never refer to it; and when you see me unable to combat with this hidden grief, leave me to recover myself alone."

Harry was satisfied to obey his cousin's wishes, and never afterwards appeared to notice the frequent changes in Sir Gerald's manner. It was evident to all who felt sufficient interest to observe it, that his was a twofold existence; the tranquil, the almost cheerful tone, he assumed while mingling with the world, followed him not into retirement. In his own home, he might be seen at times plunged in deep grief; at others, the prey to some torturing anxiety, that seemed to rend every fibre of his strong and manly frame. Harry's love for his cousin must have made his promised silence most painful to him, had he not sometimes asked himself how he, who had never known any very deep or intense feeling, could appreciate or sympathize with one so powerfully afflicted; and thus the conviction that his was not a fitting voice to pour balm into a wounded heart had as much influence in keeping him silent as his cousin's request.

DER NATTERNBERG.

A LEGEND OF THE DANUBE.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

Abroad, at home,
Where'er we roam,
Along the Thames or Dwina;
Whether we chance
To visit France,
Or Mexico, or China;

Some wonder we
Are sure to see,
Though we may *not* see Seville,*
So old, that fame,
To coin a name,
Ascribes it to the Devil.

Our Sussex coast
His Dyke can boast
Among its *Downy* ridges:
His Punchbowl, too,
Is still "on view,"
And last, not least, his bridges.

* Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha vista Maravilla.

Wales and St. Go-
thard two can shew
Which named in each guide-book are;
And, take my word,
You'll find a third
Close to the baths of Lucca.

But bridge and dyke
We'll leave alike
For Danube's rapid waters;
That river which
Has deign'd t'enrich
The drama with its Daughters.

Planché and Quin,
If you look in
Their books, most likely mention
The *fact* which I
Respectfully
Submit to your attention.

There standeth still
A mighty hill
Above the right bank soaring,
As tourists know
Who chance to go
That region wild exploring.

Its shape and size
May well surprise
The stranger, though its hist'ry,
Were it not for
Tradition's lore,
Might still be wrapt in myst'ry.

Folks call it Nat-
ternberg, and that
Is all that they who glory
In fact can say,
Though fancy may
Tell quite another story.

Long, long ago,
How long none know,—
Pity we've no date by us,—
There lay a vil-
lage near this hill,
Call'd Deggendorf the pious.

And to this day
The trav'ller may
The village still repair to;
But does it hold
Its fame of old?
Ah! that I cannot swear to.

'Tis said that then
Its boys and men,
All worldly pastime scorning
As vain and light,
Watch'd ev'ry night
And fasted ev'ry morning.

Each lad and lass
Heard early mass,
To church betimes resorting;
Their eyes oft met
'Tis true, but yet
They never thought of courting.

No sin, no vice
Could e'er entice
Their hearts from good to evil,
And all agree
Their piety
Was wormwood to the devil.

Though hard he tried
On ev'ry side
Some sinner to discern, he
Was balk'd; in short,
Not one he caught,
Not even an attorney.

The lawyers there
Too pious were
With costs to make a high bill,
Nor loved to roam
Afar from home
Without a pocket Bible.

Husbands and wives
Led quiet lives,
And I am much mistaken
If some might not
(Thrice happy lot!)
Have claim'd the flitch of bacon.

No thieving wight
Stole forth by night
To take what wasn't "his'n:"
None needed locks,
Nor jail, nor stocks,
Nor pillory, nor prison;

Nor New Police
To keep the peace,
With staves and truncheons ready;
Nor pedagogue
The boys to flog,
For e'en the boys were steady.

In short, Old Nick,
Though ever quick
A weak point to discover,
Yet found none here,
Where all, 'twas clear,
Lived in content and clover.

His teeth he gnash'd,
His tail he lash'd,
Such fury did he feel; and
Jump'd to and fro,
Like "Ole Jim Crow,"
Or India-rubber Wieland.

He vow'd he'd pay
Them off some day,
Their piety so vex'd him;
He'd serve them out,
A rabble rout!
But *how* to do't perplex'd him.

Should he by night
Destroy outright
Their crops, or should he slaughter
Their geese and chicks,
Or burn their ricks,
Or poison all their water?

"Not so," thought he,
"Some chance from me
Might then my foes deliver;
I'll drown 'em all,
Both great and small,
By damming up the river!"

With this intent
Away he went,
Ere time was one day older,
And quick as thought
Came back, and brought
A mountain on his shoulder.

Far, far away
The mountain lay
Which he preferred to any
That met his eye,
Though not so high
As Simplon or Mont Cenis.

Its ancient site,
I grieve to write,
We critics can't agree on:
Whether 'twas Berne,
Or else Lucerne,
Or Martigny or Sion.

Or whether, as
One version has,
For many tell the story,
The hill once crown'd
The rising ground
That borders Lake Maggiore.

Fancy must choose,
Since facts refuse
To set at rest the matter:
No long-tongued wight
Can *prove* the site—
Not even Captain Patter.

The devil o'er
The village bore
His load to him so easy,
Too high to hear
The carols clear
Of many a winged Grisi.

'Twas early day,
And 'neath him lay
Green woods with fragrance teeming;
Above him bright
With golden light
The sunny rays were beaming.

Had the still hour
No soothing power
One pitying thought to waken?
Could he yet steel
His soul, and feel
His purpose still unshaken?

He could: remorse
Ne'er check'd his course,
Of mercy loth to think, he
Paused to survey
The nearest way,
Then dash'd along like "winky."

Straight as a crow
Is wont to go,
He flew, and thus made shorter
What space remain'd,
Until he gain'd
His journey's end—the water.

Why he bore still
That heavy hill
'Twas easy to unriddle,
For as he came
He took his aim
To drop it in the middle.

But hov'ring o'er
The sloping shore
He heard a deep bell ringing,
And voices clear
Smote on his ear—
The monks their Ave singing.

He shudder'd, and
Unclasp'd his hand
With many a painful shiver;
The mountain sank
Upon the bank,
Instead of in the river.

With drooping head
The devil fled
Far, far from Danube's waters;
Whither, none knew—
Most likely to
His subterranean quarters.

Nor ever will
You near the vil-
lage in your travels find him,
Although you may
See any day
The hill he left behind him.

THE TOWN LIFE OF THE RESTORATION.

BY ROBERT BELL.

PART I. concluded.*

Such frolics as these of the fair Miss Jennings, who held the doubtful doctrine that a virtuous woman could at all times afford to despise appearances, were very common amongst fashionable beauties, and especially the maids of honour. A similar adventure is related in the Memoirs of De Grammont, in which Miss Hobart and Miss Temple shew off their animal spirits quite as gaily, with, however, a dash of court intrigue and female malice in the story, that gives it a still higher relish of that licentious age. Miss Hobart was well shaped, with a bold air, great vivacity, and unflagging wit. She had the strange reputation at court of being fonder of the society of her own sex than that of the men, and it seems she dedicated her influence in that way to the legitimate ends of scandal and gossip. Lampoons flew about Whitehall as thick as hailstones, and it was her province to give them a still wider circulation, while she contrived to make their application so palpable that nobody could mistake the point or the victim. In fact, she was the back-stairs editor of the squibs and epigrams, and sometimes, as in this particular instance, ventured even to falsify the satires she retailed and expounded. Miss Temple, on the other hand, was delicate in mind and person, very credulous, and easily imposed upon. The crafty Hobart, affecting great friendship for her, and under the pretext of putting her on her guard against the treacheries of the palace, took her one day into her bath-room, and in the strictest confidence opened a budget of insidious advice, cautioning her against the intriguing spirit of the courtiers, whom she described, truly enough, as being utterly heartless, and devoted only to the pursuit of pleasure at any cost of honour or reputation; and then, having successfully worked upon her simplicity, she pointed out Rochester as the most perfidious of them all, ending by shewing her a copy of verses in which he took the person of the beautiful Miss Temple to pieces, scandalized her in detail for a multitude of defects, and heaped upon her ridicule of that sort which is the last a woman is ever likely to forgive. It happened at this very time that Rochester was a professed admirer of Miss Temple, and that he daily persecuted her with compliments upon her beauty; his monstrous insincerity, therefore, in lampooning her so cruelly, naturally excited her indignation, and bursting into a passion of tears, she gave free vent to her rage and offended self-love. Little did she suspect that these very verses were written upon another person, and that it was to the incredible malignity of Miss Hobart she was indebted for finding her own name inserted in lines, which were really intended for one of the ugliest and most impudent women of the court!

Miss Hobart, however, gained all she wanted. She made an effectual breach between Rochester and Miss Temple, and had the satisfac-

* By a typographical error the continuation of this paper in the last Number was headed Part II., instead of Part I. continued; which will at once explain away its apparent incompleteness.

tion, the next time they met, of watching the ludicrous working of the poison. The scene was a perfect *equivoque*. Rochester was, as usual, all gallantry and fine speeches; Miss Temple, thoroughly persuaded of his guilt, was all contempt and scorn. In a few evenings afterwards, Miss Temple was resolved to indulge her fancy with an adventure in the Park, possibly having a lurking design under it of snaring Rochester into a dilemma. She accordingly proposed to Miss Hobart that they should exchange dresses, put on scarfs and black masks, and go into the Mall, in the Park, about nine o'clock in the evening. Miss Hobart was strongly opposed to the project, from an apprehension that it might lead to the detection of her falsehood; but Miss Temple was not to be baulked in a design upon which she had fairly set her girlish heart, and so the masquerade was finally carried into execution. In the meanwhile, Rochester, who had spies in the shape of abigails in every chamber, obtained full information of everything that had occurred; the very conversation between the ladies having been secretly overheard and reported to him. He resolved to have his revenge upon Miss Hobart in his own way, and taking Killigrew into his confidence, they proceeded to the Park together, having previously concerted their plan of action.

The Park, luckily, was thinly attended; and the ladies had scarcely entered the Mall when they perceived Rochester and Killigrew at a distance. The figures of the ladies had a sufficient resemblance to each other to enable them, as they imagined, to carry off their plot with complete success—the marked dissimilarity of their features being totally concealed by their masks. Miss Temple no sooner recognised the insolent Rochester than she hastened forward, for the purpose of upbraiding him in her assumed character for the insults he had cast upon her in her real one. Her companion with great difficulty restrained her, reminding her that she would only expose herself to the impertinence for which the two devils, as she called them, were so notorious. But there was no time for deliberation. While the nymphs were disputing the point, the gentlemen joined them, and Rochester, pretending to be really deceived by their dresses, drew off Miss Hobart—accosting her as Miss Temple, and lavishing a profusion of compliments upon her style and figure. Miss Hobart now thought she was perfectly safe, and catching at the bait with avidity, left Miss Temple to be engrossed by Killigrew.

This was exactly what Rochester desired. Poor Miss Temple was sadly put out by the signal failure of her plot, and was at no pains to conceal her mortification; but Killigrew was too skilful a master of finesse to be thrown off his guard, and addressing her as Miss Hobart, he began in a low voice to entreat her attention, as he had something to say to her as a friend, which seriously concerned her. The right key was touched in a moment, and her curiosity was no sooner excited, than, strictly preserving her own secret, she suffered herself to be led away to hear what he had to communicate. He then asked her what she meant by railing so bitterly against Lord Rochester to a lady for whom of all others he entertained the greatest respect and esteem; and after patiently recapitulating the whole story of the scandalous verses, he reproached her with certain horrible rumours concerning herself, which were afloat at court, and warned her, as she valued her life, to reconcile Lord Rochester and Miss Temple, as his lordship was de-

votedly attached to that lady, and resolved to make her his wife. Throughout the whole of this extraordinary disclosure, Miss Temple kept implicit silence: she was paralysed with amazement; and by the time his lordship and Miss Hobart rejoined them, she was so confused and frightened, that even had she been inclined to speak, her tongue must have refused its office. In the midst of this surprise and perplexity, the gentlemen suddenly took leave; and Miss Temple hurried back to St. James's, refusing to answer the flurried interrogatories with which she was assailed by Miss Hobart, whom she now regarded with terror and aversion, and, hastening to her chamber, locked herself in from the pursuit of her wondering companion. Thus closed the adventure in the Park; but for the sequel of the narrative, and the poetical justice that was finally wrought upon Miss Hobart, the curious reader must be referred to the brilliant but unscrupulous pages of Anthony Hamilton.

The real heroine of the scurrilous pasquinade was the very Miss Price who accompanied Miss Jennings in her exploit in the hackney-coach to visit the pretended astrologer. This Miss Price was a coarse, fat woman, with turbulent spirits and gross appetites—the very reverse in taste, person, and manners, of her exquisite friend. The charm that bound Miss Jennings to her was her broad flow of humour: there was nothing in common between them, except the love of mischief. Such was Miss Price's mirth, that wherever she came she brought an atmosphere of merriment with her. It is more than hinted of her, that her gaiety and sprightliness were not unfrequently stimulated by artificial means—an insinuation which ought not to be accepted without allowances; for, not being handsome enough to attract the wits to her net, she was vilified and libelled on all sides. She was a perpetual mark for ribaldry and ridicule; and having had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of Rochester, by detecting and publishing one of his amours, he persecuted her unrelentingly in satirical songs, of which her conduct and person formed the eternal burden. That her morals, even in that most immoral court, were so lax as to provoke constant criticism, cannot be doubted. Finding that nobody sought her, she was cast upon that alternative which deprives her sex equally of shame and power. She coquetted with an audacious effrontery that would have better become the pavilion of the Folly than the saloons of the palace. To such open excesses did she proceed in this way, that Talbot, the sombre lover of Miss Jennings, felt it necessary to caution his mistress against keeping such disreputable company.

Yet, as there is a soul of goodness in all things evil, so there was at the bottom of all this sensualism a concealed spark of true passion. In the midst of her vices and insincerities she nurtured one tender sentiment. This solitary grace of her life might possibly have redeemed her by its refining influence; but the flower while it was expanding over her heart perished in its adolescence. She was seriously attached to a gentleman of the name of Dongan, who held the post of lieutenant in the Duke's guards—as seriously and devoutly as her nature was capable of being. Dongan died, and her despair was unbounded. Nor was this all: his death led to a discovery, farcical enough in itself, but fraught with disastrous consequences to the bereaved maid of honour. Amongst the effects left behind him by

Dongan, there was a small box, carefully sealed up on all sides, and addressed to Miss Price in the handwriting of her dead lover. Her grief was too intense to suffer her to open it, and it was accordingly carried to her mistress, the Duchess of York. Her royal highness's curiosity to ascertain the contents of the mysterious casket was not to be restrained by considerations of personal delicacy, and accordingly she ordered it to be opened in the presence of her ladies. To the amazement of the whole circle, it was found to be stuffed with all sorts of love memorials, letters, lockets, pictures, bracelets, braids of hair, and an endless variety of strange devices. The letters, of course, were no more sacred in the eyes of the duchess than the box itself, and were rifled and read without remorse. But they were filled with such melting transports, that her royal highness was quite shocked. She had no notion of one of her maids of honour indulging in such rapturous correspondence, or not taking better care to provide against detection; for that was her real crime. Besides, love of this kind was totally contrary to the established usage; and it would have been impossible for a lady about the court to have hit upon a more unpopular absurdity than that of allowing her feelings to be actually engaged in an affair of gallantry. Poor Miss Price's doom was sealed from that moment. The disgrace could not be hushed up; and she was forthwith banished the presence, to bury her tears and finish her elegy elsewhere.

She had one consolation in her downfall, that she was beyond the vengeance of Rochester. But the mountebank wit had plenty of business on his hands without her. He was, of all men, the most complete representative of the period. He was the very genius of its town life. Burnet tells us, that for some years he was always drunk, and always doing mischief. He took a footman into his pay who knew everybody about court; and dressing him like a soldier, with a musket, he placed him as a sentinel at the doors of such ladies as he suspected of intrigues. When he had thus gathered budgets of scandal, he would go into the country for a month or two, to write libels. Miss Hobart was not very wide of the mark, after all, when she described him as the most unprincipled man in England.

But these illustrative episodes have carried us away from the theatres, and the orange-girls, and the hackney-coaches. The hackneys made a conspicuous feature in the crowded neighbourhood of Drury Lane. They were in full activity throughout the evening; and, clumsy and inconvenient as they were, they soon became indispensable to the frequenters of the playhouses and taverns. It is worthy of remark, that Charles II., who imported so many French phrases into London, even to the name of the gloves that were then most in vogue, did not also introduce the word *fiacre*, which was just then in current use in Paris. The origin of the word is not a little curious:—During the minority of Louis XIV., one Nicholas Sauvage, a coach-jobber, established himself in the Rue St. Martin, opposite to the Rue de Montmorency, and hung up over his door an image of St. Fiacre.*

* See a little tract published in Paris in 1828, by M. Monmerqué, entitled *Les Carosses a cinq sols, ou Les Omnibus du dix-septième siècle.* According to this author, omnibuses were actually established in Paris in 1662. Seven omnibuses started on the first day, carrying eight persons each, through a given line of streets, at five sous a-head. Three distinct lines were opened within the space of two

He hired out carriages by the day or hour; and in a short time they came to be called by the sign under whose shadow they were licensed —a name which they retain to the present hour. St. Fiacre, it seems, was a lusty ecclesiastic of the seventh century, famous for his miracles, and for the cure of warts and excrescences. Ireland and Scotland contend for the honour of his birth, and he is still registered in the calendar of French saints.*

Playhouse hours, in the roaring days of the Restoration, were adapted to the habits of the court, where early dinners, late promenades, and champagne suppers prevailed. The usual dinner hour, in the reign of Elizabeth, was eleven o'clock, an almost incomprehensible achievement, hardly credible, indeed, in this age, if we had not the example of a great part of Germany before us, where even now dinner is never later than twelve. By degrees this primitive custom was gradually relaxed; and as the dissipated companions of the King could not be expected to be very early risers, there was no great difficulty in bringing later dinners into fashion. Two o'clock was, probably, the utmost stretch of the innovation. The play began at four. Citizens and people belonging to the middle classes went early to enjoy the whole entertainment; but the fops and gallants, gathering in from the coffee-houses towards the close of the evening, never made their appearance till the last act, and when they did come, they not only paid no regard to the play, but completely diverted the attention of the audience from the stage by the clatter of their conversation. Sedley pointedly refers to these usages in a prologue, which gives us a curious peep into the interior of the theatre:—

> "Here gallants do but pay us for your room,
> Bring, if you please, your own brisk wit from home;
> Proclaim your drunken frays three benches round—
> * * * * * *
> We take all in good part, and never rage;
> Though the shrill pit be louder than the stage.
> * * * * * *
> Now you come hither but to make your court;
> Or from adjacent coffee-houses throng
> At our fourth act, for a new dance or song."†

The comedies usually ended with a dance, which was the grand attraction for the "men about town," and formed a very important popular item in the theatrical bill of fare. The allusion to the "frays" in the pit indicates another common vice of the time. It was by no means a rare thing for quarrels to be decided there that had originated elsewhere, and scarcely a night passed that a brawl of some sort did not arise in that turbulent quarter. Langbaine tells us that he once witnessed a real tragedy in the pit, when Mr. Scroop was mortally

months. The form of these carriages has not been ascertained; but it seems that the coachman and lackey (or cad) were dressed in blue liveries. When they first made their appearance in the streets, they were followed by the populace, who hooted them and pelted them with stones. It is supposed that the famous Pascal was the inventor of these capacious coaches; but that seems doubtful. It is certain, however, that he was concerned in originating them, and that they fell into disuse soon after his death. They were celebrated by a contemporary poet named Loret—were made the subject of a rhymed comedy by Chevalier, an actor—and are indirectly alluded to by Madame de Sévigné in one of her letters.

* St. Fiacre is chronicled by Butler in his "Lives of the Saints," and by nearly all the ecclesiastical historians.

† Prologue to Bellamira.

wounded by Sir Thomas Armstrong, and died immediately afterwards on his removal to a house opposite to the theatre. The custom of rioting and fighting in the pit at last grew to such a height, that Dryden openly appealed to the public against it, charging them, as Christians, to abandon such barbarous practices.

> "Next in the play-house spare your precious lives,
> Think, like good Christians, on your bearns and wives,
> Think on your souls; but by your lugging forth,
> It seems you know how little they are worth!"*

Dryden touched nothing lightly; and whenever he set about lashing the town he did it thoroughly, and with a masculine energy that must have astounded the audience. From the readiness of the gallants to "lug forth" upon every trifling occasion, it must be concluded that they were exceedingly quarrelsome in their bravery; nor is there any reason to doubt that, for the most part, they possessed that equivocal species of noisy valour which lays its account in total recklessness of soul and body. Buckingham's duel with Lord Shrewsbury, while his antagonist's wife held his horse, is a characteristic instance of that dare-devil genius, by which nearly the whole class of drinking, high-mettled pleasure-hunters were inspired; and the depravity that instantly followed the death of Shrewsbury, who was killed on the field, betrays the heartlessness and baseness with which it was associated. Nothing could be more remote from true courage than the fool-hardiness and audacious swagger of the coffee-house fribbles, who were so prompt with their oaths and rapiers in the pit. It was, in fact, mere bullying, loud-voiced bravado, and rakish effrontery; and bore no nearer affinity to the fine-tempered gallantry of the Bayards and the Sydneys than the naked grossness of Rochester to the tender delicacy of Surrey. There can be no doubt that this rake-helly spirit frequently degenerated into ruffianism, and that neither the costly blade that swung by the side of the coxcomb, nor the laced coat, nor the flowing wig, nor the point ruffles, were always assurances of gentle breeding. In a quarrel which took place at the bar of the Rose Tavern, after the play, in Cibber's time, a promising young actor was murdered, under circumstances which exposed his aristocratic assailants to a strong suspicion of having acted with cowardly brutality. In the days of the Star Chamber, not a great many years before, numerous cases of violence were brought before that tribunal, and punished with heavy fines. Sir George Markham was amerced in £10,000 for striking Lord Darcy's huntsman, who had provoked him with foul language; and Morley was mulcted in a like sum for striking Sir G. Theobald in the court of Whitehall. But, perhaps, the most remarkable personal outrage was that which was committed on Sir John Suckling by young Digby, a brother of Sir Kenelm. Digby was a rival suitor for the hand of Sir Henry Willoughby's daughter, and meeting Suckling on the highway, he demanded of him that he would relinquish the lady, and sign a paper on the spot to that effect. Suckling, of course, refused, when Digby told him he would force him to it, to which Suckling answered that nothing could force him. Digby then fell upon him ferociously with a cudgel of a yard long, and beat him until it broke to a handful. The extraordinary part of the affair was, that Suckling never offered to

* Epilogue on the Union of the two Companies, in 1682.

draw his sword all the while; and that two of his men, who were in attendance upon him, looked on without attempting to interfere. To mend the matter, young Willoughby, who came up at the moment, was questioned in a like saucy manner, and upon his refusing to satisfy such menacing inquiries, Digby struck him three or four blows on his face with his fist.* This anecdote rests upon unquestionable authority, and certainly seems to justify the doubts which some of his contemporaries entertained of Suckling's courage. That he should suffer himself to be cudgelled so tamely, and be afterwards content with the interposition and adjudication of the court in a business that so deeply involved his reputation for bravery, gives a more serious weight to the ballad lampoon of Sir John Mennis than the poet's biographers, out of a natural affection for their hero, are disposed to recognise in it. However that may be, and however it may be calculated to reduce and lower the popular estimate of Suckling as a *preux chevalier*, the fact itself affords a conspicuous illustration of that coarse temperament by which the gallants, as they were called, of that age were so rudely distinguished.

When the play was over, our tempestuous gentlemen usually adjourned to some of the neighbouring coffee-houses or taverns, while the ladies, followed by their trains of suitors, went to drive in the parks, or take a few turns in the promenades. This latter custom was one of the peculiar and distinctive usages of the time. Kynaston, the woman-actor, was such a favourite amongst the court ladies, that they frequently carried him away in their carriages at the conclusion of the performances.† Hyde Park was the general resort on such occasions; and supper, music, and cards, wound up the night's entertainments. The whole circle of the four-and-twenty hours was one uninterrupted round of voluptuous enjoyments!

The scattering of the mob of fops and chatterers to their several taverns and night-houses, was also characteristic of the dissipated and frivolous tone of society. These finikin gallants amused themselves in the theatre by running about from one mask to another, or caterwauling to each other from pit and boxes. "I value not the play," says my Lord Flippant's ghost, (already quoted,) "my province lies in the boxes, ogling my half-crown away, or running from side-box to side-box to the inviting *incognitos* in black faces, or else wittily to cry aloud in the pit &c. *Bough* or *Boyta*, and then be quickly answered by the rest of the wits in the same note, like musical instruments tuned to the same pitch." The best of it was, that this offensive breed of coxcombs plumed themselves upon their critical taste, to say nothing of their small-talk which passed off for wit, and that when they went to the tavern, on leaving the theatre, they entertained themselves with impudent commentaries on the play and the actors, half made up of oaths and sputter, and half of crack-brained speculations concerning a matter to which, upon their own voluntary confession, they considered it a clownish vulgarity to pay the slightest attention. We have the following very curious description of the opening movement to the tavern, by a quaint writer of the time :—

"The *play* is now over, and the sparks, who, while it was *acting* rallied the visor-masques, *laughed* aloud at their own no-jests, *censured*

* Strafford State Papers. † Colley Cibber's Apology.

the dress and beauty of all the ladies in the boxes; and, in short, minded every thing but the representation that *brought* them thither, begin now to *file* off, and gravely debate how and where to spend the evening. At last the *tavern* is pitched upon, the room taken, and our learned *criticks* in pleasure seat themselves round the table.

"The *master* of the house is the *first* person they send to *advise* with; who, after a thousand cringes and scrapes, tells 'em he has the best *Champaign* and *Burgundy* in town, and is sure to ask an *exorbitant* price for it, though it is a vile, nasty *mixture* of his own brewing. After a *long* and *foolish* dispute, the rate is adjusted, napkins are called for, the muff, sword, and peruke *nicely* laid up, and now something like *business* comes forward.

"When these *grand* preliminaries are settled, the next *important* debate is what they must eat. So the *cook* is sent for, who recommends to them something *nice* and *dear*. This difficulty, with much ado, got over, the *glasses* plentifully *walk* round, to *blunt* and *weaken* that appetite which they pretend to *excite* by it."*

The remainder of the description is equally piquant. As the wine circulates the sparks open their hearts (if they have any) to each other, and talk glibly about ladies and the favours they have received from them. When this theme is exhausted, they fall to a critical debate on the authors of the town—the last new book—the last new play. The play, of course, is cut to shreds; the plot is either stolen or obscure, the scenes lack energy, and the characters are either threadbare or pointless. In fine, the poet "is sent to the devil for want of wit, as the pert critic thinks he shews his, by condemning what he doth not understand!" Now, the talk gets thicker and thicker, the company dwindles into cabals, the affairs of the nation are settled, points of honour discussed, and at last the brawl begins. One calls another a villain, and threatens to cut his throat; "with that," continues our faithful historian, "he throws a bottle at t'other's head, the glasses go to rack, the table is overturned, nothing but disorder and confusion is in the room, and all this mirth and jollity concludes in murder." This picture is not over-drawn. Death in the tavern was by no means an uncommon occurrence; and when matters were not carried quite so far on the spot, the belligerents only adjourned the quarrel to Chelsea Fields, or the back of Montague House, where fashionable duels were then ordinarily fought. If the evening did not lead to such serious results, it was sure to end in a drunken frolic, such as beating up the quarters of some prudish coquette, and smashing her windows; "whereupon," says our author, "the superintendent of the night appears with his trusty janissaries, and sets the sparks together by the ears, with their perukes, hats, and muffs lying by them; the embroidered coat is all over covered with dirt and blood, the well-adjusted cravat torn to rags, the sword either broken or carried off in the tumult; and thus, after a well-favoured drubbing, our sparks make a shift to crawl home to their lodgings, if the nocturnal magistrate and his cannibals don't hurry 'em to the New Prison or the Round-house, the usual sanctuary of such adventurers."

And so ended the nights of the men about town in the merry reign of Charles the Second.

* Brown's Collection of Letters.

THE BELL OF HAPPINESS.

(*From the German of J. G. Seidl.**)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE king his heir has summon'd, his life is near its close;
By both his hands he takes him, the royal throne he shews.
"My son"—thus speaks he, trembling,—"yon throne I leave to thee;
Yet take, with my dominion, one parting word from me.

"Think'st thou this world a palace, where nought but pleasures dwell?
Indeed, my son, 'tis not so;—this truth remember well:
By drops we have our pleasures, our griefs from buckets flow;
Two drops of joy there are not in countless streams of woe."

He spake, and he departed. His words could not be true:
The world appeared so lovely, so rosy was its hue.
His heir the throne ascended, to prove, as he believed,
How much some gloomy spirit his father had deceived.

Straight over the apartment which for his use was kept,
In which he sat at table, reflected oft, and slept,
He had a bell suspended, and clearly would it ring,
Like silver, if the monarch but slightly touch'd the string.

And he would surely touch it, he told the country round,
As oft as in his bosom true happiness he found;
No single day would pass him—ay, he believed it well,
But he might justly venture to ring that little bell.

And all his days at morning with rosy brow appear,
But when they set at evening, a mourning veil they wear;
The cord, he oft would grasp it,—his eye is clear and bright,—
Yet feels he may not touch it, for something is not right.

He once was bless'd with friendship, and to the cord drew nigh;
"At length, now, can I ring it, and tell how bless'd am I."
A messenger came weeping, and trembled as he said,
"Thy friend has proved a foeman; my lord, thou art betray'd!"

He flew once, for the raptures of love had fill'd his breast,
"At length, at length I'll ring it, to tell that I am bless'd."
His chancellor approach'd him, pale, lowly murmuring:
"Are all alike unfaithful to thee, my lord and king?"

The king is yet unconquer'd, for still he holds his land,
His purse with treasure weighty, and many a mighty hand;
He still has fragrant meadows, his fields are fresh and green,
Where stout men work, while o'er them the Lord's own sky is seen.

He gazes from his window, the prospect round he eyes,
He views in every cottage a cradle of his joys;
Now to the cord he hastens—will pull it,—when he sees,
His people crowd his chamber, and fall upon their knees.

"My lord, my lord, look yonder,—the fire, the smoke, the crash!
Our cottages are burning, the foemen's sabres flash!"
"The robbers!" shouts the monarch—he may not touch the cord;
With passion wildly storming, he draws th' avenging sword.

And now his hair is whiten'd, and grief his strength has broke,
But yet upon the house-top the bell has never spoke;
Though oft a flush, like pleasure, his aged cheek comes o'er,
The bell, which he suspended, he scarcely thinks of more.

* Johannes Gabriel Seidl was born at Vienna, on the 20th Jan. 1804, studied the law in his native city, became professor at the Gymnasium at Cilly, in Styria, in 1830, and was appointed, in 1840, keeper of the Cabinet of Arms and Antiques at Vienna.—J. O.

Upon his chair reposing, the monarch waits his death,
When to his window rises the sound of sobs beneath.
He softly asks his chanc'llor:—"Tell me, what means that sound?"
"My lord, the sire is dying,—the children flock around."

"Then quick admit my children.—Were they so true and good?"
"My lord, could life be purchased, yours would they buy with blood."
With noiseless steps his subjects within the hall appear—
Once more they wish to bless him, once more to see him near.

"You love me, children?"—"Yes, sire."—And tears descend in streams.
The monarch hears and rises—how like a saint he seems!
He looks to Heav'n—he clutches the cord without a word,—
Pulls it, and dies yet smiling—for now the bell is heard.

THE TIDIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

BY STUART.

In the whole extent of the New Kent Road, and this, taking it from its extreme points, the "Elephant" and "Bricklayers' Arms," is not a short line of ground, there dwelt not a more notable woman than Mrs. Baxter. Yes, notable is the word; no other term can describe the ever-bustling, busy, managing Mrs. B., whose passion for cleaning and cleanliness was such, that no peace could be known where she abided. To *be* clean was not sufficient for this good lady; there was no happiness at all in that passive state; to be *cleaning* was the joy—this was her being's end and aim—the thing for which she was created—the only pleasure she could feel or understand. All her thoughts and ideas were centred here, and let the subject of conversation be what it might, if Mrs. Baxter had any share in it, to this all-engrossing passion would she contrive to turn it. Did the sun shine brightly, or the soft zephyrs come wooingly in at her window, not for a moment did she bless the bright beams which shed such radiance around, or the inspiring breeze that brought fresh health to her cheek; she only remarked that the day was favourable for washing or for scrubbing, and forthwith her pastime commenced. In short, no Dutch frau could carry her purifying propensities to a more absurd height; and as between the sublime and the ridiculous there is but a step, so is it between cleanliness and its opposite. I have often observed that your outrageously clean subjects are not ashamed to be very dirty themselves to avoid making a dirt.

You might have known Mrs. Baxter's house from a hundred of the same size and style a mile off, such was its resplendent cleanliness, such the snowy whiteness of its steps, and the dazzling brightness of the large brass-plate that proclaimed No. —— to be her residence. How often have I wished, in ascending those steps, that some other boot than mine had been destined to sully their virgin purity—a crime little short of sacrilege in Mrs. Baxter's eyes, who, if able to keep a guard over her tongue upon such occasions, could convey a bitter reproof for one's sin by despatching her luckless maid of all work to remove the obnoxious stain.

Mrs. B.'s house contained three or four sitting-rooms, yet the kitchen, to the great annoyance of her poor hard-worked maid, was

the place in which she chose to take her meals. Her dining-room was large and well-furnished; but on entering it you would exclaim, Can this be an inhabited house? for not one sign of habitation was there. Curtains there were to the windows, certainly, but not put there to be drawn; for the coldest day in the depths of a Russian winter could never tempt Mrs. Baxter to see them so treated. There was a comfortable carpet, too; but, rash visitor, beware! touch not its sacred hem, for the last idea ever entertained by Mrs. B., when she laid it down, was the idea of anybody walking over it. Do you not see that India matting laid round and across the room, which, and which only is to be so profaned? There was a fine large easy chair, made in the last style of luxury and elegance, which she exultingly told every one cost fourteen guineas; but I wish you could see the black look she would have bestowed upon any one (*sposo* not excepted) who had dared to remove it from the corner she had destined to be its abiding place.

In short, Mrs. B.'s goods, like the crown jewels, were to be looked at with awe and admiration, but not to be touched; and thus her poor victim of a husband, more miserable than the traveller in an Arabian desert, who, if he does not see the element he languishes for, at least is not tantalized, pines in the midst of plenty for the common comforts of life, knowing no rest in his own well-furnished house, but in that blessed oblivion—sleep. Came he home hungry or thirsty, there was nothing in his larder, Mrs. Baxter being much too clean to cook, or allow cooking; and some excuse would always be found against drawing the strong ale, or opening a bottle of wine. Was he weary, not for worlds dared he seek repose in the inviting arm-chair, or stretch his limbs on the sofa, for he would sully this, and tumble that, and disarrange everything; and a lecture from Mrs. B. about her household gods (for such they were to her) was a thing in every way to be dreaded.

Mr. B. was as good a creature as ever lived—kind and honest, and with a heart "open as day to melting charity;" and though in his marriage with Mrs. B., *love* perhaps bore no very prominent part, yet the good feelings of his nature prompted him to act the part of husband, if not with eclat, at least with great propriety. The want of beauty in a wife may be forgiven, because habit so reconciles us to her personal defects, that one soon ceases to know they exist; learning may be dispensed with, for what man likes a blue of a wife? you may even love a vixen, for her heart may make amends for her temper; but who of all the sons of Eve can bear the bonds of matrimony with a cleaner?—a woman who makes her husband take off his slippers at the bottom of the stairs, and puts him to bed in a room just scrubbed, the wet boards only to walk on—her carpets, of which she possesses a store, being folded up carefully for high days and holidays.

Such was Mrs. Baxter, and I am sorry to say poor Mr. B., like the saint, who trying, impiously, to fast forty days, died on the thirty-ninth, did give up the ghost at the end of his sixth year's apprenticeship to matrimony; (had he served out the seventh, I have no doubt he would have become hardened to everything.)

A few streets off lived a very pretty widow, who was Mrs. Baxter's aversion on account of her untidiness. To try her by Mrs. B.'s standard, indeed she *was* a dirty woman; for the purifications of her house were accomplished so quietly, that you might have imagined the hand of

a fairy had been concerned in it. The sound of scrubbing, or the smell of suds, was never known in Mrs. Mason's house ; and whenever Mr. Baxter had occasion to go there, which, as trustee for her children he was obliged to do frequently, there was such snugness and real comfort in her little dwelling; such warmth in the soft carpet, that he might press even in a dirty boot with impunity; such rest in the large arm-chair, not too fine for use, that was always wheeled to the fire for him ; such true hospitality at her well-ordered table, and above all, such a charm in her own smiling and quiet deportment, that a comparison between the two ladies was the natural consequence, which comparison was not to the advantage of poor bustling Mrs. B.

I must do her spouse, however, the justice to say, that for a long time he wrestled with the feelings that had imperceptibly stolen into his heart; for a long and weary time did he plod from the City to his dinner of scraps, the Sunday's joint being always manufactured by his managing wife, who knew not *l'art de cuisine* in any but its most barbarous English forms, into compounds that defied alike his recognition and digestion ; and nightly did he listen to the oft-told tale of servants' slovenliness and impertinence, till having tried every means to alter the character of his partner, and turn her thoughts to better things, in vain—and having no ambition to be immortalized in future story as a martyred Benedick—he one evening betook himself to the comfortable abode of Mrs. Mason, and I am sorry to say *never returned* to his own tidy home!

The world—that is, the Kent Road from top to bottom, including the Paragon (for Mrs. B., being well to do, was extensively known)—of course set this step down as a moral outrage, an abominable *liaison*, and a preconcerted affair between the truant husband and the quiet widow; but those who are in the secret of that perfectly respectable pair know better, and believe with justice that they are innocent of every relationship save that of housekeeper and lodger. Alas! had Mrs. Baxter paid more attention to her husband than her house—had she sought by quiet endearments, and a careful anticipation of his wants and comforts, to make him feel in the sacred retirement of *home* that repose the jaded mind so much requires after its day's struggle with the world, where pangs and trials are felt that the kind husband in *mercy* conceals from his wife—had she done this, instead of destroying the peace of her partner by vexatious details of domestic grievances, annoying restrictions, and useless repinings — good Mr. Baxter, I can answer for him, would have been loyal to his life's end.

Was Mrs. B. made miserable by her loss? On the contrary! Her mind was possessed by two passions—cleanliness and economy; and it had room for no more. Jealousy, the vulture that gnaws the heart, was unknown to her; her only wonder was that Mr. B. could ever be comfortable in such a dirty house as Mrs. Mason's; and as her wants were amply provided for, I don't think she at all disliked the change. Her rage for cleaning does not diminish as she advances in life. It was only yesterday I passed the house, and the whiteness of the steps, the dazzling brightness of the windows, and prim neatness of the little garden, where even the daisies and daffodils must be careful to grow in an orderly way, and not indulge in the wantonness of straggling over the pipe-clayed path, convinced me that " the tidiest woman in the world" still dwells there.

APRIL MUSINGS—BY AN APRIL FOOL.

BY MRS. GORE.

April!—whose gentle voice reprieves
The flying fox, when budding leaves
Are seen the hawthorn trees on,
Scared by thy violet-scented gale,
My lord and lady start, per rail,
To London for the Season!

Arrived in Grosvenor Square, my lord
Is heard to mutter,—"'Pon my word,
What with the Chartists' treason,—
The Income-tax,—the Anti-League,—a
Frightful earthquake in Antigua,—
'Twill be a precious Season!

"For olive-branches, shooting forth
At home, abroad, the east, the north,
Laud we the gods our knees on;
But if no levées crowd St. James's,
The peace that seals our Indian claims is
No Godsend to the Season!

"While falling thus the price of stocks is,
His French Play stalls, or Opera boxes,
Who can reflect with ease on?
But that I hate to make a fuss,
My own seat in the Omnibus
I'd vacate for the Season!

"But why upon retrenchment ponder?
Her ladyship sits planning yonder
Fêtes without rhyme or reason,—
Concerts and banquets,—Weippert,—Gunter,—
All that the wildest pleasure-hunter
Squanders upon the Season!

"Though ne'er did national distress
So grimly on our notice press,
As all the world agrees on;
I doubt if Vouillon, Laure, or Dévy,
Will make her bills a doit less heavy
In catering for the Season!

"And why promote in parliament
Commercial treaties, to augment
Imported goods the fees on,
If Lyons silks and Flanders lace
Be indispensable to grace
The beauties of the Season?

"Her chariot, launch'd two years ago,
Now grown old-fashion'd,—snobbish,—slow,—
No longer seems to please! On
Every new turn-out of Barker's,
She frets, lest it should charm the park, as
The crack one of the Season!

"Upon a 'perfect lady's horse'
Her heart is set;—her mare, of course,
'Tis now her cue to sneeze on;—
Oh! that ye would transport, ye Fates,
Both Stanhope Street and Grosvenor Gates
To Somnauth—for the SEASON!

"When by a scene I trust I've cowed her,
She answers me by rattling louder
Her grand-piano keys on;
Hinting, 'twixt every waltz of Strauss,
The Commons is the only house
To prose in—in the SEASON!

"To let or sell, some few months hence,
This 'CAPITAL TOWN RESIDENCE,'
Some pretext I must seize on;
For what between the times and her,
Neither my means nor character
Will stand another SEASON!"

So grumble lords of high degree,
While *I* submit to Destiny,
Nor comment her decrees on;
A fly upon the wheel of Fate,
The whole round world is *my* estate,—
The whole *year* round—MY SEASON!

THE FATE OF MONSIEUR ACHILLE.

BY MISS SKELTON.

MONSIEUR ACHILLE was the richest banker in Paris. Born and bred a Jew, he had, when very young, from motives of interest, conformed to the Christian faith; he was now about forty years of age, but looked some years less, short, stout, sallow, with the features peculiar to his tribe, black hair, bushy whiskers, small piercing eyes, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, surrounded by every article of taste and luxury, —in all extraneous circumstances, a *gentleman* and a "*bel esprit*;" but in mind and heart, as in face and person, a Jew and a plebeian.

One morning, at the early hour of eleven, while seated at breakfast, he was startled by an announcement from his valet that the Duchess de Montifiore was waiting to see him in the grand saloon; that she had come on foot, and unattended, and had only at last given her name when she found it impossible to obtain admission without doing so.

Monsieur Achille's pale cheek flushed, then faded to a double sallowness, then he smiled, then almost trembled,—at last, he desired his valet to return to the Duchess, and announce his speedy arrival; then having carefully revised his toilet, and fortified himself with a glass from one of the bottles of liqueur on the table before him, he descended to the grand saloon.

The Duchess was standing with her back to him, examining a picture of exquisite beauty, which hung on the opposite side of the room; he had time to close the door and advance half way up the apartment before she became aware of his entrance or turned to greet him. When she did so, what a contrast did she present to him! *She,*

in her calm and smiling beauty—so cold and so proud!—so supremely lovely! *He*, with his coarse and ordinary features, his ungainly figure, his embarrassed manner! The Duchess was a beautiful woman,—perhaps she had never looked more beautiful than she did at that moment,—her tall form drawn to its full height, her simple white robe and bonnet, her rich, unadorned hair, her pale lip trembling with a smile, the ineffable loveliness of which thrilled to the heart of the man before her, while he winced beneath its deep contempt.

She spoke first. "Monsieur Achille, I have come to beg a favour of you,—but pray sit down." (He obeyed her, and they seated themselves opposite to each other.) "I have come to ask you for money—we know how rich you are. You must know how affairs stand with us,—our revenues barely support our rank, our expenses are enormous; the sale of all my jewels will not raise sufficient to pay this debt of honour of my husband's—but it *must* be paid, and paid to-morrow. You, who know everything, must know all this; and to you, as the richest man in Paris, I come to request the loan—I might almost say, the *gift*—of *thirty thousand louis d'or*."

"Thirty thousand louis, Madam!—you ask half what I possess."

"Not so, Monsieur Achille; one successful speculation will restore it to you. You will scarcely miss it; to me, it will be life—more than life—honour. This, with the sale of my diamonds, will bring us barely through."

Monsieur Achille was silent for some time; then, with a bitter sneer, "Try De Valens and Beaufleur—will not these supply you?"

"You mock me—you know they cannot. Oh! Monsieur Achille, have mercy—have mercy!" and the Duchess, sinking on her knees, clasped her white hands, and laid them on his feet.

"*You* have had little mercy, Madam—*you* have had little mercy;" and then there was a pause. At last—"You love your husband, Madam?" "Better than my life," was the reply. "Then rise, Madam; seat yourself, and listen to me."

* * * * *

That evening, about nine o'clock, Monsieur Achille, dressed with the utmost elegance, shrouded in a large cloak, under which he carried a small but heavy packet, entered his cabriolet, and desiring his confidential valet to attend him, drove in the direction of the Hotel Montifiore. The drive was a long one; and he, proceeding at a leisurely pace, had time to reflect upon and ponder over the events of the day. *She!* whom he had so loved—*she*, who had so spurned, so despised him—the woman he had *once* sued and prayed to, whose laugh of derision had rung in his ears so long—*she*, so worshipped, so respected, whom calumny had never reached, who stood in the centre of a profligate court, purer than falling snow—*she* to be his, at last—bought, bought—with a price—*she*, to whom all the nobles of the land had sighed in vain, reserved at last for him!

At the corner of the street in which stood the Hotel Montifiore he stopped, and gave the reins into the hands of his valet; he told him he was going on business to the Duke de Montifiore; that if the nobleman was from home, he should wait until he returned; that he expected his cabriolet to be at that same spot in two hours' time, and that, if he was not there to meet it, he wished his servant to take it

home, and he would return on foot, and on no account to mention where he had left him, or to give any clue as to the proceedings and destination of that evening.

The valet obeyed these orders to the letter. Monsieur Achille reached the Hotel Montifiore, and pausing at a small side entrance into the court, gave a low whistle; the door was immediately opened by a figure so muffled that it was impossible to distinguish either its sex or age: with a silent movement, it beckoned him to follow; they crossed the court, and reached a small and dark apartment,—they paused.

"I have brought it all, most lovely Duchess. And now—" he took tenderly the extended hand of the figure—the grasp that met his was one of iron.

"Is it all gold?"

"*All* gold," he answered; and this was the last word he ever uttered.

Monsieur Achille was missing for two days; and great excitement prevailed in consequence; on the third day, his body was found in the river, some miles from the place where his valet stated he had seen him last; his pockets were rifled, his jewels gone; a ghastly wound in his breast shewed how he had died.

His servants were all strictly examined, when the valet made his statement; in consequence of which a visit was instantly paid by the commissioners of police to the Hotel Montifiore, the result of which visit was that the valet was arrested and tried for the murder and robbery of his master. Want of evidence led to his acquittal; but while in confinement, nothing could exceed the kindness of the Duchess towards him, or her liberality after his release. *She*, so beautiful, so beloved, *she* was still the same,—as calm, as proud, as *apart* as ever! Made to adorn the world, to *her* that world was nothing,—over *her* it had no power!

Among her intimate friends, she was heard to lament the death of Monsieur Achille, as the means of depriving her husband of a large loan which he was to have received on the night on which the murder was committed, and of which it was supposed Monsieur Achille was robbed while in the act of bringing it to the Hotel Montifiore. She also regretted having been obliged to part with some of her splendid diamonds, in order to raise sufficient to pay her husband's debts of honour.

All these debts *were* paid; and, after a time, those matchless gems again blazed amid the pale gold of her rich hair, and spanned the snowy circle of her arm: the tresses were like sunlight, the arm like Parian marble, the diamonds without price;—none saw or dreamt of the blood—*the blood*—that bound them round that bright head, clasped them on that arm, chained them to each other.

Monsieur Achille was soon forgotten. The Duke and Duchess de Montifiore lived long and happy lives; no cloud ever seemed to shade his gay and open brow, or dim the lustre of her glorious beauty. His debts once paid, no future embarrassments darkened their prospects; one bright path of unbroken prosperity alone remained for them: they died as they had lived, honoured, respected, admired, and bequeathed to those around and beneath them the almost singular example of great rank, unblemished descent, unbounded wealth, united with all perfections of mind, character, and conduct.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

——— " ille suæ non immemor artis,
Omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum."—VIRGIL.

XI.

IT will be recollected by those who may have felt an interest in theatrical history that, at the commencement of the year 1800, eight of the actors then on the establishment of Covent Garden Theatre assailed Mr. Henry Harris, the proprietor, in a pamphlet,* on asserted grievances; which dispute being referred to the Lord Chamberlain,† was by him decided against the complainants. The " Glorious Eight," as this band of insurrectionists was designated by superannuated Moody, (memorable as the apprentices in arms against a former *Harry* of England,) having sustained a signal defeat, the monarch of Covent Garden sought now the strength of some foreign alliance, and made overtures accordingly to Robert William, Lord of the principality of Bath! Long was the negotiation pending, and for a considerable time Elliston was undecisive whether to accept the flattering offers made to him from Mr. Harris, or to enter on the management at Bath, as Dimond was now on the eve of retiring from the stage. Once more did Elliston make an effort for a share in that theatre, which had been the cradle of his fame; but his very popularity was in this instance prejudicial to his purpose—the proprietors fearing, had they acceded to his request, he would soon acquire an absolute control. His engagement, however, was renewed, under terms highly advantageous.

Elliston was fond of billiards, and played a good game—for a gentleman—but had as little chance with its professors, as any idler who suddenly takes a fancy for a country life and turns agriculturist in opposition to the whole farming practice of the county, on some infallible principle of his own—within two years he is gazetted!

On one of his repeated excursions to Windsor, he visited the " Subscription Room" of that celebrated town; and amongst other persons, met there a Mr. Rosenberg, a gentleman who followed, with equal diligence, two professions—billiards and painting. In respect of the former, he had also a twofold faculty of performance, namely, ill or well, just as he pleased; in respect of the latter, his quality fell perhaps only under one denomination. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that either from modesty or a hatred of display, or some such benign sentiment, he did not always shew himself to the best advantage at the game of billiards; as men of good taste deem it a piece of coxcombry to be ever walking the streets in a birth-day suit. Such had been the delicacy of Mr. Rosenberg whenever he had knocked about the balls in Elliston's company; so that the artist's " second best suit" of play, appearing upon a par with the actor's only one, a match was proposed between them, and to it they went with mutual gusto.

* The pamphlet was supposed to have been written by Holman. The other seven appellants were, J. Johnstone, A. Pope, J. Munden, C. Incledon, J. Fawcett, T. Knight, H. Johnston. With the exception of Holman, all these actors continued at Covent Garden, after the award given against them.

† The Marquis of Salisbury.

For some time they played about even; but the stakes being now raised to a considerable amount, with additional interest the combatants began anew. The actor required no prompter to give him his cue, nor the artist to be reminded of the bold strokes of the great masters. To it they went—when suddenly, by some sudden inspiration, Apelles was invested like a harlequin with his birth-day suit of colours, beating his adversary completely off the field; so that, in the same proportion that he filled the pockets of the table, he emptied those of the tragedian.

Surmises followed closely on the heels of astonishment; and Elliston began strongly to suspect he had fallen amongst thieves—a point on which he was not long in making himself understood, by at once pronouncing Mr. Rosenberg a swindler. The limner, ill enduring "the immediate jewel of his soul" to be thus rifled, threw down his cue, and advancing to Elliston, threatened to kick him down stairs, at the same time, wheeling him round as if to put his menace into execution. But though the assault was the painter's, the battery was the player's; for Elliston, directing a well-aimed blow on the sconce of his assailant, sent him reeling over a tall coal-skuttle, scattering, at the same time, the bituminous contents over the "Subscribers'" apartment. The painter soon recovered his legs, but was in a woful plight; in the language of art, his eye actually stood out from the canvass, and he displayed a bold outline of feature, of which Fuseli himself might have been enamoured.

To render the matter still more unfortunate, the artist was, at this juncture, laying soft siege to the affections of a certain merry wife of Windsor, who was in fact quite to his taste,—being a delicate piece of art, and unquestionably in good keeping; and although scars, like grey hairs, are ever deemed honourable and mightily extolled by the fair, yet a thorough thrashing, in a public billiard room, could scarcely be deemed a feather in a man's cap, unless, indeed, a white one. The consequence was, the academician was spoiled of his intrigue; and deeming it prudent to raise the siege in respect of his mistress, he turned all his energies to an action of another description—withdrawing from the Court of Cupid to prosecute more advantageous triumphs in the Court of King's Bench.

The result was, a trial, which took place in February, 1801. Mr. Rundall, of the India House (Elliston's brother-in-law), having attended the cause, transmits to our hero the following account:—

"You may be surprised—I am sure you will be annoyed—at the event of your trial: a verdict for the plaintiff, and damages fifty pounds; which, with costs, I fancy can be no less than one hundred. Brown's evidence differed wonderfully from the history he gave to me; he stated, that without any provocation, beyond mortification at your own bad play, you gratified your humour by knocking down your opponent, declaring, that if you couldn't beat him one way, you would another. Your counsel, Erskine, dwelt long on the improbability of this statement; and in a humorous speech, alluding to the skuttle, told the jury that this witness being "hauled over the coals" in cross-examination, cut but a dirty figure. This was well enough; but he called not a single witness himself; relying on success, as he is too apt to do, from the merits of his speech. I am quite persuaded, that if perjury did not absolutely get a verdict on the one hand, carelessness lost one on the other. The

uncertainty of the law is too great a grievance at the best—it need not be aggravated by the slovenliness of counsel."

Elliston was attached to his profession by lovelier ties than those of mere worldly acquisitions—he delighted in its mystery—was fond of acting; and on the non-play nights, at Bath or Bristol, he generally gave some provincial theatre a taste of his quality. On one occasion, being at an inn with manager Shatford, after a night's performance at Salisbury, from which place, the only public conveyance to Bath was a coach, which passed through Sarum between two and three o'clock in the morning, Shatford suggested, for pastime, a game at loo; a dish of which (like Henry I. and his lampreys) he was particularly fond.

"But where can we procure a third?" said he—"the landlord? let's call him up!" "By all means," responded Elliston. "And I'll run and hold the maids from stepping into bed;"—which part of the proposition he was in the immediate act of prosecuting, when the ears of both were assailed by a voice on the stairs, chanting, "The early Horn salutes the Morn;" and on the two companions opening the door, they descried a tall, gaunt stranger on the landing, in a scarlet coat, brown hat turned up with green, and leathern small-clothes, exhibiting fresh indications of the lutulent condition of the highways.

Elliston, rushing forward, and catching him by his bespattered tail, exclaimed, "You'll make one, sir!—come, let's begin! With Tantivy, Shatford, we're three already." The stranger, not a little astonished, gazed for a moment without reply, and then began, deliberately, to resume his stave. "Hoh! ha! Early Horn!" "What again?" interrupted Elliston; "but hark ye, one game—one round at loo, before you go—'tis a noble, a charming game. Socrates learnt to dance, and Isocrates played at loo.—Come, come, a chair for Actæon!"

"With all my heart, gentlemen," replied the stranger, raising his hat with profound politeness—"but the poor state of my purse——"

"Nay, nay, we'll lend you five guineas," interposed Shatford.

"Ten!" rejoined Elliston; on which, the guest in scarlet again manifesting the deepest sense of obligation, they all sat down together. Shatford produced his cards, which, like a charm against witchcraft, he ever carried about him, and in a very short time, our friend, the "Early Horn," made considerable progress. He presently won the five guineas already lent to him; and in the course of one half hour, cleared the purses of Elliston and his companion; winning, in fine, a silver pencil-case, the last tenant of Robert William's side-pocket.

Deliberately drawing forth his watch, and marking the time, the gentleman in red, with his wonted politeness, rose to take his leave.

"You'll give us our revenge, sir?" shrieked *Octavian*.

"Undoubtedly, sir," responded the owner of the brown hat.

"But when?—where? I shall be at Salisbury this day week—Thursday—Early Horn!"

"Why really, sir, I would indulge you," continued the tall traveller, "but on that night I am engaged at Devizes, to cut a cock's head off!"

"To cut a cock's head off!" repeated Elliston, with the most petrifying solemnity—"to cut a cock's head off!—and have we been playing with a decapitator of the sultan of dunghills?—Who are you, sir?"

"Much at your service," answered the politest horseman in Eng-

land, presenting, at the same time, a card, not remarkable for cleanliness; on which Elliston, in his beloved intonation of voice, read, "Mr. Moon, the celebrated conjuror, whose dexterity in command of the cards is universally acknowledged, will undertake to convey the contents of any gentleman's purse into his, Mr. Moon's pocket, with surprising facility. He will, moreover, cut a cock's head off without injuring that noble bird!"

It may be well conceived, the group at this moment formed rather a striking picture. The scarlet Caterfelto was the first to dissolve the tableau; when again bending his body, he quitted the apartment, just as the coach drove up, which was to convey the hero of these memoirs from his profitable engagement at Salisbury!*

The interest Lord Harcourt had taken in Elliston's professional honour and advancement, flattering as it was to the husband, was yet more deeply felt in the grateful reflections of the wife. To Mrs. Elliston, the happiness was twofold; for while the favour of the Earl had clearly backed the actor's merits when they had been brought under the notice of the sovereign, still

> "The heart of woman feels no sweeter joy
> Than when ————
> She hears the praises of the one she loves!"

This favour had also operated usefully to Mrs. Elliston's progress in the good graces of the great. "*Mrs. Elliston*" was the fashion—the rage! The young debutantes in elegant life were proud of the instruction received under her direction; and, like Buonarroti's scholars, the character of the pupil was sunned by the fame of the instructor.

Mrs. Elliston was eminently endowed with those qualities which tend to the solid endurance of domestic peace—cheerful, but circumspect—gentle, yet energetic; while liberality with prudence were mingled in every sentiment of her mind and were the counsel of all her actions.

Elliston, at this period (the commencement of 1801), was suddenly possessed by an *esprit de vertige*—a fancy for obtaining a royal licence for opening a third theatre in London: and such was the sanguine, or rather precipitate quality of his mind, that in his own imagination, he beheld the new edifice already built—himself absolute dictator; issuing his *Berlin* and *Milan* decrees against the labouring dynasties of Drury Lane and Covent Garden—declaring their stage-doors in a state of blockade, and holding in his palm the destinies of the allegiant muse. Recalled at intervals, by his faithful monitress, to more sober deliberations, under her advice he solicits the opinion of his friend Lord Harcourt, and wisely consents to abide his direction. The Earl admonishes him in the following terms:—

"Harcourt House, April 25, 1801.

"Sir,—You have imposed on me the ungracious task of discouraging the pleasing prospects of youthful, but by no means, a blamable ambition; yet it is the duty of an honest man, when applied to, to give his opinion with plain sincerity; and therefore, in one word, I tell you, I am perfectly convinced of the impracticability of your plan;

* A very incorrect account of the above incident appeared in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine for January last, under the title, "Ellistoniana."—*Editor of the* "Elliston Papers."

and my reasons are, in the first place, my firm belief that the King would not be inclined to grant another patent; and that, were his Majesty so disposed, the powerful opposition of the existing patentees would induce his Majesty to yield to the prayer of their petition against the establishment of a third winter theatre. In the next place, the magistrates would probably remonstrate against the introduction of a new place of public amusement, as unfortunately theatres are becoming more and more the refuge of idlers rather than the resort of men of taste. Recollect, too, the existing theatres have been enlarged, to meet the extended population of the town; and if you were permitted to examine their accounts at the termination of each season, you would perhaps find that the number of persons who frequent plays scarcely remunerate the exertions of the two houses. Some fortunate seasons certainly transpire; but to what costly and precarious expedients are the managers compelled! The pure drama has but little attraction for the unhappy fancy of the day. How is success at present calculated on?—a five-act farce composed of such characters as never did yet exist, intermixed, occasionally, with some forced, or sickly sentiment, supported by grimace or buffoonery, with the motley train of processions, battles, spectres, pantomimes, and Scaramouch ballets. I should regret that you, sir, should administer to this perversion of a noble study; but this you must do, should your object be pecuniary success in any new theatrical speculation.

"Having now honestly placed before you my impressions on your proposed scheme, I have only to assure you of my good wishes and ready advice on all occasions. Pray give my compliments to Mrs. Elliston. HARCOURT."

The foregoing letter, reader, was written in the year 1801. Shade of the Earl! what would have been his language in 1841?

On the first of August, a *fête dramatique* took place at Radipole, under the immediate direction of the Princess Elizabeth—a kind of *masque champêtre*, projected, and given by her royal highness to the King and Queen, accompanied by other branches of the family, and many of the nobility. A superb tent was erected for the reception of their Majesties, before whom, as they approached, young damsels, in the character of Dryads, tripped, and carolled, scattering flowerets and devices. Then commenced the entertainment by an agrestic masquerade: a party of comedians, attired as gipsies, being grouped under a hedge in the distance, which formed the boundary of the pansied stage. Here was a King mightier than George of England, and a Queen o'er spells more potent than the flag of Britain; for here, enthroned, were *Oberon* and *Titania*—here, *Puck* and *Pease-blossom*, and here—

> "Over hill—over dale,
> Thorough bush, thorough brier,
> Over park—over pale,
> Thorough flood, thorough fire,"

a handful of fairies, outstripping far the Alpine progress of the hero of Marengo. Music, too, breaking in dulcet sounds the willing air, joined the conspiracy to charm and captivate. All was as yet illusion, till *Oberon* and his filmy train, condensed once more to a state of man by the mortal visitation of thirst and hunger, gave ample proof that not all the acorns Nature had ever yet showered on the ground

would have supplied one tolerable cup; and as to "a little mushroom-table spread," we fear such fungus bit of furniture, with pedicle to boot, would scarcely have yielded a mouthful for the condition of the flesh. It was at this period of the entertainment, when Elliston (who had been again engaged by the Weymouth manager at the express desire of his Majesty) appeared before the delighted party in the more mundane quality of Herald of the British arms! The Danish fleet had been just destroyed by Lord Nelson; and in the same year, the French had been defeated by Abercrombie at Alexandria. Elliston laying the captured ensigns of victory at the feet of the king, repeated a poetic address, written expressly by the Princess Amelia; the subjoined is an extract.—

"Welcome, my liege, my ever honour'd lord!
Oh, were it mine, in action or in word,
My zeal, my loyalty, my duteous love
To thee, the father of our land, to prove!

"See, the flush'd cheek, so lately pale with fear,
Receives the grateful, the ecstatic tear—
The quivering lip, now trembling with delight,
Fain would articulate, confess aright,
How deep affection's root still deeper grows,
Which to thy worth, progressive firmness owes.

"As o'er the hidden riches of the main,
Thy conquering navy rides with pride,—disdain,
In search of knowledge which it values more,
So o'er Time's offerings doth thy spirit soar—
Call on the hov'ring shades of Minden's plain,
On Nelson's heroes, victors on the main,
That they may aid this ill-sufficient lay
To bless thee, Brunswick, and preserve thy day!"

The applause which followed this recital had scarcely ceased, when Elliston, a new impersonation—"forsooth, took on him as a conjuror;" and in the garb of "*Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus de Hohenheim*," or more familiarly, as the renowned Paracelsus, presented himself again on the parterre. In this he was very happy: sustaining the part of the magician, with timely allusions to the martial glories of England—that the genius of Britain was in fact the long-dreamt-of philosopher's stone, and the valour of her sons, that moral elixir, diffusing unanimity and peace throughout the nations of the world. This tissue of clap-trap being dexterously spun and admirably measured out, was received of course with no less applause than everything else which had preceded. The king was mightily pleased; and the whole court therefore obediently gratified; while the royal hostess, the princess, expressed herself in terms highly complimentary to the exertions of the favourite comedian. There was but one slight failure in the whole entertainment. A young vocalist, of some promise, belonging to the Weymouth company, having been appointed to sing one of Dibdin's ballads, in the costume of a sailor, was seized by sudden panic on being brought into the presence of real majesty, and most piteously broke down at the first stanza. His cheek fairly struck its colours; his whistle failed him, and in point of fact, the British *tar* "stuck in his throat." The king good-humouredly observed, it was the first time he had ever seen an English sailor frightened. Other *jeux scéniques* followed, and the day passed off with well-merited éclat. The king and part of his family visited the theatre that very night.

XII.

Elliston having transmitted all these fine accounts to his wife, at Bath, she writes the following to his uncle, the Doctor, who was at that time residing at Westminster :—

"Bath, August 20, 1801.

"My dear Sir,—As I know the pleasure you always feel in hearing good news of ourselves, I am induced to send you a short statement of Mr. Elliston's progress at Weymouth. He tells me that the royal family witnessed all his performances, and said so many handsome things of him, that had he not been writing to *me*, his sense of modesty would have withheld him from repeating them. At an entertainment given by the Princess Elizabeth, at Radipole, he was entrusted with the whole management. The king presented him with twenty-five guineas, the queen, with ten, the Princess Elizabeth, twelve, and he received ten in addition from the rest of the royal family.

Mr. Elliston has been, during the last fortnight, at Plymouth, where he found a depressed state of theatricals; but the princess interested herself in his favour,—writing to the Countess of Ely, who with others of the nobility, residing around, patronized him. Believe me, my dear sir, I mostly value all this because I am sure his diligence will recommend him to your regard, and confirm the generous friendship felt for him by Lord Harcourt. Of my husband's talents, I think highly, (if I might venture such judgment as my own;) but I am sure the increasing favour of personages so exalted as those I have named is greatly owing to the esteem they have for him as a gentleman: this point, I trust he will long bear in mind. I bless God that our prospects are so good; and I pray blessings on those who have been the instruments in His hands of conferring on us so much comfort. Your god-daughter, Eliza, has had the hooping-cough, but is now fast recovering—the other two continue well. I have ventured to send you half-a-dozen of our Bath cheeses, as you may have some friends near you whom you might wish to oblige with a sample, as well as for your own use. And believe me, my dear sir, with all respect and gratitude,

"Your dutiful niece,

Eliza. Th. Elliston

To this the Doctor made a most affectionate reply, congratulating his nephew on the brilliancy of his prospects, and recommending him to look on these late favours rather as encouragement to exertion than as any temptation to frivolity or repose. "And begging pardon," continues he, "for quoting Greek to that sex whose occupations should always be strictly feminine, I would remind him of the wise exhortation—αιεν αριστευειν, and to think nothing achieved whilst anything remains unaccomplished."

As we have professed in the outset, so will we endeavour to preserve to the end, the character of fidelity in these pages, nor, in tenderness to the memory of our subject, cast a veil over facts which might operate as a lesson to later generations, or become useful to others in a similar career to his own. The truly parental letter which

we have just noticed, while it filled our adventurer with exultation, might have taught him also the value of a good name. Within two months of its receipt, the following was addressed to Elliston, written by his sincere friend Mr. Rundall, brother to his wife:—

"My dear Robert,—I have heard a piece of intelligence which has afflicted me more severely than anything which has occurred to me for many years. This, to speak out, is your love of gaming! Dalmeida has given me this most unwelcome information. He was lately in company with some friends—theatrical and otherwise; and on mentioning you with commendation and regard, a gentleman present—a counsellor very high in his profession—acceded willingly to your public talents, but pronounced you a *determined—an habitual gamester,*—that Knight was the man who had been the principal instrument of your disgrace, which, owing to your easy temper, he found no difficult task. Your exploits are the theme of gossip amongst the very waiters at the White Hart, the frequenters of that house talking openly and before them, of what you had either won or lost at billiards or with the dice. You will gain the character of a blackleg long before you will acquire wit enough to live by his profession; you will be ruined in fame and fortune, without the advantage of that cunning which occasionally prospers. Knight is a very bad character; I have seen, 'tis true, but little of him, yet quite enough to know he is not your friend. I will not, my dear Robert, disguise my sentiments from you, however harsh they may be, or however deeply they may wound you for the moment; for, by the blessing of God, you may have hereafter cause to thank me. I am cut to the soul when I contemplate these facts, and look on you at the same time, as a husband and a father; think of your shame, too, should the knowledge, the hint only of these reports reach your uncle—one who has indeed been a parent to you, having cherished you in your days of guiltlessness, and forgiven your transgressions. For the sake of others, let me implore you to reflect! I have not told you all I have heard, nor many malicious anecdotes which I am still willing to account untrue. With fervent prayers for your happiness, and for the peace of a wife you *cannot* too highly value and cherish,

"I am most affectionately yours,

"T. W. Rundall.

"East India House, Dec. 18, 1801."

Having fulfilled our duty by inserting the above, in which we assure our readers we will not follow them with any action for slander, whatever terms of reproach they may heap upon our graceless hero, we turn cheerfully to an incident which, if not so full of solid instruction as Mr. Rundall's letter, will shew that our subject could sometimes be merry without sacrifice of character:—

In the vicinity of the Abbey Church, Bath, resided a Mr. Sims, an opulent woollen-draper—a man of strict probity in all transactions of life—whose active benevolence and unassailable good-humour had acquired to him the esteem of a wide circle of acquaintances. He was a bachelor, and at this time about sixty-five years of age. His figure was tall, his step airy, his deportment the flower of politeness, and in disputes he was the very Atticus of parties. His dress was usually a suit of grey; and his hair, of which there was a profusion, being per-

fectly white, whereunto a queue appended, gave him somewhat of a *Sir Joshua* contour, though perhaps he bore a nearer resemblance to the more modern portrait of that precise merchant, as personated by the late Mr. Terry, in Poole's admirable little comedy of "Simpson and Co." While he paid a marked deference to all men's opinions, he had a mistrust of his own, which was singularly curious. On a sudden torrent, for instance, which some people would denominate "cats and dogs," he would merely *apprehend that it rained;* and if the house were as suddenly enveloped in flame, he would *suggest the expediency of quitting the tenement.* His respect for the other sex was so profound, as to keep in awful subjection every gentler impulse of the bosom—for he was far from a woman-hater; on the contrary, he could not honour them too highly; but it was all honour. His "menage" consisted of a duplicate female attendant, that is, two separate beings, but with brains under the same meridian, whose autumnal time of life and counterpart in attire rendered them perfectly homogeneous. The great characteristic of Mr. Sims was a painful precision in all things. His hat always occupied the left peg in respect of his coat. His parlour furniture was cased in cotton covers, which covers were again involuted by divers sheets of brown paper, resembling the pendent patterns in a tailor's shop. Everything, according to him, was "to wear even;" if he pulled *this* bell-rope on the first occasion, he would bear in mind to handle *that* on the second; every chair, tea-cup, and silver spoon, had its day of labour and relaxation; and had he discovered, that by misadventure, he had worn a pair of shoes or grey stockings out of turn, he would positively have lost his stomach. In his dressing-room, he was constantly attended by his two waiting-women; not that he actually required the services of both, but by such means the reputation of each was kept in a state of preservation; and to conclude, whenever he retired to bed, he invariably crept up the foot of it, that his linen might be without a wrinkle.

It may not at once appear how any sympathies could have existed between a *Milesian* like Elliston and such a character as this; but Mr. Sims was by no means an ascetic: he was never as wise as Ximenes, and not always as moderate as Fleury; and in respect of his little indulgences, like the country wench, he looked very much as though he had rather sin again than repent. And why not? an extra glass of punch, or a visit prolonged to midnight, constituted his excess; though once, indeed, he had been known to have so far mystified himself, as to toast a certain female of no extraordinary virtue in a tumbler of toddy. He, however, confessed he went for three days unshaved, from the above event, as he had not the assurance to look on himself in the glass after so peccant an action.

Mr. Sims was fond of a play, and had some taste for the drama. He had seen the best actors of Garrick's day, and could talk critically on the genius of "rare Ben Jonson." Mr. Sims, therefore, became, with other Bath people, known to the Elliston family.

Mrs. Elliston being absent for a few days on a visit to Mrs. Collins, Elliston was consequently left at Bath, *en garçon.* On one of his widowed afternoons, his knocker announced some visitor, and Mr. Sims himself deferentially entered.

"My dear Mr. Elliston," cried he, as he advanced, with a step lighter than a roebuck, "have I indeed caught you!—this is charm-

ing!—and how well you look! Listen: I promised your excellent wife to have an eye on you during her absence, and so I will, for you positively must—must, I say, dine with me to day."

"Dine with you, Mr. Sims?" exclaimed Elliston, in a tone which must have been truly comic. "My good Mr. Sims ——"

"—— Nay, nay—I shall be downright riotous if I hear any excuses. I absolutely must—must have you. In fact," continued he, making a leg, as he advanced, and tapping the tip of his left forefinger with the corresponding extremity of the right, "my dinner is already ordered—within one hour will be served—see, with what little ceremony I treat you."

There was something irresistibly grotesque even in the proposition; for though Mr. Sims was by no means a stranger in the house, yet the very suggestion of a *tête-à-tête* repast with the precise woollen-draper, appeared one of those things which, although clearly possible, had still never yet been known to have transpired. As, for instance, A man shall not marry his grandmother.

"To day! said you, worthy neighbour?" demanded Elliston, as he passed his hand thoughtfully across his forehead—"to day—that is—*this* day, is ——"

"Thursday, I would suggest," interposed Sims, most apologetically.

"Just so; and here comes my friend Quick, who reminds me of his promised visit. Dinner on table punctually at five—" continued Elliston, addressing himself to Quick, just as he entered—"not a minute later;" which was of course the first notice the other had had at all of the matter, while Elliston himself was quite aware he had not a solitary cutlet in the house.

"But—but—" interrupted Sims, with his fingers as before—"my humble fare is preparing—is nearly ready ——"

"—— And will be excellent when eaten cold to-morrow," rejoined Elliston; "but to-day—to-day, Sims, you are *my* guest!"

The draper having recovered from the shock which these words occasioned, was evidently as pleased as Punch at the proposition, though he looked on the affair as one of the maddest pranks ever yet attempted—quite a Camelford exploit of that day, or Waterford of the present; the challenge, however, he accepted, but to no one's surprise more than his own.

"I will at least apprise my domestics," said Sims, catching up his hat and cane, with the intention of tripping off to his own abode, but Elliston grasping his arm with considerable melodramatic effect, said, "Not so, friend Sims; this is a point easier settled, and our time is short. Take your own card, neighbour, and just subscribe in pencil, '*remains to-day with Mr. Elliston*,' and I will despatch it instantly."

The expedient was no sooner suggested than adopted, and Elliston, taking Mr. Sims' card, vanished instantly from the room, for the purpose already named, but secretly interpolated certain other words to the protocol in question, so that it ran thus—"*Mr. Sims remains to-day with Mr. Elliston, and begs that the dinner he had ordered may be carefully delivered, just as prepared, to the bearer.*" This being achieved, Elliston returned to the apartment; and Quick being by this time well assured some *belle plaisanterie* was in blossom, took part in the amicable contest of civil things till dinner was announced; and thus, within a quarter of an hour of five, the happy trio sat down together.

But no sooner was the first cover removed than Sims, with some

little look of surprise and great shew of satisfaction, exclaimed—"A trout! Mr. Elliston. Well, and I protest a very fine one! but the fishmonger's a rogue, for he told me *mine* was the only one in the market."

"Fishmongers do lie most infernally," observed Elliston; "why he told me the very same thing. Come, a glass of wine! Had you been a married man now, this little annoyance had never reached you. Ah! you bachelors! But peradventure you are one who, in searching for female perfection, can only find it in the wives of his friends."

Here Sims hid his face.

"And then as to a family," interposed Quick, "your bachelor, by adoption, may pick and choose his heir; but if he marries, he must put up with any booby that providence assigns him."

"Excellent!" cried Elliston. "Come, a glass of wine!"

A second cover was now removed, and a shoulder of mutton, admirably dressed, was presented; at the sight of which Sims, clasping his hands in token of renewed astonishment, exclaimed,

"A shoulder of mutton!—why it *is* a shoulder—the very dish I had ordered myself."

"Similar, similar," interposed Quick, laughingly; "a coincidence."

Sims acknowledged the correction by one of the blandest smiles in nature.

"Coincidences are indeed extraordinary," observed Elliston. "I remember in May, —99, the very day Seringapatam was taken, our sexton's wife was brought to bed of twins."

"With great humility, my dear Mr. Elliston," observed Sims, "that may be a coincidence; but is it, think you, so very—very remarkable?"

"Why Hindostan does not yield us cities every spring," replied Elliston, "nor are sextons' wives brought to bed of twins as a matter of course."

"And that both of these events should have happened on the same day is at least extraordinary," added Quick.

"Say no more—say no more, I am completely answered," rejoined Sims.

Here Elliston suggested another glass of wine all round.

By this time a third cover was removed, and a tart very temptingly served succeeded, which Elliston having commenced dividing, Sims rose from his chair, and extending his hands over the dismantled *tourte de pommes*, screamed out, "An apple-pie, as I live! Forgive me for swearing, but I gave special orders for an apple-pie myself. Apple —apple, said I to Mrs. Green and Mrs. Blowflower, and here it is!"

"Yes, I'll give up Seringapatam after this," said Elliston, mysteriously; "but when fruit is in season you know——why, I'll be bound they have an apple-tart next door."

"Apples are unusually plentiful this year," observed Quick.

"Come, another glass of wine! It shall at least be no apple of discord."

The repast was now drawing to a close, and Elliston, who had promised his guests a bottle of superior port wine, gave orders for its immediate introduction; but in the meantime a half Stilton cheese, in prime condition, was placed on the table.

We are told that a certain maréchal of France was always taken in convulsions at the sight of a sucking pig, that Tycho Brahe swooned

at the very glimpse of a hare, and that the philosophic Bayle was seized with sickness at the sound of water running from a cock; but the concentrated force of all these phenomena could scarcely have produced a more electric shock than the sudden appearance of the said Stilton cheese on the nerves of Mr. Sims. Springing from his seat as though stung by an adder, he gazed upon the dish before him in breathless stupefaction, and no sooner restored to strength of utterance than he shrieked aloud, "A cheese! a cheese!—and is it possible, a Stilton cheese, too?"

"My good Sims——" interrupted Elliston.

"——'Tis magic! magic! Excuse me for swearing; but I—I, myself, my dear Mr. Elliston, have a Stilton too!"

"And what more probable?"

"But the mould!—that fine blue mould!—and all this marble tracing—'tis most positively the same!"

"Similar, similar," interposed Quick, a second time.

"Tell me," said Elliston, with an ineffable look of wisdom, "where did you purchase your half Stilton?"

"At Coxe's," was the reply.

"Then, upon my honour, the cheese before you was bought at the same place. Why, 'tis the other half! and your fine blue mould and marble veining must inevitably correspond to the minutest speck. The fact is, we have been lucky to-day in hitting each other's taste. Come, the port!"

This lucid judgment was acquiesced in by Sims with a smile of the most lavish admiration, and the cloth being removed, the host began to push the bottle.

In vain have we collected all the fine things that transpired from this moment. The three friends were in considerable force, and the decanter circulated as briskly as a hat in a mountebank's ring. As the wine sank, their spirits rose; Mr. Sims so far forgot himself as to remember a song, and by ten o'clock there was not a happier gentleman of three score in the four parishes.

Mr. Sims being now sufficiently far gone—ripe as his own Stilton, for the purpose—Elliston gave directions for a sedan chair to be in waiting, and collecting the crockery of the woollen-draper, which had lately graced the dinner-table, he placed the pyramidical pile on a wooden tray, flanking the edifice by the four black bottles they had just emptied. All things being now in readiness, Mr. Sims, much against his inclination, was assisted into the chair, and being secured therein, the tray and porcelain, borne on the head of a porter, like a board of black plumes in advance of a solemn hearse, led the procession to the Abbey Churchyard. The body of Mr. Sims, dancing between the poles, came next in order, while Elliston and his friend, as chief mourners, brought up the rear. In this way they reached the mausoleum of the illustrious departed, and having "made wet their eyes with penitential tears," left the rites of sepulture to the care of Mrs. Green and Mrs. Blowflower.

Such was this *trait de gaieté*. What time elapsed before poor Mr. Sims could acquire courage to survey himself again in his glass, we have never been able to ascertain, nor has it ever reached our knowledge when next he ventured to encounter the chief of the Elliston family.

Windsor Castle.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

COLOSSAL EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

Book the Fourth.

I.

COMPRISING THE FIRST TWO EPOCHS IN THE HISTORY OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

Amid the gloom hovering over the early history of Windsor Castle appear the mighty phantoms of the renowned King Arthur and his knights, for whom, it is said, Merlin reared a magic fortress upon its heights, in a great hall whereof, decorated with trophies of war and of the chase, was placed the famous Round Table. But if the antique tale is now worn out, and no longer part of our faith, it is pleasant at least to record it, and, surren-

dering ourselves for awhile to the sway of fancy, to conjure up the old enchanted castle on the hill, to people its courts with warlike and lovely forms, its forests with fays and giants, and its stream with beauteous and benignant sprites.

Windsor, or Wyndleshore, so called from the winding banks of the river flowing past it, was the abode of the ancient Saxon monarchs; and a legend is related by William of Malmsbury, of a woodman named Wulwin, who being stricken with blindness, and having visited eighty-seven churches and vainly implored their tutelary saints for relief, was at last restored to sight by the touch of Edward the Confessor, who further enhanced the boon by making him keeper of his palace at Windsor. But though this story may be doubted, it is certain, that the pious king above mentioned granted Windsor to the abbot and monks of Saint Peter at Westminster, "for the hope of eternal reward, the remission of his sins, the sins of his father, mother, and all his ancestors, and to the praise of Almighty God, as a perpetual endowment and inheritance."

But the royal donation did not long remain in the hands of the priesthood. Struck by the extreme beauty of the spot, "for that it seemed exceeding profitable and commodious, because situate so near the Thames, the wood fit for game, and many other particulars lying there, meet and necessary for kings, —yea, a place very convenient for his reception," William the Conqueror prevailed upon Abbot Edwin to accept in exchange for it Wakendune and Feringes, in Essex, together with three other tenements in Colchester; and having obtained possession of the coveted hill, he forthwith began to erect a castle upon it,—occupying a space of about half a hide of land. Around it, he formed large parks, to enable him to pursue his favourite pastime of hunting; and he enacted and enforced severe laws for the preservation of the game.

As devoted to the chase as his father, William Rufus frequently hunted in the forests of Windsor, and solemnized some of the festivals of the church in the castle.

In the succeeding reign—namely, that of Henry the First,—the castle was entirely rebuilt and greatly enlarged—assuming somewhat of the character of a palatial residence, having before been little more than a strong hunting-seat. The structure then erected, in all probability, occupied the same site as the upper and lower wards of the present pile; but nothing remains of it except, perhaps, the keep, and of that little beyond its form and position. In 1109, Henry celebrated the feast of Pentecost with great state and magnificence within the castle. In 1122, he there espoused his second wife, Adelicia, daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Louvaine; and failing in obtaining issue by her, assembled the barons at Windsor, and caused them, together with David, King of Scotland, his sister Adela, and her son Stephen, afterwards King of England, to do homage to his daughter Maud, widow of the Emperor Henry the Fifth.

Proof that Windsor Castle was regarded as the second fortress in the realm is afforded by the treaty of peace between the usurper Stephen and the Empress Maud, in which it is coupled with the Tower of London under the designation of *Mota de Windsor*. At the signing of the treaty, it was committed to the custody of Richard de Lucy, who was continued in the office of keeper by Henry the Second.

In the reign of this monarch many repairs were made in the castle, to which a vineyard was attached,—the cultivation of the grape being at this time extensively practised throughout England. Strange as the circumstance may now appear, Stow mentions that vines grew in abundance in the Home Park in the reign of Richard the Second, the wine made from them being consumed at the king's table, and even sold.

It is related by Fabian, that Henry, stung by the disobedience and ingratitude of his sons, caused an allegorical picture to be painted, representing an old eagle assailed by four young ones, which he placed in one of the chambers of the castle. When asked the meaning of the device, he replied, "I am the old eagle, and the four eaglets are my sons, who cease not to pursue my death. The youngest bird, who is tearing out its parent's eyes, is my son John,—my youngest and best-loved son, and who yet is the most eager for my destruction."

On his departure for the holy wars, Richard Cœur de Lion entrusted the government of the castle to Hugh de Pudsey, Bishop of Durham and Earl of Northumberland; but a fierce dispute arising between the warrior-prelate and his ambitious colleague, William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, he was seized and imprisoned by the latter, and compelled to surrender the castle. After an extraordinary display of ostentation, Longchamp was ousted in his turn. On the arrival of the news of Richard's capture and imprisonment in Austria, the castle was seized by Prince John; but it was soon afterwards taken possession of in the king's behalf by the barons, and consigned to the custody of Eleanor, the queen-dowager.

In John's reign, the castle became the scene of a foul and terrible event. William de Braose, a powerful baron, having offended the king, his wife, Maud, was ordered to deliver up her son as a hostage for her husband. But instead of complying with the injunction, she rashly returned for answer—"that she would not entrust her child to the person who could slay his own nephew." Upon which, the ruthless king seized her and her son, and enclosing them in a recess in the wall of the castle, built them up within it.

Sorely pressed by the barons in 1215, John sought refuge within the castle, and in the same year signed the two charters, Magna Charta and Charta de Foresta, at Runnymede—a plain between Windsor and Staines. A curious account of his frantic demeanour, after divesting himself of so much power and extend-

ing so greatly the liberties of the subject, is given by Holinshed: —"Having acted so far contrary to his mind, the king was right sorrowful in heart, cursed his mother that bare him, and the hour in which he was born; wishing that he had received death by violence of sword or knife instead of natural nourishment. He whetted his teeth, and did bite now on one staff, now on another, as he walked, and oft brake the same in pieces when he had done, and with such disordered behaviour and furious gestures he uttered his grief, that the noblemen very well perceived the inclination of his inward affection concerning these things before the breaking-up of the council, and therefore sore lamented the state of the realm, guessing what would follow of his impatience, and displeasant taking of the matter." The faithless king made an attempt to regain his lost power, and war breaking out afresh in the following year, a numerous army, under the command of William de Nivernois, besieged the castle, which was stoutly defended by Inglehard de Achie and sixty knights. The barons, however, learning that John was marching through Norfolk and Suffolk, and ravaging the country, hastily raised the siege, and advanced to meet him. But he avoided them, marched to Stamford and Lincoln, and from thence towards Wales. On his return from this expedition, he was seized with the distemper of which he died.

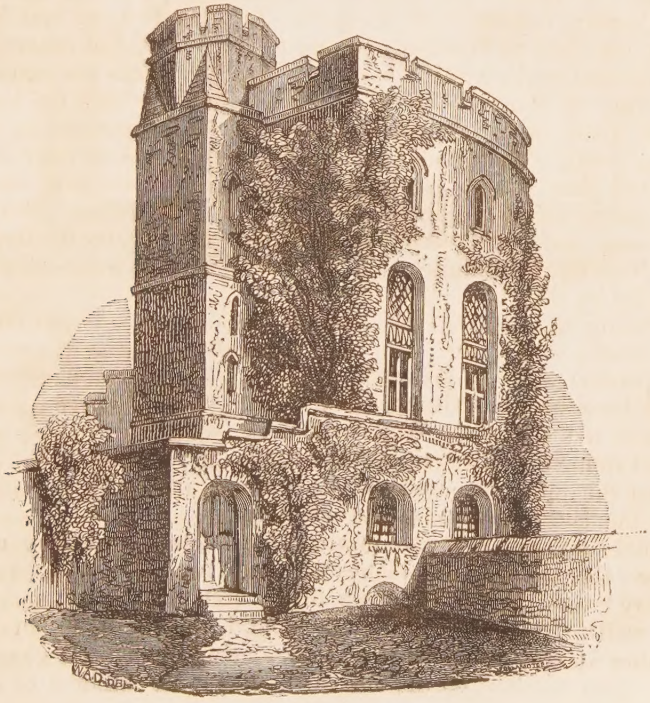
Henry the Third was an ardent encourager of architecture, and his reign marks the second great epoch in the annals of the castle. In 1223, eight hundred marks were paid to Engelhard de Cygony, constable of the castle, John le Draper, and William, the clerk of Windsor, masters of the works, and others, for repairs and works within the castle;—the latter, it is conjectured, referring to the erection of a new great hall within the lower ward, there being already a hall of small dimensions in the upper court. The windows of the new building were filled with painted glass, and at the upper end, upon a raised dais, was a gilt throne sustaining a statue of the king in his robes. Within this vast and richly decorated chamber, in 1240, on the day of the Nativity, an infinite number of poor persons were collected and fed by the king's command.

During the greater part of Henry's long and eventful reign, the works within the castle proceeded with unabated activity. Carpenters were maintained on the royal establishment; the ditch between the hall and the lower ward was repaired; a new kitchen was built; the bridges were repaired with timber procured from the neighbouring forest; certain breaches in the wall facing the garden were stopped; the fortifications were surveyed, and the battlements repaired. At the same time, the queen's chamber was painted and wainscoted, and iron bars were placed before the windows of Prince Edward's chamber. In 1240, Henry commenced building an apartment for his own use near the wall of the castle, sixty feet long, and twenty-eight high; another apartment for the queen contiguous to it; and a chapel

seventy feet long, and twenty-eight feet wide, along the same wall, but with a grassy space between it and the royal apartments. The chapel, as appears from an order to Walter de Grey, Archbishop of York, had a galilee and a cloister, a lofty wooden roof covered with lead, and a stone turret in front holding three or four bells. Withinside, it was made to appear like stone-work with good ceiling and painting, and it contained four gilded images.

This structure is supposed to have been in existence under the designation of the Old College Church, in the latter part of the reign of Henry the Seventh, by whom it was pulled down to make way for the tomb-house. Traces of its architecture have been discovered by diligent antiquarian research in the south ambulatory of the Dean's Cloister, and in the door behind the altar in Saint George's Chapel, the latter of which is conceived to have formed the principal entrance to the older structure, and has been described as exhibiting "one of the most beautiful specimens which time and innovation have respected of the elaborate ornamental work of the period."

In 1241, Henry commenced operations upon the outworks of the castle, and the three towers on the western side of the lower ward—now known as the Curfew, the Garter, and the Salisbury Towers—were erected by him. He also continued the walls along the south side of the lower ward, traces of the architecture of the period being discoverable in the inner walls of the houses of the alms-knights as far as the tower now bearing his name.



HENRY THE THIRD'S TOWER.

From thence, it is concluded that the ramparts ran along the east side of the upper ward to a tower occupying the site of the Wykeham or Winchester Tower.

The three towers at the west end of the lower ward, though much dilapidated, present unquestionable features of the architecture of the thirteenth century. The lower story of the Curfew Tower, which has been but little altered, consists of a large vaulted chamber, twenty-two feet wide, with walls of nearly thirteen feet in thickness, and having arched recesses terminated by loopholes. The walls are covered with the inscriptions of prisoners who have been confined within it. The Garter Tower, though in a most ruinous condition, exhibits high architectural beauty in its moulded arches and corbelled passages. The Salisbury Tower retains only externally, and on the side towards the town, its original aspect. The remains of a fourth tower are discernible in the Governor of the Alms-Knights' Tower; and Henry the Third's Tower, as before observed, completes what remains of the original chain of fortifications.

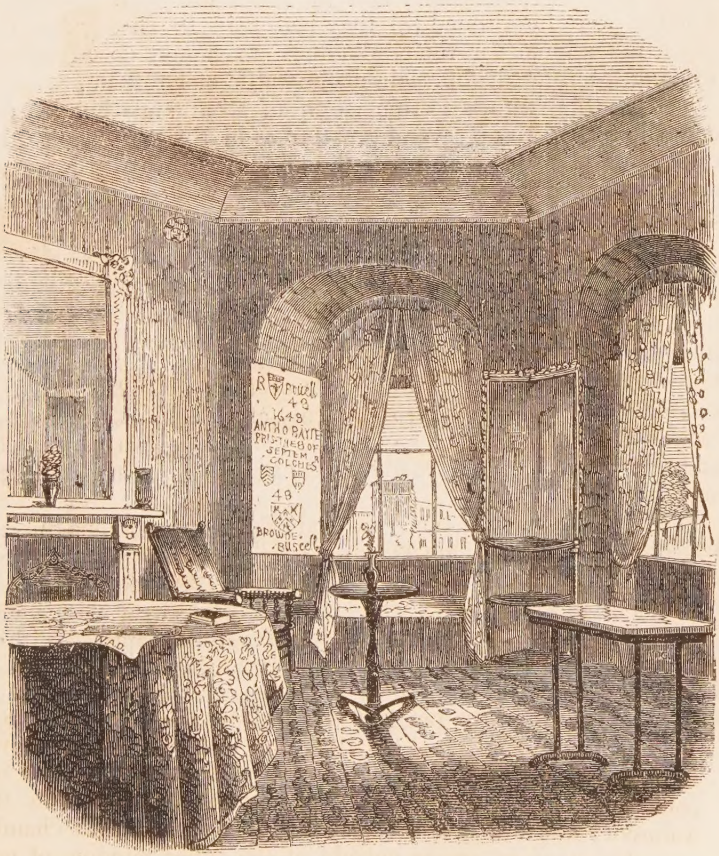
SOUTH SIDE OF THE ALMS-KNIGHTS' HOUSES, WITH HENRY THE THIRD'S TOWER, AND THE GOVERNOR'S TOWER.

On the 24th of November, 1244, Henry issued a writ enjoining "the clerks of the works at Windsor to work day and night to wainscot the high chamber upon the wall of the castle near our chapel in the upper bailey, so that it may be ready and properly wainscoted on Friday next, [the 24th occurring on a Tuesday, only two days were allowed for the task,] when we come there, with boards radiated and coloured, so that nothing be found reprehensible in that wainscot; and also to make at each gable of the said chamber one glass window, on the outside of the inner window of each

gable, so that when the inner window shall be closed, the glass windows may be seen outside."

The following year the works were suspended, but they were afterwards resumed and continued, with few interruptions; the keep was new constructed; a stone bench was fixed in the wall near the grass-plot by the king's chamber; a bridge was thrown across the ditch to the king's garden, which lay outside the walls; a barbican was erected, to which a portcullis was subsequently attached; the bridges were defended by strong iron chains; the old chambers in the upper ward were renovated; a conduit and lavatory were added; and a fountain was constructed in the garden.

In this reign, in all probability, the Norman Tower, which now forms a gateway between the middle and the upper ward, was erected. This tower, at present allotted to the housekeeper of the castle, Lady Mary Fox, was used as a prison-lodging during the civil wars of Charles the First's time; and many noble and gallant captives have left mementos of their loyalty and ill fate upon its walls.



LADY MARY FOX'S DRAWING-ROOM IN THE NORMAN TOWER.

In 1260, Henry received a visit at Windsor from his daughter Margaret, and her husband, Alexander the Third, King of Scotland. The queen gave birth to a daughter during her stay at the castle.

In 1264, during the contest between Henry and the barons, the valiant Prince Edward, his son, returning from a successful expedition into Wales, surprised the citizens of London, and carrying off their military chest, in which was much treasure, retired to Windsor Castle, and strongly garrisoned it. The queen Eleanor, his mother, would fain have joined him there, but she was driven back by the citizens at London Bridge, and compelled to take sanctuary in the palace of the Bishop of London, at Saint Paul's.

Compelled, at length, to surrender the castle to the barons, and to depart from it with his consort, Eleanor of Castile, the brave prince soon afterwards recovered it, but was again forced to deliver it up to Simon de Montford, Earl of Leicester, who appointed Geoffrey de Langele governor. But though frequently wrested from him at this period, Windsor Castle was never long out of Henry's possession; and in 1265, the chief citizens of London were imprisoned till they had paid the heavy fine imposed upon them for their adherence to Simon de Montford, who had been just before slain at the battle of Evesham.

During this reign, a terrific storm of wind and thunder occurred, which tore up several great trees in the park, shook the castle, and blew down a part of the building in which the queen and her family were lodged, but happily without doing them injury.

Four of the children of Edward the First, who was blessed with numerous offspring, were born at Windsor; and as he frequently resided at the castle, the town began to increase in importance and consideration. By a charter granted in 1276, it was created a free borough, and various privileges were conferred on its inhabitants. Stow tells us that, in 1295, "on the last day of February, there suddenly arose such a fire in the castle of Windsor, that many offices were therewith consumed, and many goodly images, made to beautify the buildings, defaced and deformed."

Edward the Second, and his beautiful but perfidious queen, Isabella of France, made Windsor Castle their frequent abode; and here, on the 13th day of November, 1312, at forty minutes past five in the morning, was born a prince, over whose nativity the wizard Merlin must have presided. Baptized within the old chapel by the name of Edward, this prince became afterwards the third monarch of the name, and the greatest, and was also styled from the place of his birth, Edward of Windsor.

II.

COMPRISING THE THIRD GREAT EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE;—AND SHEWING HOW THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER WAS INSTITUTED.

STRONGLY attached to the place of his birth, Edward the Third, by his letters patent, dated from Westminster, in the twenty-second year of his reign, new founded the ancient chapel established by Henry the First, and dedicated it to the Virgin, Saint George of Cappadocia, and Saint Edward the Confessor; ordaining that to the eight canons appointed by his predecessor, there should be added one custos, fifteen more canons, and twenty-four alms-knights; the whole to be maintained out of the revenues with which the chapel was to be endowed. The institution was confirmed by Pope Clement the Sixth, by a bull issued at Avignon, the 13th November, 1351.

In 1349, before the foundation of the college had been confirmed, as above related, Edward instituted the order of the Garter. The origin of this illustrious order has been much disputed. By some writers it has been ascribed to Richard Cœur de Lion, who is said to have girded a leathern band round the legs of his bravest knights in Palestine. By others it has been asserted that it arose from the word "garter" having been used as a watchword by Edward at the battle of Cressy. Others again have stoutly maintained that its ring-like form bore mysterious reference to the Round Table. But the popular legend, to which, despite the doubts thrown upon it, credence still attaches, declares its origin to be as follows: Joan, Countess of Salisbury, a beautiful dame, of whom Edward was enamoured, while dancing at a high festival, accidentally slipped her garter, of blue embroidered velvet. It was picked up by her royal partner, who, noticing the significant looks of his courtiers on the occasion, used the words to them, which afterwards became the motto of the order, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense;*" adding, that "in a short time they should see that garter advanced to so high honour and estimation, as to account themselves happy to wear it."

But whatever may have originated the order, it unquestionably owes its establishment to motives of policy. Wise as valiant, and bent upon prosecuting his claim to the crown of France, Edward, as a means of accomplishing his object, resolved to collect beneath his standard the best knights in Europe, and to lend a colour to the design, he gave forth that he intended a restoration of King Arthur's Round Table, and accordingly commenced constructing within the castle a large circular building of two hundred feet in diameter, in which he placed a round table. On the completion of the work, he issued proclamations throughout England, Scotland, France, Burgundy, Flanders, Brabant, and the Empire, inviting all knights, desirous of approving their valour, to a solemn feast and jousts to be holden within the castle

of Windsor, on Saint George's Day, 1345. The scheme was completely successful. The flower of the chivalry of Europe—excepting that of Philip the Sixth of France, who, seeing through the design, interdicted the attendance of his knights—were present at the tournament, which was graced by Edward and his chief nobles, together with his queen and three hundred of her fairest dames, "adorned with all imaginable gallantry." At this chivalrous convocation the institution of the order of the Garter was arranged; but before its final establishment Edward assembled his principal barons and knights, to determine upon the regulations, when it was decided that the number should be limited to twenty-six.

The first installation took place on the anniversary of Saint George, the patron of the order, 1349, when the king, accompanied by the twenty-five knights-companions, attired in gowns of russet, with mantles of fine blue woollen cloth, powdered with garters, and bearing the other insignia of the order, marched, bareheaded, in solemn procession, to the chapel of Saint George, then recently rebuilt, where mass was performed by William Edington, Bishop of Winchester, after which they partook of a magnificent banquet. The festivities were continued for several days. At the jousts held on this occasion, David, King of Scotland, the Lord Charles of Blois, and Ralph, Earl of Eu and Guisnes, and constable of France, to whom the chief prize of the day was adjudged, with others, then prisoners, attended. The harness of the King of Scotland, embroidered with a pale of red velvet, and beneath it a red rose, was provided at Edward's own charge. This suit of armour was, until a few years back, preserved in the Round Tower, where the royal prisoner was confined. Edward's device was a white swan, gorged or, with the "daring and inviting" motto,—

Hay hay the wythe swan
By God's soul I am thy man.

The insignia of the order in the days of its founder were the garter, mantle, surcoat, and hood; the George and collar being added by Henry the Eighth. The mantle, as before intimated, was originally of fine blue woollen cloth, but velvet, lined with taffeta, was substituted by Henry the Sixth, the left shoulder being adorned with the arms of Saint George, embroidered within a garter. Little is known of the materials of which the early garter was composed; but it is supposed to have been adorned with gold, and fastened with a buckle of the same metal. The modern garter is of blue velvet, bordered with gold wire, and embroidered with the motto—"*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" It is worn on the left leg, a little below the knee. The most magnificent garter that ever graced a sovereign was that presented to Charles the First by Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, each letter in the motto of which was com-

posed of diamonds. The collar is formed of pieces of gold fashioned like garters, with a blue enamelled ground. The letters of the motto are in gold, with a rose enamelled red in the centre of each garter. From the collar hangs the George, an ornament enriched with precious stones, and displaying the figure of the Saint encountering the dragon.

The officers of the order are, the prelate, represented by the Bishop of Winchester; the chancellor, by the Bishop of Oxford; the registrar, dean, garter king-at-arms, and the usher of the black rod. Among the foreign potentates who have been invested with the order are, eight emperors of Germany; two of Russia; five kings of France; three of Spain; one of Arragon; seven of Portugal; one of Poland; two of Sweden; six of Denmark; two of Naples; one of Sicily and Jerusalem; one of Bohemia; two of Scotland; seven princes of Orange; and many of the most illustrious personages of different ages in Europe.

Truly hath the learned Selden written, "that the order of the garter hath not only precedency of antiquity before the eldest rank of honour of that kind anywhere established, but it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world." Well, also, hath glorious Dryden, in the "Flower and the Leaf," sung the praises of the illustrious institution:—

> "Behold an order yet of newer date,
> Doubling their number, equal in their state;
> Our England's ornament, the crown's defence,
> In battle brave, protectors of their prince;
> Unchanged by fortune, to their sovereign true,
> For which their manly legs are bound with blue.
> These of the Garter call'd, of faith unstain'd.
> In fighting fields the laurel have obtain'd,
> And well repaid the laurels which they gain'd."

In 1357, John, King of France, defeated at the battle of Poitiers by Edward the Black Prince, was brought captive to Windsor; and on the festival of Saint George in the following year, 1358, Edward outshone all his former splendid doings by a tournament which he gave in honour of his royal prisoner. Proclamation having been made as before, and letters of safe-conduct issued, the nobles and knighthood of Almayne, Gascoigne, Scotland, and other countries, flocked to attend it. The Queen of Scotland, Edward's sister, was present at the jousts; and it is said that John, commenting upon the splendour of the spectacle, shrewdly observed "that he never saw or knew such royal shows and feastings without some after reckoning." The same monarch replied to his kingly captor, who sought to rouse him from dejection, on another occasion—"Quomodo cantabimus canticum in terra alienâ!"

That his works might not be retarded for want of hands, Edward, in the twenty-fourth year of his reign, appointed John de Sponlee master of the stonehewers, with a power not only "to take and keep, as well within the liberties as without, as

many masons and other artificers as were necessary, and to convey them to Windsor, but to arrest and imprison such as should disobey or refuse; with a command to all sheriffs, mayors, bailiffs, &c., to assist him." These powers were fully acted upon at a later period, when some of the workmen, having left their employment, were thrown into Newgate; while the place of others, who had been carried off by a pestilence then raging in the castle, was supplied by impressment.

In 1356, WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM was constituted superintendent of the works, with the same powers as John de Sponlee, and his appointment marks an important era in the annals of the castle. Originally secretary to Edward the Third, this remarkable man became Bishop of Winchester, and prelate of the Garter. When he solicited the bishopric, it is said that Edward told him he was neither a priest nor a scholar; to which he replied that he would soon be the one, and in regard to the other, he would make more scholars than all the Bishops of England ever did. He made good his word by founding the collegiate school at Winchester, and erecting New College at Oxford. When the Winchester Tower was finished, he caused the words HOC FECIT WYKEHAM, to be carved upon it; and the king, offended at his presumption, Wykeham turned away his displeasure by declaring that the inscription meant that the castle had made *him*, and not that *he* had made the castle. It is a curious coincidence, that this tower, after a lapse of four centuries and a half, should become the residence of an architect possessing the genius of Wykeham, and who, like him, had rebuilt the kingly edifice—SIR JEFFRY WYATVILLE.

William of Wykeham retired from office, loaded with honours, in 1362, and was succeeded by William de Mulso. He was interred in the cathedral at Winchester. His arms were argent, two chevrons, sable, between three roses, gules, with the motto—"Manners maketh man."

In 1359, Holinshed relates, that the king "set workmen in hand to take down much old buildings belonging to the castle, and caused divers other fine and sumptuous works to be set up in and about the same castle, so that almost all the masons and carpenters that were of any account in the land were sent for and employed about the same works." The old buildings here referred to were probably the remains of the palace and the keep of Henry the First, in the middle ward.

As the original chapel, dedicated to Saint George, was demolished by Edward the Fourth, its position and form cannot be clearly determined. But a conjecture has been hazarded that it occupied the same ground as the choir of the present chapel, and extended further eastward. "Upon the question of its style," says Mr. Poynter, from whose valuable account of the castle much information has been derived, "there is the evidence of two fragments discovered near this site, a corbel and a piscina, ornamented with foliage strongly characteristic of the *decorated English*

Gothic, and indicating, by the remains of colour on their surfaces, that they belonged to an edifice adorned in the polychromatic style, so elaborately developed in the chapel already built by Edward the Third at Westminster."

The royal lodgings, Saint George's Hall, the buildings on the east and north sides of the upper ward, the Round Tower, the canons' houses in the lower ward, and the whole circumference of the castle, exclusive of the towers erected in Henry the Third's reign, were now built. Among the earlier works in Edward's reign is the Dean's Cloister. The square of the upper ward, added by this monarch, occupied a space of four hundred and twenty feet, and encroached somewhat upon the middle ward. Externally, the walls presented a grim, regular appearance, broken only by the buttresses, and offering no other apertures than the narrow loopholes and gateways. Some traces of the architecture of the period may still be discerned in the archway and machecoulis of the principal gateway adjoining the Round Tower; the basement chamber of the Devil Tower, or Edward the Third's Tower; and in the range of groined and four-centered vaulting, extending along the north side of the upper quadrangle, from the kitchen gateway to King John's Tower.

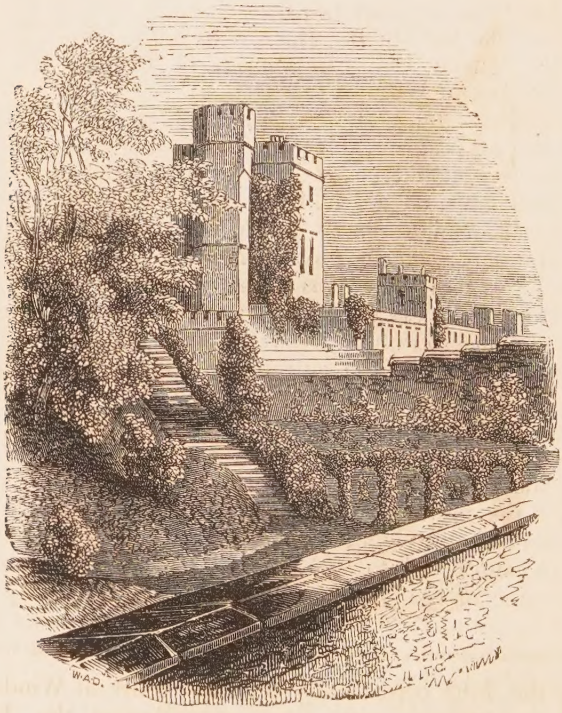
In 1369, Queen Philippa, consort of Edward the Third, breathed her last in Windsor Castle.

Richard the Second, grandson of Edward the Third, frequently kept his court at Windsor. Here, in 1382, it was determined by council that war should be declared against France; and here, sixteen years later, on a scaffold erected within the castle, the famous appeal for high treason was made by Henry of Lancaster, Duke of Hereford, against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, the latter of whom defied his accuser to mortal combat. The duel was stopped by the king, and the adversaries banished; but the Duke of Lancaster afterwards returned to depose his banisher. About the same time, the citizens of London having refused Richard a large loan, he summoned the lord mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and twenty-four of the principal citizens, to his presence, and after rating them soundly, ordered them all into custody, imprisoning the lord mayor in the castle. In this reign, Geoffrey Chaucer, "the father of English poetry," was appointed clerk to the works of Saint George's Chapel, at a salary of two shillings per day, (a sum equal to £657 per annum of modern money,) with the same arbitrary power as had been granted to previous surveyors, to impress carpenters and masons. Chaucer did not retain his appointment more than twenty months, and was succeeded by John Gedney.

It was at Windsor that Henry the Fourth, scarcely assured of the crown he had seized, received intelligence of a conspiracy against his life from the traitorous Aumerle, who purchased his own safety at the expense of his confederates. The timely warning enabled the king to baffle the design. It was in Windsor, also, that the children of Mortimer, Earl of March, the rightful

successor to the throne, were detained as hostages for their father. Liberated by the countess dowager of Gloucester, who contrived to open their prison door with false keys, the youthful captives escaped to the marches of Wales, where, however, they were overtaken by the emissaries of Henry, and brought back to their former place of confinement.

A few years later, another illustrious prisoner was brought to Windsor—namely, Prince James, the son of King Robert the Third, and afterwards James the First of Scotland. This prince remained a captive for upwards of eighteen years; not being released till 1424, in the second of Henry the Sixth, by the Duke of Bedford, then regent. James's captivity, and his love for Jane of Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset, and grand-daughter to John of Gaunt, to whom he was united, have breathed a charm over the Round Tower, where he was confined; and his memory, like that of the chivalrous and poetical Surrey, whom he resembled in character and accomplishments, will be ever associated with it.



MOAT OF THE ROUND TOWER, WITH HENRY THE THIRD'S TOWER.

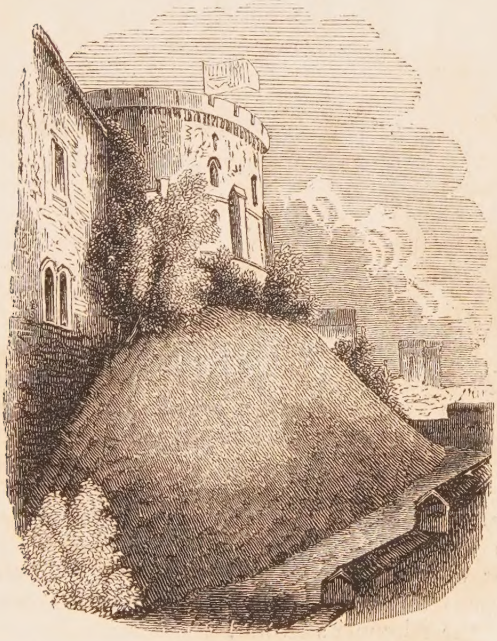
In the "King's Quair," the royal poet has left an exquisite picture of a garden nook, contrived within the dry moat of the dungeon:—

"Now was there made, fast by the tower's wall,
A garden faire, and in the corners set
An arbour green with wandis long and small
Railéd about, and so with leaves beset
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none, walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

"So thick the branches and the leavés green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And midst of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe, green, sweet juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without
The boughs did spread the arbour all about."

And he thus describes the first appearance of the lovely Jane, and the effect produced upon him by her charms:—

"And therewith cast I down mine eye again,
Where as I saw walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comyn her to plain,
The fairest and the freshest youngé flower
That e'er I saw, methought, before that hour;
For which sudden abate, anon did start
The blood of all my body to my heart."



ROUND TOWER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST, WITH COVERED WAY FROM SAINT GEORGE'S GATE.

Henry the Fifth occasionally kept his court at Windsor, and in 1416 entertained with great magnificence the Emperor Sigismund, who brought with him an invaluable relic—the heart of Saint George, which he bestowed upon the chapter. The emperor was at the same time invested with the order.

In 1421, the unfortunate Henry the Sixth was born within the castle; and in 1484, he was interred within it.

SOUTH SIDE OF SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

III.

COMPRISING THE FOURTH EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE; AND SHEWING HOW SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL WAS REBUILT BY KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

FINDING the foundation and walls of Saint George's Chapel much dilapidated and decayed, Edward the Fourth resolved to pull down the pile, and build a larger and statelier structure in its place. With this view, he constituted Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, surveyor of the works, from whose designs arose the present beautiful edifice. To enable the Bishop to accomplish the work, power was given him to remove all obstructions, and to enlarge the space by the demolition of the three buildings then commonly called Clure's Tower, Berner's Tower, and the Almoner's Tower.

The zeal and assiduity with which Beauchamp prosecuted his task is adverted to in the patent of his appointment to the office of Chancellor of the Garter, the preamble whereof recites, "that out of mere love towards the order, he had given himself the leisure daily to attend the advancement and progress of this goodly fabric."

The chapel, however, was not completed in one reign, or

by one architect. Sir Reginald Bray, prime-minister of Henry the Seventh, succeeded Bishop Beauchamp as surveyor of the works, and it was by him that the matchless roof of the choir and other parts of the fabric were built. Indeed, the frequent appearance of Bray's arms, sometimes single, sometimes impaling his alliances, in many parts of the ceiling and windows, has led to the supposition that he himself contributed largely to the expense of the work. The groined ceiling of the chapel was not commenced till the twenty-seventh year of the reign of Henry the Seventh, when the pinnacles of the roof were decorated with vanes, supported by gilt figures of lions, antelopes, greyhounds, and dragons,—the want of which is still a detriment to the external beauty of the structure.

"The main vaulting of Saint George's Chapel," says Mr. Poynter, "is perhaps, without exception, the most beautiful specimen of the Gothic stone roof in existence; but it has been very improperly classed with those of the same architectural period in the chapels of King's College, Cambridge, and Henry the Seventh, at Westminster. The roofing of the aisle and the centre compartment of the body of the building, are indeed in that style, but the vault of the nave and choir differ essentially from *fan* vaulting, both in drawing and construction. It is, in fact, a *wagon-headed* vault, broken by *Welsh groins* — that is to say, groins which cut into the main arch below the apex. It is not singular in the principle of its design, but it is unique in its proportions, in which the exact mean seems to be attained between the poverty and monotony of a wagon-headed ceiling, and the ungraceful effect of a mere groined roof with a depressed roof of large span. To which may be added, that with a richness of effect scarcely if at all inferior to fan tracery, it is free from those abrupt junctions of the lines and other defects of drawing inevitable when the length and breadth of the compartments of fan vaulting differ very much, of which King's College Chapel exhibits some notable instances."

Supported by these exquisite ribs and groins, the ceiling is decorated with heraldic insignia, displaying the arms of Edward the Confessor, Edward the Third, Edward the Black Prince, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, and Henry the Eighth; with the arms of England and France quartered, the holy cross, the shield or cross of Saint George, the rose, portcullis, lion rampant, unicorn, fleur-de-lis, dragon, and prince's feathers, together with the arms of a multitude of noble families. In the nave are emblazoned the arms of Henry the Eighth, and of several knights-companions, among which are those of Charles the Fifth, Francis the First, and Ferdinand, Infant of Spain. The extreme lightness and graceful proportions of the pillars lining the aisles contribute greatly to the effect of this part of the structure.

INTERIOR OF SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE CHOIR.

Beautiful, however, as is the body of the chapel, it is not comparable to the choir. Here, and on either side, are ranged the stalls of the knights, formerly twenty-six in number, but now increased to thirty-two, elaborately carved in black oak, and covered by canopies of the richest tabernacle-work, supported by slender pillars. On the pedestals is represented the history of the Saviour, and on the front of the stalls, at the west end of the choir, is carved the legend of Saint George; while on the outside of the upper seat is cut, in old Saxon characters, the twentieth psalm, in Latin. On the canopies of the stalls are placed the mantle, helmet, coat, and sword of the knights-companions; and above them are hung their emblazoned banners. On the back of each stall are fixed small enamelled plates, graven with the

titles of the knights who have occupied it. The ancient stall of the sovereign was removed in 1788, and a new seat erected.

The altar was formerly adorned with costly hangings of crimson velvet and gold, but these, together with the consecrated vessels, of great value, were seized by order of parliament in 1642, amid the general plunder of the foundation. The service of the altar was replaced by Charles the Second.

The sovereign's stall is immediately on the right on the entrance to the choir, and the prince's on the left. The queen's closet is on the north side, above the altar. Beneath it is the beautiful and elaborately-wrought framework of iron, representing a pair of gates between two Gothic towers, designed as a screen to the tomb of Edward the Fourth, and which, though popularly attributed to Quintin Matsys, has with more justice been assigned to Master John Tressilian.

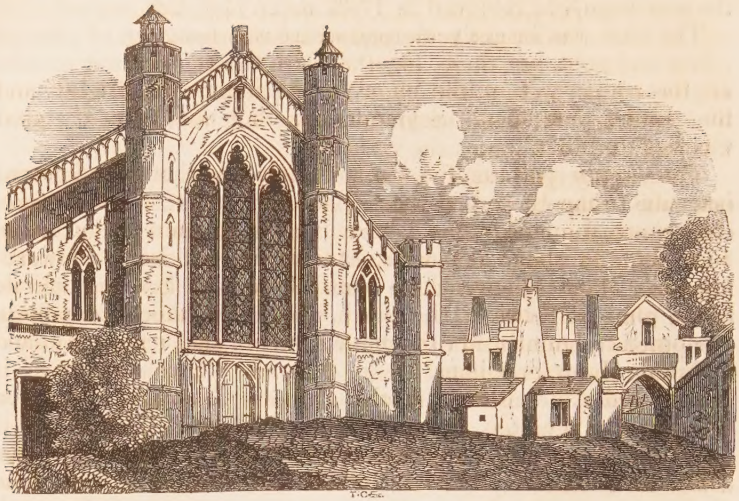
One great blemish to the chapel exists in the window over the altar, the mullions and tracery of which have been removed to make way for dull, colourless copies in painted glass of West's designs. Instead of

> ——— "blushing with the blood of kings,
> And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings—

steeping the altar in rich suffusion, chequering the walls and pavement with variegated hues, and filling the whole sacred spot with a warm and congenial glow—these panes produce a cold, cheerless, and most disagreeable effect.

The removal of this objectionable feature, and the restoration of frame-work and compartments in the style of the original, and enriched with ancient mellow-toned and many-hued glass in keeping with the place, are absolutely indispensable to the completeness and unity of character of the chapel. Two clerestory windows at the east end of the choir, adjoining the larger window, have been recently filled with stained glass in much better taste.

The objections above made may be urged with equal force against the east and west windows of the south aisle of the body of the fane, and the west window of the north aisle. The glorious west window, composed of eighty compartments, embellished with figures of kings, patriarchs, and bishops, together with the insignia of the garter and the arms of prelates,—the wreck gathered from all the other windows,—and streaming with the radiance of the setting sun upon the broad nave and graceful pillars of the aisles,—this superb window—an admirable specimen of the architecture of the age in which it was designed —had well nigh shared the fate of the others, and was only preserved from desecration by the circumstance of the death of the glass-painter. The mullions of this window being found much decayed, were carefully and consistently restored, during the last year, by Mr. Blore, and the ancient stained glass replaced.



WEST END OF SAINT GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

Not only does Saint George's Chapel form a house of prayer and a temple of chivalry, but it is also the burial-place of kings. At the east end of the north aisle of the choir is a plain flag, bearing the words:—

King Edward IIII. and his Queen Elizabeth Widville.

The coat of mail, and surcoat, decorated with rubies and precious stones, together with other rich trophies once ornamenting this tomb, were carried off by the parliamentary plunderers. Edward's queen, Elizabeth Woodville, it was thought slept beside him; but when the royal tomb was opened in 1789, and the two coffins within it examined, the smaller one was found empty. The queen's body was subsequently discovered in a stone coffin by the workmen employed in excavating the vault for George the Third. Edward's coffin was seven feet long, and contained a perfect skeleton. On the opposite aisle, near the choir door, as already mentioned, rests the ill-fated Henry the Sixth, beneath an arch sumptuously embellished by Henry the Eighth, on the keystone of which may still be seen his arms, supported by two antelopes connected by a golden chain. Henry's body was removed from Chertsey, where it was first interred, and reburied in 1484, with much solemnity, in this spot. Such was the opinion entertained of his sanctity that miracles were supposed to be wrought upon his tomb, and Henry the Seventh applied to have him canonized, but the demands of the pope were too exorbitant. The proximity of Henry and Edward in death suggested the following lines to Pope:—

"Here, o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And fast beside him, once fear'd Edward sleeps;
The grave unites, where e'en the grave finds rest,
And mingled lie the oppressor and the opprest."

In the royal vault in the choir repose Henry the Eighth and his third queen, Jane Seymour, together with the martyred Charles the First.

Space only permits the hasty enumeration of the different beautiful chapels and chantries adorning this splendid fane. These are, Lincoln Chapel, near which Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, is buried; Oxenbridge Chapel; Aldworth Chapel; Bray Chapel, where rests the body of Sir Reginald de Bray, the architect of the pile; Beaufort Chapel, containing sumptuous monuments of the noble family of that name; Rutland Chapel; Hastings Chapel; and Urswick Chapel, in which is now placed the cenotaph of the Princess Charlotte, sculptured by Matthew Wyatt.

In a vault near the sovereign's stall lie the remains of the Duke of Gloucester, who died in 1805, and of his duchess, who died two years after him. And near the entrance of the south door is a slab of grey marble, beneath which lies one who in his day filled the highest offices of the realm, and was the brother of a king and the husband of a queen. It is inscribed with the great name of CHARLES BRANDON.

At the east end of the north aisle is the chapter-house, in which is a portrait and the sword of state of Edward the Third.

Adjoining the chapel, on the east, stands the royal tomb-house. Commenced by Henry the Seventh as a mausoleum, but abandoned for the chapel in Westminster Abbey, this structure was granted by Henry the Eighth to Wolsey, who intending it as a place of burial for himself, erected within it a sumptuous monument of black and white marble, with eight large brazen columns placed around it, and four others in the form of candlesticks. At the time of the cardinal's disgrace, when the building reverted to the crown, the monument was far advanced towards completion—the vast sum of 4280 ducats having been paid to Benedetto, a Florentine sculptor, for work, and nearly four hundred pounds for gilding part of it. This tomb was stripped of its ornaments, and destroyed by the parliamentary rebels in 1646; but the black marble sarcophagus forming part of it, and intended as a receptacle for Wolsey's own remains, escaped destruction, and now covers the grave of Nelson in a crypt of Saint Paul's cathedral.

Henry the Eighth was not interred in this mausoleum, but in Saint George's Chapel, as has just been mentioned, and as he himself directed, "mid-way between the state and the high altar." Full instructions were left by him for the erection of a monument, which, if it had been completed, would have been truly magnificent. The pavement was to be of oriental

stones, with two great steps upon it of the same material. The two pillars of the church between which the tomb was to be set were to be covered with bas-reliefs, representing the chief events of the Old Testament, angels with gilt garlands, fourteen images of the prophets, the apostles, the evangelists, and the four doctors of the church, and at the foot of every image a little child with a basket full of red and white roses enamelled and gilt. Between these pillars, on a basement of white marble, the epitaphs of the king and queen were to be written in letters of gold. On the same basement were to be two tombs of black touchstone supporting the images of the king and queen, not as dead, but sleeping, "to shew," so runs the order, "that famous princes leaving behind them great fame do never die." On the right hand at either corner of the tomb was to be an angel holding the king's arms, with a great candlestick, and at the opposite corners, two other angels bearing the queen's arms and candlesticks. Between the two black tombs was to rise a high basement like a sepulchre, surmounted by a statue of the king on horseback, in armour—both figures to be "of the whole stature of a goodly man and a large horse." Over this statue was to be a canopy, like a triumphal arch, of white marble, garnished with oriental stones of divers colours, with the story of Saint John the Baptist wrought in gilt brass upon it, with a crowning group of the Father holding the soul of the king in his right hand and the soul of the queen in his left, and blessing them. The height of the monument was to be twenty-eight feet. The number of statues was to be one hundred and thirty-four, with forty-four bas-reliefs. It would be matter of infinite regret that this great design was never executed, if its destruction by the parliamentary plunderers would not in that case have been, also, matter of certainty.

Charles the First intended to fit up this structure as a royal mausoleum, but was diverted from the plan by the outbreak of the civil war. It was afterwards used as a chapel by James the Second, and mass was publicly performed in it. The ceiling was painted by Verrio, and the walls highly ornamented; but the decorations were greatly injured by the fury of an anti-catholic mob, who assailed the building, and destroyed its windows, on the occasion of a banquet given to the pope's nuncio by the king. In this state it continued till the commencement of the present century, when the exterior was repaired by George the Third, and a vault, seventy feet in length, twenty-eight in width, and fourteen in depth, constructed within it, for the reception of the royal family. Catacombs formed of massive octangular pillars, and supporting ranges of shelves, line the walls on either side. At the eastern extremity, there are five niches, and in the middle twelve low tombs. A subterranean passage leads from the vault beneath the choir of Saint George's altar to the

sepulchre. Within it are deposited the bodies of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, the Princesses Amelia and Charlotte, the Dukes of Kent and of York, and the two last sovereigns, George the Fourth and William the Fourth.

But to return to the reign of Edward the Fourth, from which the desire to bring down the history of Saint George's Chapel to the present time has led to the foregoing digression. About the same time that the chapel was built, habitations for the dean and canons were erected on the north-east of the fane, while another range of dwellings for the minor canons was built at its west end, disposed in the form of a fetter-lock, one of the badges of Edward the Fourth, and since called the Horse-shoe Cloisters. The ambulatory of these cloisters once displayed a fine specimen of the timber architecture of Henry the Seventh's time, when they were repaired, but little of their original character can now be discerned.

In 1482, Edward, desirous of advancing his popularity with the citizens of London, invited the lord mayor and aldermen to Windsor, where he feasted them royally, and treated them to the pleasures of the chase, sending them back to their spouses, loaded with game.

In 1484, Richard the Third kept the feast of Saint George at Windsor, and the building of the chapel was continued during his reign.

The picturesque portion of the castle on the north side of the upper ward, near the Norman gateway, and which is one of the noblest Gothic features of the proud pile, was built by Henry the Seventh, whose name it still bears. The side of this building looking towards the terrace was originally decorated with two rich windows, but one of them has disappeared, and the other has suffered much damage.

In 1500, the deanery was rebuilt by Dean Urswick. At the lower end of the court, adjoining the canons' houses behind the Horse-shoe Cloisters, stands the Collegiate Library, the date of which is uncertain, though it may perhaps be referred to this period. The establishment was enriched in later times by a valuable library, bequeathed to it by the Earl of Ranelagh.

In 1506, Windsor was the scene of great festivity, in consequence of the unexpected arrival of Philip, king of Castile, and his queen, who had been driven by stress of weather into Weymouth. The royal visitors remained for several weeks at the Castle, during which it continued a scene of revelry, intermixed with the sports of the chase. At the same time, Philip was invested with the order of the Garter, and installed in the chapel of Saint George.

The great gateway to the lower ward was built in the commencement of the reign of Henry the Eighth. It is decorated with his arms and devices—the rose, portcullis, and fleur-de-lis,

and with the bearings of Catherine of Arragon. In 1522, Charles the Fifth visited Windsor, and was installed Knight of the Garter.

During a period of dissension in the council, Edward the Sixth was removed for safety to Windsor, by the lord protector, Somerset; and here, at a later period, the youthful monarch received a letter from the council urging the dismissal of Somerset, with which, by the advice of the Archbishop of Canterbury, he complied.

In this reign, an undertaking to convey water to the castle from Blackmore Park, near Wingfield, a distance of five miles, was commenced, though it was not till 1555, in the time of Mary, that the plan was accomplished, when a pipe was brought into the upper ward, "and there the water plenteously did rise thirteen feet high." In the middle of the court was erected a magnificent fountain, consisting of a canopy raised upon columns, gorgeously decorated with heraldic ornaments, and surmounted by a great vane, with the arms of Philip and Mary impaled upon it, and supported by a lion and an eagle, gilt and painted. The water was discharged by a great dragon, one of the supporters of the Tudor arms, into the cistern beneath, whence it was conveyed by pipes to every part of the castle.

Mary held her court at Windsor soon after her union with Philip of Spain. About this period, the old habitations of the alms-knights on the south side of the lower quadrangle were taken down, and others erected in their stead.

Fewer additions were made to Windsor Castle by Elizabeth than might have been expected from her predilection for it as a place of residence. She extended and widened the north terrace, where, when lodging within the castle, she daily took exercise, whatever might be the weather. The terrace at this time, as it is described by Paul Hentzner, and as it appears in Norden's view, was a sort of balcony projecting beyond the scarp of the hill, and supported by great cantilevers of wood.

In 1576, the gallery still bearing her name, and lying between Henry the Seventh's buildings and the Norman Tower, was erected by Elizabeth. This portion of the castle had the good fortune to escape the alterations and modifications made in almost every other part of the upper ward after the restoration of Charles the Second. It now forms the library. A large garden was laid out by the same queen, and a small gateway on Castle-hill, built by her—which afterwards became one of the greatest obstructions to the approach, and it was taken down by George the Fourth.

Elizabeth often hunted in the parks, and exhibited her skill in archery, which was by no means inconsiderable, at the butts. Her fondness for dramatic performances likewise induced her to erect a stage within the castle, on which plays and interludes

were performed. And to her admiration of the character of Falstaff, and her love of the locality, the world is indebted for the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

James the First favoured Windsor as much as his predecessors; caroused within its halls, and chased the deer in its parks. Christian the Fourth of Denmark was sumptuously entertained by him at Windsor. In this reign a curious dispute occurred between the king and the dean and chapter respecting the repair of a breach in the wall, which was not brought to issue for three years, when, after much argument, it was decided in favour of the clergy.

Little was done at Windsor by Charles the First until the tenth year of his reign, when a banqueting-house erected by Elizabeth was taken down, and the magnificent fountain constructed by Queen Mary demolished. Two years afterwards, "a pyramid or lantern," with a clock, bell, and dial, was ordered to be set up in the front of the castle, and a balcony was erected before the room where Henry the Sixth was born.

In the early part of the year 1642, Charles retired to Windsor, to shield himself from the insults of the populace, and was followed by a committee of the House of Commons, who prevailed upon him to desist from the prosecution of the impeached members. On the 23rd of October, in the same year, Captain Fogg, at the head of a parliamentarian force, demanded the keys of the college-treasury, and not being able to obtain them, forced open the doors, and carried off the whole of the plate.

The plunder of the college was completed by Vane, the parliamentary governor of the castle, who seized upon the whole of the furniture and decorations of the choir; rifled the tomb of Edward the Fourth; stripped off all the costly ornaments from Wolsey's tomb; defaced the emblazonings over Henry the Sixth's grave; broke the rich painted glass of the windows, and wantonly destroyed the exquisite woodwork of the choir.

Towards the close of the year 1648, the ill-fated Charles was brought a prisoner to Windsor, where he remained while preparations were made for the execrable tragedy soon afterwards enacted. After the slaughter of the martyr-monarch, the castle became the prison of the Earl of Norwich, Lord Capel, and the Duke of Hamilton, and other royalists and cavaliers.

Cromwell frequently resided within the castle, and often took a moody and distrustful walk upon the terrace. It was during the Protectorate, in 1677, that the ugly buildings, appropriated to the naval knights, standing between the Garter Tower and Chancellor's Tower, were erected by Sir Francis Crane.

IV.

CONTAINING THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE FROM THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND TO THAT OF GEORGE THE THIRD—WITH A FEW PARTICULARS CONCERNING THE PARKS AND THE FOREST.

On the Restoration, the castle resumed its splendour, and presented a striking contrast to the previous gloomy period. The terrace, with its festive groups, resembled a picture by Watteau; the courts resounded with laughter; and the velvet sod of the Home Park was as often pressed by the foot of frolic beauty as by that of the tripping deer.

Seventeen state apartments were erected by Sir Christopher Wren, under the direction of Sir John Denham; the ceilings were painted by Verrio; and the walls decorated with exquisite carvings by Grinling Gibbons. A grand staircase was added at the same time. Most of the chambers were hung with tapestry, and all adorned with pictures and costly furniture. The additions made to the castle by Charles was the part of the north front, then called the "Star Building," from the star of the order of the Garter worked in colours in the front of it, but now denominated the "Stuart Building," extending eastward along the terrace from Henry the Seventh's building, one hundred and seventy feet. In 1676, the ditch was filled up, and the terrace carried along the south and east fronts of the castle.

Meanwhile, the original character of the castle was completely destroyed and Italianized. The beautiful and picturesque irregularities of the walls were removed; the towers shaved off; the windows transformed into common-place circular-headed apertures. And so the castle remained for more than a century.

Edward the Third's Tower, indifferently called the Earl Marshal's Tower and the Devil Tower, and used as a place of confinement for state prisoners, was now allotted to the maids of honour. It was intended by Charles to erect a monument in honour of his martyred father on the site of the Tomb-house, which he proposed to remove, and 70,000*l.* were voted by parliament for this purpose. The design, however, was abandoned under the plea that the body could not be found, though it was perfectly well known where it lay. The real motive probably was that Charles had already spent the money.

In 1680, an equestrian statue of Charles the Second, executed by Strada, at the expense of Tobias Rustat, formerly housekeeper at Hampton Court, was placed in the centre of the upper ward. It now stands at the lower end of the same court. The sculptures on the pedestal were designed by Grinling Gibbons; and Horace Walpole pleasantly declared that the statue had no other merit than to attract attention to them.

In old times, a road, forming a narrow irregular avenue, ran through the woods from the foot of the castle to Snow Hill. But this road having been neglected, during a long series of years, the branches of the trees and underwood had so much encroached upon it as to render it wholly impassable. A grand avenue, 240 feet wide was planned by Charles in its place; and the magnificent approach called the Long Walk laid out and planted.

The only material incident connected with the castle during the reign of James the Second has been already related.

Windsor was not so much favoured as Hampton Court by William the Third, though he contemplated alterations within it during the latter part of his life, which it may be matter of rejoicing were never accomplished.

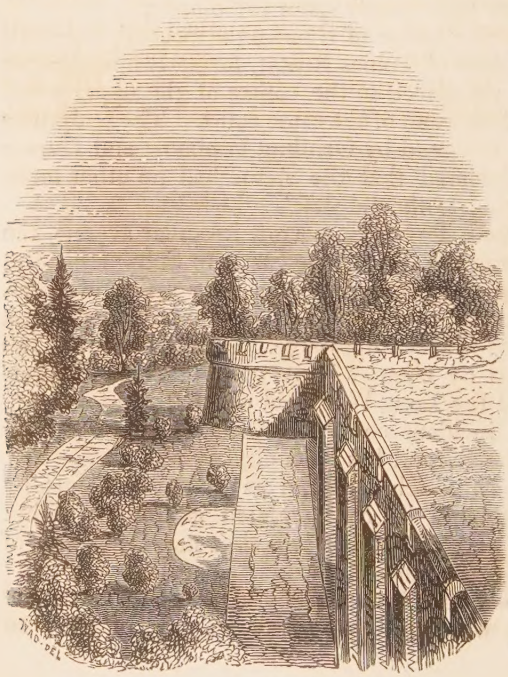
Queen Anne's operations were chiefly directed towards the parks, in improving which nearly 40,000*l.* were expended. In

1707, the extensive avenue running almost parallel with the Long Walk, and called the "Queen's Walk," was planted by her; and three years afterwards, a carriage road was formed through the Long Walk. A garden was also planned on the north side of the castle. In this reign, Sir James Thornhill commenced painting Charles the Second's staircase with designs from Ovid's Metamorphoses, but did not complete his task till after the accession of George the First. This staircase was removed in 1800, to make way for the present Gothic entrance erected by the elder Wyatt.

The two first monarchs of the house of Hanover rarely used Windsor as a residence, preferring Hampton Court and Kensington; and even George the Third did not actually live in the Castle, but in the Queen's Lodge—a large detached building, with no pretension to architectural beauty, which he himself erected opposite the south terrace, at a cost of nearly 44,000*l.* With most praiseworthy zeal, and almost entirely at his own expense, this monarch undertook the restoration of Saint George's Chapel. The work was commenced in 1787, occupied three years, and was executed by Mr. Emlyn, a local architect. The whole building was re-paved, a new altar-screen and organ added, and the carving restored.

In 1796, Mr. James Wyatt was appointed surveyor-general of the royal buildings, and effected many internal arrangements. Externally, he restored Wren's round-headed windows to their original form, and at the same time gothicised a large portion of the north and south sides of the upper ward.

Before proceeding further, a word must be said about the parks. The Home Park, which lies on the east and north sides of the castle, is about four miles in circumference, and was enlarged and inclosed with a brick wall by William the Third. On the east, and nearly on the site of the present sunk garden, a bowling-green, was laid out by Charles the Second. Below, on the north, were Queen Anne's gardens, since whose time the declivity of the hill has been planted with forest trees. At the east angle of the north



SLOPES FROM THE NORTH-EAST ANGLE OF THE TERRACE.

terrace are the beautiful slopes, with a path skirting the north side of the Home Park, and leading through charming plantations in the direction of the royal farm and dairy, the ranger's lodge, and the kennel for the queen's harriers. This park contains many noble trees; and the grove of elms in the south-east, near the spot where the scathed oak assigned to Herne stands, is traditionally asserted to have been a favourite walk of Queen Elizabeth. It still retains her name.

The Great Park is approached by the magnificent avenue, called the Long Walk, laid out, as has been stated, by Charles the Second, and extending to the foot of Snow Hill, the summit of which is crowned by the colossal equestrian statue of George the Third, by Westmacott. Not far from this point stands Cumberland Lodge, which derives its name from William, Duke of Cumberland, to whom it was granted in 1744. According to Norden's survey, in 1607, this park contained 3050 acres; but when surveyed by George the Third, it was found to consist of 3800 acres, of which 200 were covered with water. At that time, the park was overgrown with fern and rushes, and abounded in bogs and swamps, which in many places were dangerous and almost impassable. It contained about three thousand head of deer in bad condition. The park has since been thoroughly drained, smoothed, and new planted in parts; and two farms have been introduced upon it, under the direction of Mr. Kent, at which the Flemish and Norfolk modes of husbandry have been successfully practised.

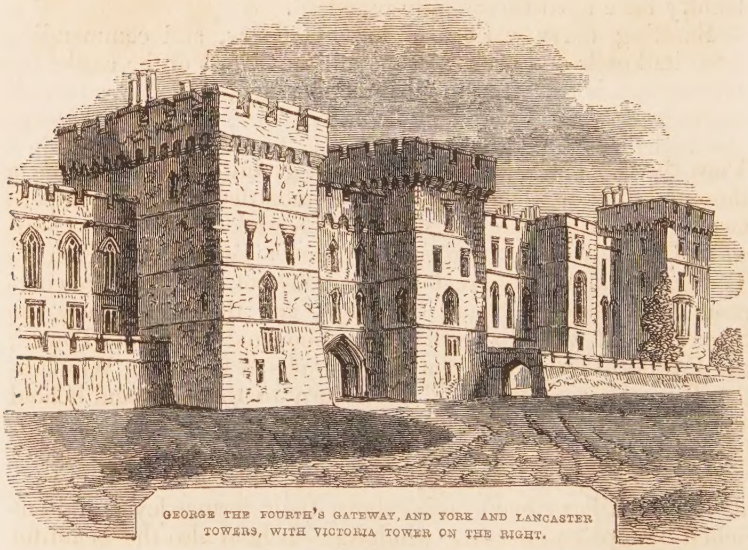
Boasting every variety of forest scenery, and commanding from its knolls and acclivities magnificent views of the castle, the Great Park is traversed in all directions, by green drives threading its long vistas, or crossing its open glades, laid out by George the Fourth. Amid the groves at the back of Spring Hill, in a charmingly-sequestered situation, stands a small private chapel,

PRIVATE CHAPEL IN THE GREAT PARK.

built in the Gothic style, and which was used as a place of devotion by George the Fourth during the progress of the improvements at the castle, and is sometimes attended by the present queen.

Not the least of the attractions of the park is Virginia Water, with its bright and beautiful expanse, its cincture of green banks, soft and smooth as velvet, its screen of noble woods, its Chinese fishing-temple, its frigates, its ruins, its cascade, cave, and Druidical temple, its obelisk and bridges, with numberless beauties besides which it would be superfluous to describe here. This artificial mere covers pretty nearly the same surface of ground as that occupied by the great lake of olden times.

Windsor Forest once comprehended a circumference of a hundred and twenty miles, and comprised part of Buckinghamshire, a considerable portion of Surrey, and the whole south-east side of Berkshire, as far as Hungerford. On the Surrey side, it included Cobham and Chertsey, and extended along the side of the Wey, which marked its limits as far as Guildford. In the reign of James the First, when it was surveyed by Norden, its circuit was estimated at seventy-seven miles and a half, exclusive of the liberties extending into Buckinghamshire. There were fifteen walks within it, each under the charge of a head keeper, and the whole contained upwards of three thousand head of deer. It is now almost wholly enclosed.



GEORGE THE FOURTH'S GATEWAY, AND YORK AND LANCASTER TOWERS, WITH VICTORIA TOWER ON THE RIGHT.

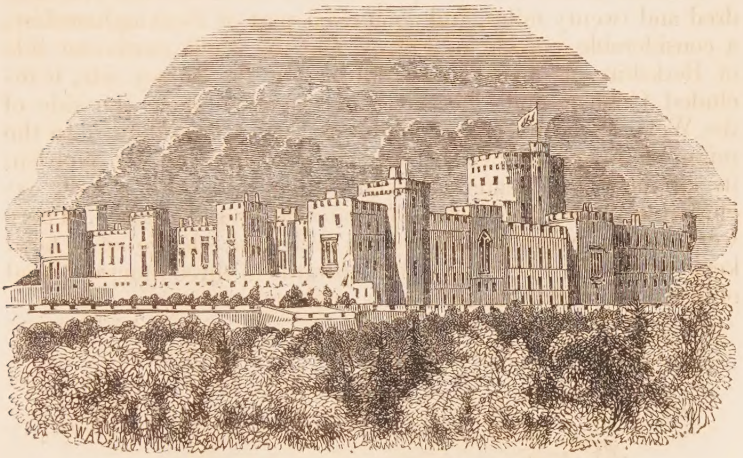
V.

THE LAST GREAT EPOCH IN THE HISTORY OF THE CASTLE.

A PRINCE of consummate taste and fine conceptions, George the Fourth meditated, and what is better, accomplished, the

restoration of the castle to more than its original grandeur. He was singularly fortunate in his architect. Sir Jeffry Wyatville was to him what William of Wykeham had been to Edward the Third. All the incongruities of successive reigns were removed; all, or nearly all, the injuries inflicted by time repaired; and when the work so well commenced was finished, the structure took its place as the noblest and most majestic palatial residence in existence.

To enter into a full detail of Wyatville's achievements is beyond the scope of the present work; but a brief survey may be taken of them. Never was lofty design more fully realized.



EAST AND NORTH FACADES OF THE CASTLE.

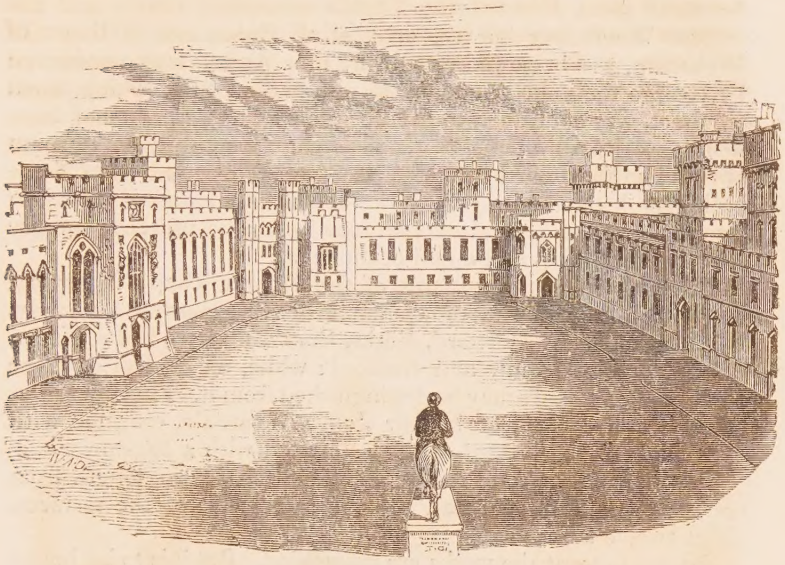
View the castle on the north, with its grand terrace of nearly a thousand feet in length, and high embattled walls; its superb façade, comprehending the stately Brunswick Tower; the Cornwall Tower, with its gorgeous window; George the Fourth's Tower, including the great oriel window of the state drawing-room; the restored Stuart buildings, and those of Henry the Seventh and of Elizabeth; the renovated Norman Tower; the Powder Tower, with the line of walls as far as the Winchester Tower;—view this, and then turn to the east, and behold another front of marvellous beauty extending more than four hundred feet from north to south, and displaying the Prince of Wales's Tower, the Chester, Clarence, and Victoria Towers—all of which have been raised above their former level, and enriched by great projecting windows;—behold also the beautiful sunken garden, with its fountain and orangery, its flights of steps, and charming pentagonal terrace;—proceed to the south front, of which the Victoria Tower, with its machicolated battlements and oriel window, forms so superb a feature at the eastern corner, the magnificent gateway receiving its name from George

the Fourth, flanked by the York and Lancaster Towers, and opening in a continued line from the Long Walk;—look at Saint George's gate, Edward the Third's renovated tower, and the octagon tower beyond it;—look at all these, and if they fail to excite a due appreciation of the genius that conceived them, gaze at the triumph of the whole, and which lords over all the rest,—the Round Tower,—gaze at it, and not here alone, but from the heights of the Great Park, from the vistas of the Home Park, from the bowers of Eton, the meads of Clewer

THE CASTLE, FROM ETON PLAY-FIELDS.

and Datchet, from the Brocas, the gardens of the naval knights—from a hundred points;—view it at sunrise when the royal standard is hoisted, or at sunset when it is lowered, near or at a distance, and it will be admitted to be the work of a prodigious architect!

But Wyatville's alterations have not yet been fully considered. Pass through Saint George's gateway, and enter the grand quadrangle to which it leads. Let your eye wander round it, beginning with the inner sides of Edward the Third's Tower and George the Fourth's gateway, and proceeding to the beautiful private entrance to the sovereign's apartments, the grand range of windows of the eastern corridor, the proud towers of the gateway to the household, the tall pointed windows of Saint George's Hall, the state entrance tower, with its noble windows, until it finally rests upon the Stuart buildings and King John's Tower at the angle of the pile.



THE UPPER QUADRANGLE.

Internally, the alterations made by the architect have been of corresponding splendour and importance. Around the south and east sides of the court at which you are gazing, a spacious corridor has been constructed, five hundred and fifty feet in length, and connected with the different suites of apartments on these sides of the quadrangle; extensive alterations have been made in the domestic offices; the state apartments have been repaired and re-arranged; Saint George's hall has been enlarged by the addition of the private chapel, (the only questionable change,) and restored to the Gothic style; and the Waterloo chamber built to contain George the Fourth's munificent gift to the nation of the splendid collection of portraits now occupying it.

"The first and most remarkable characteristic of the operations of Sir Jeffry Wyatville on the exterior," observes Mr. Poynter, "is the judgment with which he has preserved the castle of Edward the Third. Some additions have been made to it, and with striking effect—as the Brunswick Tower, and the western tower of George the Fourth's gateway, which so nobly terminates the approach from the Great Park. The more modern buildings on the north side have also been assimilated to the rest; but the architect has yielded to no temptation to substitute his own design for that of William of Wykeham, and no small difficulties

have been combated and overcome for the sake of preserving the outline of the edifice, and maintaining the towers in their original position."

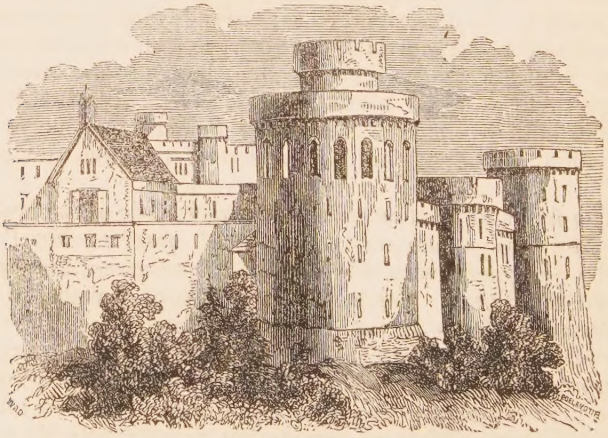
The Winchester Tower, originally inhabited by William of Wykeham, was bestowed upon Sir Jeffry Wyatville as a residence by George the Fourth; and on the resignation of the distinguished architect, was continued to him for life by the present queen.

The works within the castle were continued during the reign of William the Fourth, and at its close the actual cost of the buildings had reached the sum of 771,000*l.*, and it has been asserted that the general expenditure up to the present time has exceeded a million and a half of money.

The view from the summit of the Round Tower is beyond description magnificent, and commands twelve counties—namely, Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Berks, Bucks, Oxford, Wilts, Hants, Surrey, Sussex, Kent, and Bedford; while, on a clear day, the dome of Saint Paul's may be distinguished from it. This tower was raised thirty-three feet by Sir Jeffry Wyatville, crowned with a machiolated battlement, and surmounted with a flag-tower.

The circumference of the castle is 4180 feet; the length from east to west, 1480 feet; and the area, exclusive of the terraces, about twelve acres.

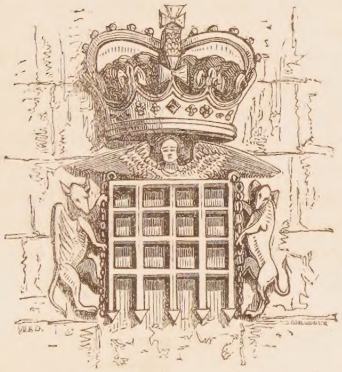
For the present the works are suspended. But it is to be hoped that the design of Sir Jeffry Wyatville will be fully carried out in the lower ward, by the removal of such houses on the north as would lay Saint George's chapel open to view from this side; by the demolition of the old incongruous buildings lying westward of the bastion near the hundred steps; by the opening out of the pionted roof of the library; the repair and reconstruction in their original style of the Curfew, the Garter, and the Salisbury Towers;

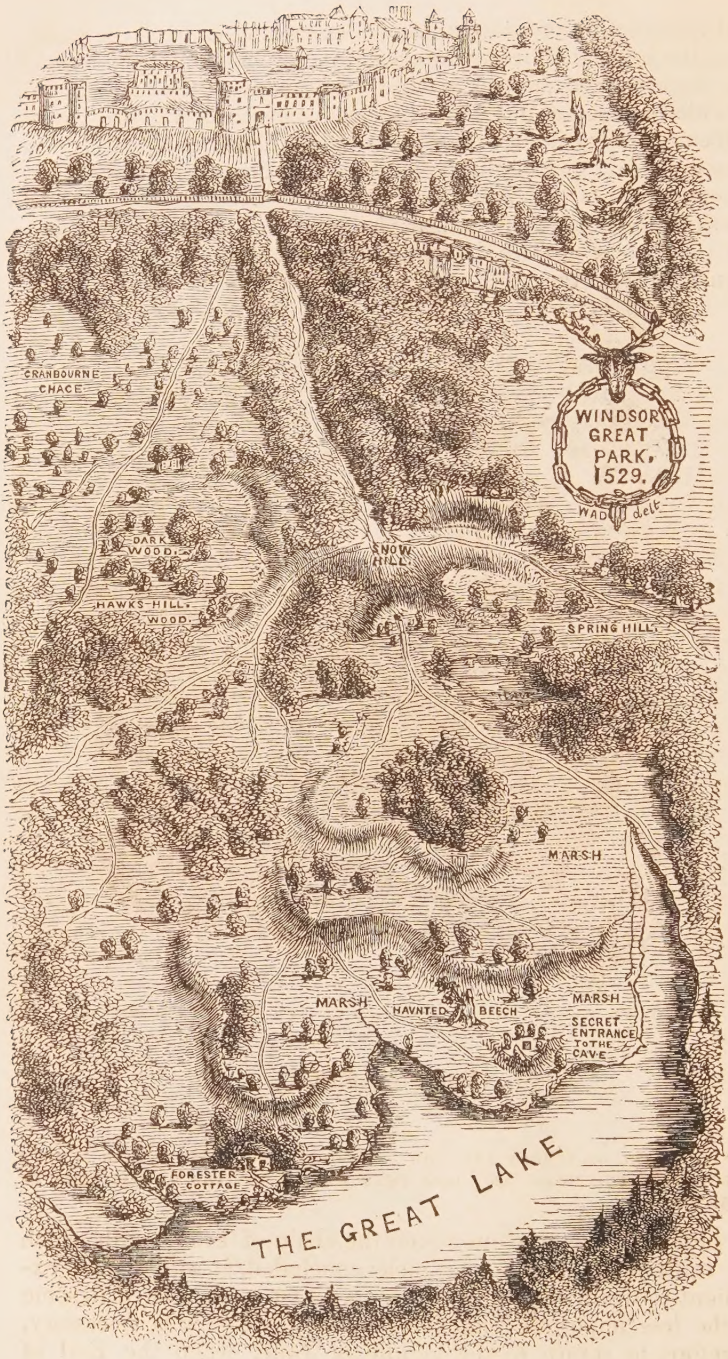


CURFEW TOWER AND OTHER BUILDINGS AS PROPOSED TO BE ALTERED BY WYATVILLE.

and the erection of a lower terrace extending outside the castle, from the bastion above mentioned to the point of termination of the improvements, and accessible from the town; the construction of which terrace would necessitate the removal of the disfiguring and encroaching houses on the east side of Thames Street. This accomplished, Crane's ugly buildings removed, and the three western towers laid open to the court, the Horse-shoe Cloisters consistently repaired, Windsor Castle would indeed be complete. And fervently do we hope that this desirable event may be identified with the reign of VICTORIA!

Thus ends the Fourth Book of the Chronicle of Windsor Castle.




CRANBOURNE CHACE
WINDSOR GREAT PARK, 1529.
WAD delt
DARK WOOD
KNOW HILL
HAWKS HILL WOOD
SPRING HILL
MARSH
MARSH
HAVNTED BEECH
MARSH
SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE
FORESTER COTTAGE
THE GREAT LAKE

MOAT OF THE ROUND TOWER, WITH EDWARD THE THIRD'S TOWER IN THE BACKGROUND.

Book the Fifth.

I.

HOW THE EARL OF SURREY AND THE FAIR GERALDINE MET IN KING JAMES'S BOWER IN THE MOAT; AND HOW THEY WERE SURPRISED BY THE DUKE OF RICHMOND.

In order to preserve unbroken the chain of events with which the third book of this chronicle concluded, it was deemed expedient to disturb the unity of time, so far as it related to some of the less important characters; and it will now be necessary, therefore, to return to the middle of June, when the Earl of Surrey's term of captivity was drawing to a close.

As the best means of conquering the anxiety produced by the vision exhibited to him by Herne, increased as it was by the loss of the relic he had sustained at the same time, the earl had devoted himself to incessant study, and for a whole month, he remained within his chamber. The consequence of his unremitting application was, that though he succeeded in his design, and completely regained his tranquillity, his strength gave way under the effort, and he was confined for some days to his couch by a low fever.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to venture forth, he mounted to the summit of the Round Tower, in the hope that a walk round its breezy battlements might conduce to his restoration to health. The day was bright and beautiful, and a gentle wind was stirring; and as Surrey felt the breath of heaven upon his cheek, and gazed upon the glorious prospect before him, he wondered that his imprisonment had not driven him mad. Everything around him, indeed, was calculated to make the sense of captivity painful. The broad and beautiful meads, stretching out beneath him, seemed to invite a ramble over them,—the silver river courted a plunge into its waves—the woods an hour's retirement into their shady recesses. The bells of Eton-college rang out merrily, but their sound saddened, rather than elated him. The road between Eton and Windsor, then marked by straggling cottages with gardens between them, with here and there a dwelling of a better kind, was thronged with herds of cattle and their drivers, for a fair was held that day in the town of Windsor, to which they were hastening. Then there were country maidens and youthful hinds in their holiday apparel, trooping towards the bridge. Booths were erected, near which in the Brocas meads, the rustic sports of wrestling, running, and casting the bar, were going forward; while numbers of boats shot to and fro upon the river, and strains of music proceeded from a large gilt barge moored to its banks. Nearer, and in the broad green plain lying beneath the north terrace, were a company of archers shooting at the butts. But these sights instead of affording pleasure to Surrey, only sharpened the anguish of his feelings by the contrast they offered to his present position.

To distract his thoughts, he quitted the near view, and let his eye run along the edge of the horizon, until it rested upon a small speck, which he knew to be the lofty spire of Saint Paul's cathedral. If, as he supposed, the fair Geraldine was in attendance upon Anne Boleyn, at the palace at Bridewell, she must be under the very shadow of this very spire; and the supposition, whether correct or not, produced such quick and stifling emotions, that the tears rushed to his eyes.

Ashamed of his weakness, he turned to the other side of the tower, and bent his gaze upon the woody heights of the Great Park. These recalled Herne the Hunter; and burning with re-

sentment at the tricks practised upon him by the demon, he determined that the first use he would make of his liberty should be to seek out, and, if possible, effect the capture of the mysterious being. Some of the strange encounters between Herne and the king had been related to him by the officer in guard at the Norman Tower; but these only served as stimulants to the adventure. After a couple of hours thus passed on the keep, he descended, refreshed and invigorated. The next day he was there again, and the day after that; when feeling that his restoration was well-nigh complete, he requested permission to pass the following evening in the dry moat of the donjon. And this was readily accorded him.

Covered with green sod, and shaded by many tall trees, growing out of the side of the artificial mound on which the keep was built, the fosse offered all the advantages of a garden to the prisoners who were allowed to take exercise within it. Here, as has been mentioned, King James the First of Scotland first beheld, from the battlements above, the lovely Jane Beaufort take her solitary walk, and by his looks and gestures contrived to make her sensible of the passion with which she inspired him; and here at last, in an arbour which, for the sake of the old and delightful legend connected with it, was kept up at the time of this chronicle, and then bore the name of the royal poet, they had secretly met, and interchanged their vows of affection.

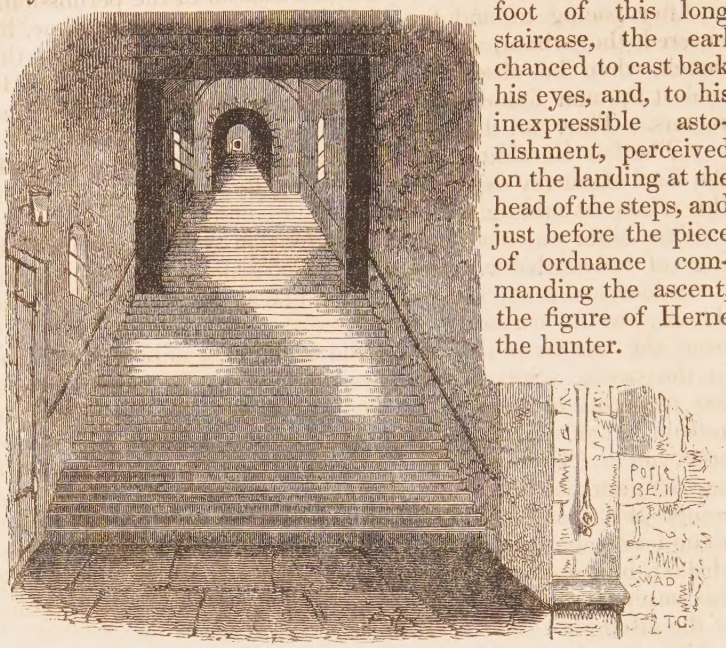
Familiar with the story, familiar also with the poetic strains to which the monarch's passion gave birth, Surrey could not help comparing his own fate with that of the illustrious captive who had visited the spot before him. Full of such thoughts, he pensively tracked the narrow path winding between the grassy banks of the fosse—now casting up his eyes to the keep—now looking towards the arbour, and wishing that he had been favoured with such visitings as lightened the captivity of the Scottish king. At last, he sought the bower — a charming little nest of green leaves and roses, sheltering a bench which seemed only contrived for lovers—and taking out his tablets, began to trace within them some stanzas of that exquisite poem which has linked his name for ever with the Round Tower. Thus occupied, the time stole on insensibly, and he was not aware that he had overstayed the limits allowed him, till he was roused by the voice of the officer, who came to summon him back to his prison.

"You will be removed to your old lodging in the Round Tower to-morrow night, my lord," said the officer.

"For what reason?" demanded the earl, as he followed his conductor up the steep side of the mound. But receiving no reply, he did not renew the inquiry.

Entering a door in the covered way at the head of the

flight of steps communicating with the Norman Tower, they descended them in silence. Just as they reached the foot of this long staircase, the earl chanced to cast back his eyes, and, to his inexpressible astonishment, perceived on the landing at the head of the steps, and just before the piece of ordnance commanding the ascent, the figure of Herne the hunter.



STAIRCASE TO THE ROUND TOWER.

Before he could utter an exclamation, the figure retreated through the adjoining archway. Telling the officer what he had seen, Surrey would fain have gone in quest of the fiendish spy; but the other would not permit him; and affecting to treat the matter as a mere creation of fancy, he hurried the earl to his chamber in the Curfew Tower.

The next day, Surrey was removed betimes to the Round Tower, and the cause of the transfer was soon explained by the discharge of ordnance, the braying of trumpets, and the rolling of drums, announcing the arrival of the king. From the mystery observed towards him, Surrey was led to the conclusion that the fair Geraldine accompanied the royal party; but he in vain sought to satisfy himself of the truth of the surmise by examining through the deep embrasure of his window, the cavalcade that soon afterwards entered the upper quadrangle. Amid the throng of beautiful dames surrounding Anne Boleyn he could not be certain that he detected the fair Geraldine; but he readily distinguished the Duke of Richmond among the nobles, and the sight awakened a pang of bitter jealousy in his breast.

The day wore away slowly, for he could not fix his attention upon his books, neither was he allowed to go forth upon the battlements of the tower. In the evening, however, the officer

informed him he might take exercise within the dry moat if he was so inclined, and he gladly availed himself of the permission.

After pacing to and fro along the walk for a short time, he entered the arbour, and was about to throw himself upon the bench, when he observed a slip of paper lying upon it. He took it up, and found a few lines traced upon it in hurried characters. They ran thus:—

"The fair Geraldine arrived this morning in the castle. If the Earl of Surrey desires to meet her, he will find her within this arbour at midnight."

This billet was read and re-read by the young earl with feelings of indescribable transport; but a little reflection damped his ardour, and made him fear it might be a device to ensnare him. There was no certainty that the note proceeded in any way from the fair Geraldine, nor could he even be sure that she was in the castle. Still, despite these misgivings, the attraction was too powerful to be resisted, and he turned over the means of getting out of his chamber, but the scheme seemed wholly impracticable. The window was at a considerable height above the ramparts of the keep, and even if he could reach them, and escape the notice of the sentinels, he should have to make a second descent into the fosse. And supposing all this accomplished, how was he to return? The impossibility of answering this latter mental interrogation compelled him to give up all idea of the attempt.

On returning to his prison-chamber, he stationed himself at the embrasure overlooking the ramparts, and listened to the regular tread of the sentinel below, half resolved, be the consequences what they might, to descend. As the appointed time approached, his anxiety became almost intolerable, and quitting the window, he began to pace hurriedly to and fro within the chamber, which, as has been previously observed, partook of the circular form of the keep, and was supported in certain places by great wooden pillars and cross beams. But instead of dissipating his agitation, his rapid movements seemed rather to increase it, and at last, wrought to a pitch of uncontrollable excitement, he cried aloud—"If the fiend were to present himself now, and to offer to lead me to her, I would follow him."

Scarcely were the words uttered than a hollow laugh broke from the further end of the chamber, and a deep voice exclaimed—"I am ready to take you to her."

"I need not ask who addresses me," said Surrey, after a pause, and straining his eyes to distinguish the figure of the speaker in the gloom.

"I will tell you who I am," rejoined the other. "I am he who visited you once before—who shewed you a vision of the fair Geraldine,—and carried off your vaunted relic,—ho! ho!"

"Avoid thee, false fiend!" rejoined Surrey, "thou temptest me now in vain."

"You have summoned me," returned Herne; "and I will not be dismissed. I am ready to convey you to your mistress, who awaits you in King James's bower, and marvels at your tardiness."

"And with what design dost thou offer me this service?" demanded Surrey.

"It will be time enough to put that question when I make any condition," replied Herne. "Enough, I am willing to aid you. Will you go?"

"Lead on!" replied Surrey, marching towards him.

Suddenly, Herne drew a lantern from beneath the cloak in which he was wrapped, and threw its light on a trap-door lying open at his feet.

"Descend!" he cried.

Surrey hesitated a moment, and then plunged down the steps. In another instant, the demon followed. Some hidden machinery was then set in motion, and the trap-door returned to its place. At length, Surrey arrived at a narrow passage, which appeared to correspond in form with the bulwarks of the keep. Here Herne passed him, and taking the lead, hurried along the gallery and descended another flight of steps, which brought them to a large vault, apparently built in the foundation of the tower. Before the earl had time to gaze round this chamber, the demon masked the lantern, and taking his hand, drew him through a narrow passage terminated by a small iron door, which flew open at a touch, and they emerged among the bushes clothing the side of the mound.

"You can now proceed without my aid," said Herne; "but take care not to expose yourself to the sentinels."

Keeping under the shade of the trees, for the moon was shining brightly, Surrey hastened towards the arbour, and as he entered it, to his inexpressible delight found that he had not been deceived, but that the fair Geraldine was indeed there.

"How did you contrive this meeting?" she cried, after their first greetings had passed. "And how did you learn I was in the castle, for the strictest instructions were given that the tidings should not reach you."

The only response made by Surrey was to press her lily hand devotedly to his lips.

"I should not have ventured hither," pursued the fair Geraldine, "unless you had sent me the relic as a token. I knew you would never part with it, and I therefore felt sure there was no deception."

"But how did you get here?" inquired Surrey.

"Your messenger provided a rope-ladder, by which I descended in the moat," she replied.

Surrey was stupified.

"You seem astonished at my resolution," she continued; "and, indeed, I am surprised at it myself; but I could not overcome my desire to see you, especially as this meeting may be our last. The king, through the Lady Anne Boleyn, has

positively enjoined me to think no more of you, and has given your father, the Duke of Norfolk, to understand that your marriage without the royal assent will be attended by the loss of all the favour he now enjoys."

"And think you I will submit to such tyranny?" cried Surrey.

"Alas!" replied the fair Geraldine, in a mournful tone, "I feel we shall never be united. This conviction, which has lately forced itself upon my mind, has not made me love you less, though it has in some degree altered my feelings towards you."

"But I may be able to move the king," cried Surrey. "I have some claim besides that of kindred on the Lady Anne Boleyn —and she will obtain his consent."

"Do not trust to her," replied the fair Geraldine. "You may have rendered her an important service, but be not too sure of a return. No, Surrey, I here release you from the troth you plighted to me in the cloisters."

"I will not be released from it!" cried the earl, hastily; "neither will I release you. I hold the pledge as sacred and as binding as if we had been affianced together before Heaven."

"For your own sake, do not say so, my dear lord," rejoined the fair Geraldine; "beseech you, do not. That your heart is bound to me now, I well believe—and that you could become inconstant I will not permit myself to suppose. But your youth forbids an union between us for many years—and if during that time you should behold some fairer face than mine—or should meet some heart you may conceive more loving,—though that can hardly be,—I would not have a hasty vow restrain you. Be free, then—free at least for three years—and if at the end of that time your affections are still unchanged, I am willing you should bind yourself to me for ever."

"I cannot act with equal generosity to you," rejoined Surrey, in a tone of deep disappointment. "I would sooner part with life than relinquish the pledge I have received from you. But I am content that my constancy should be put to the test you propose. During the long term of my probation, I will shrink from no trial of faith. Throughout Europe I will proclaim your beauty in the lists, and will maintain its supremacy against all comers. But, oh! sweet Geraldine, since we have met in this spot, hallowed by the loves of James of Scotland and Jane Beaufort, let us here renew our vows of eternal constancy, and agree to meet again at the time you have appointed, with hearts as warm and loving as those we bring together now."

And as he spoke he drew her towards him and imprinted a passionate kiss on her lips.

"Let that ratify the pledge," he said.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed a deep voice, without.

"What was that?" demanded the fair Geraldine, in a tone of alarm.

"You have the relic, have you not?" inquired the earl, in a low tone.

"No," she replied, "your messenger merely shewed it to me. But why do you ask? Ah! I understand. The fiendish laughter that just now sounded in my ears proceeded from ——"

"Herne the Hunter," replied Surrey, in a whisper. "But fear nothing. I will defend you with my life. Ah! accursed chance! I have no weapon."

"None would avail against him," murmured the fair Geraldine. "Lead me forth, I shall die if I stay here."

Supporting her in his arms, Surrey complied, but they had scarcely gained the entrance of the arbour, when a tall figure stood before them. It was the Duke of Richmond. A gleam of moonlight penetrating through the leaves, fell upon the group, and rendered them distinctly visible to each other.

"Soh!" exclaimed the duke, after regarding the pair in silence for a moment, "I have not been misinformed. You have contrived a meeting here."

"Richmond!" said Surrey, sternly, "we once were dear and loving friends, and we are still honourable foes. I know that I am safe with you. I know you will breathe no word about this meeting, either to the fair Geraldine's prejudice or mine."

"You judge me rightly, my lord," replied the duke, in a tone of equal sternness. "I have no thought of betraying you; though, by a word to my royal father, I could prevent all chance of future rivalry on your part. I shall, however, demand a strict account from you on your liberation."

"Your grace acts as beseems a loyal gentleman," replied Surrey. "Hereafter I will not fail to account to you for my conduct in any way you please."

"Oh! let me interpose between you, my lords," cried the fair Geraldine, "to prevent the disastrous consequences of this quarrel. I have already told your grace I cannot love you—and that my heart is devoted to the Earl of Surrey. Let me appeal to your noble nature—to your generosity—not to persist in a hopeless suit."

"You have conquered, madam," said the duke, after a pause. "I have been to blame in this matter. But I will make amends for my error. Surrey, I relinquish her to you."

"My friend!" exclaimed the earl, casting himself into the duke's arms.

"I will now endeavour to heal the wounds I have unwittingly occasioned," said the fair Geraldine. "I am surprised your grace should be insensible to attractions so far superior to mine as those of the Lady Mary Howard."

"The Lady Mary is very beautiful, I confess," said the duke; "and if you had not been in the way, I should assuredly have been her captive."

"I ought not to betray the secret, perhaps," hesitated the fair Geraldine, "but gratitude prompts me to do so. The lady is not so blind to your grace's merits as I have been."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the duke. "If it be so, Surrey, we may yet be brothers as well as friends."

"And that it is so I can avouch, Richmond," rejoined the earl, "for I am in my sister's secret as well as the fair Geraldine. But now that this explanation has taken place, I must entreat your grace to conduct the fair Geraldine back to her lodgings, while I regain, the best way I can, my chamber in the Round Tower."

"I marvel how you escaped from it," said Richmond; "but I suppose it was by the connivance of the officer."

"He who set me free—who brought the fair Geraldine hither—and who, I suspect, acquainted you with our meeting, was no other than Herne the Hunter," replied Surrey.

"You amaze me!" exclaimed the duke; "it was indeed a tall dark man, muffled in a cloak, who informed me that you were to meet at midnight in King James's bower in the moat, and I therefore came to surprise you."

"Your informant was Herne," replied Surrey.

"Right!" exclaimed the demon, stepping from behind a tree, where he had hitherto remained concealed; "it was I,—I, Herne the Hunter. And I contrived the meeting in anticipation of a far different result from that which has ensued. But I now tell you, my lord of Surrey, that it is idle to indulge a passion for the fair Geraldine. You will never wed her."

"False fiend, thou liest!" cried Surrey.

"Time will shew," replied Herne. "I repeat, you will wed another—and more I tell you, you are blinder than Richmond has shewn himself,—for the most illustrious damsel in the kingdom has regarded you with eyes of affection, and yet you have not perceived it."

"The Princess Mary?" demanded Richmond.

"Ay, the Princess Mary," repeated Herne. "How say you now, my lord?—will you let ambition usurp the place of love?"

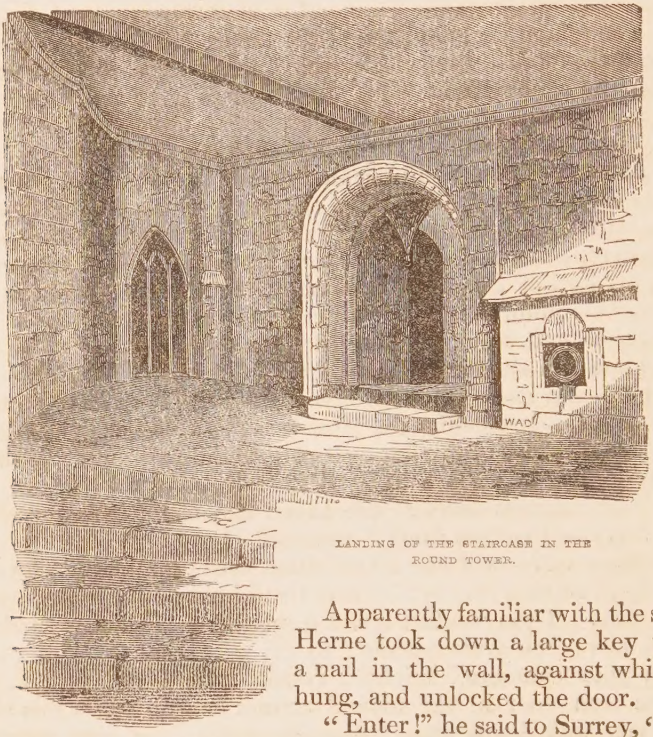
"No," replied Surrey. "But I will hold no further converse with thee. Thou wouldst tempt to perdition. Hence, fiend!"

"Unless you trust yourself to my guidance you will never reach your chamber," rejoined Herne, with a mocking laugh. "The iron door in the mound cannot be opened on this side, and you well know what the consequence of a discovery will be. Come, or I leave you to your fate." And he moved down the path on the right.

"Go with him, Surrey," cried Richmond.

Pressing the fair Geraldine to his breast, the Earl committed her to the charge of his friend, and tearing himself away, followed the steps of the demon. He had not proceeded far when he heard his name pronounced by a voice issuing from the tree above him. Looking up, he beheld Herne in one of the topmost branches, and at a sign, instantly climbed up to him. The thick foliage screened them from observation, and Surrey con-

cluded his guide was awaiting the disappearance of the sentinel, who was at that moment approaching the tree. But such apparently was not the other's intentions; for the man had scarcely passed than Herne sprang upon the ramparts, and the poor fellow turning at the sound, was scared almost out of his senses at the sight of the dreaded fiend. Dropping his halbert, he fell upon his face with a stifled cry. Herne then motioned Surrey to descend, and they marched together quickly to a low door opening into the keep. Passing through it, and ascending a flight of steps, they stood upon the landing at the top of the staircase communicating with the Norman tower, and adjoining the entrance to Surrey's chamber.



LANDING OF THE STAIRCASE IN THE ROUND TOWER.

Apparently familiar with the spot, Herne took down a large key from a nail in the wall, against which it hung, and unlocked the door.

"Enter!" he said to Surrey, "and do not forget the debt you owe to Herne the Hunter."

And as the Earl stepped into the chamber, the door was locked behind him.

II.

HOW SIR THOMAS WYAT FOUND MABEL IN THE SANDSTONE CAVE;—AND WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM THERE.

A WEEK after the foregoing occurrence, the Earl of Surrey was set free. But his joy at regaining his liberty was damped by

learning that the fair Geraldine had departed for Ireland. She had left the tenderest messages for him with his sister, the Lady Mary Howard, accompanied with assurances of unalterable attachment.

But other changes had taken place, which were calculated to afford him some consolation. Ever since the night on which he had been told that the Lady Mary was not indifferent to him, Richmond had devoted himself entirely to her; and matters had already proceeded so far, that he had asked her in marriage of the Duke of Norfolk, who, after ascertaining the king's pleasure on the subject, had gladly given his consent, and the youthful pair were affianced to each other. Surrey and Richmond now became closer friends than ever; and if, amid the thousand distractions of Henry's gay and festive court, the young earl did not forget the fair Geraldine, he did not, at least, find the time hang heavily on his hands.

About a week after Wolsey's dismissal, while the court was still sojourning at Windsor, Surrey proposed to Richmond, to ride one morning with him in the Great Park. The duke willingly assented, and mounting their steeds, they galloped towards Snow Hill, wholly unattended. While mounting this charming ascent at a more leisurely pace, the earl said to his companion—"I will now tell you why I proposed this ride to you, Richmond. I have long determined to follow up the adventure of Herne the Hunter, and I wish to confer with you about it, and ascertain whether you are disposed to join me."

"I know not what to say, Surrey," replied the duke, gravely, and speaking in a low tone; "the king, my father, failed in his endeavours to expel the demon, who still lords it in the forest."

"The greater glory to us if we succeed," said Surrey.

"I will take counsel with the Lady Mary on the subject before I give an answer," rejoined Richmond.

"Then there is little doubt what your grace's decision will be," laughed Surrey. "To speak truth, it was the fear of your consulting her that made me bring you here. What say you to a ride in the forest to-morrow night?"

"I have little fancy for it," replied Richmond; "and if you will be ruled by me, you will not attempt the enterprise yourself."

"My resolution is taken," said the earl; "but now, since we have reached the brow of the hill, let us push forward to the lake."

A rapid ride of some twenty minutes brought them to the edge of the lake, and they proceeded along the verdant path leading to the forester's hut. On arriving at the dwelling, it appeared wholly deserted, but they nevertheless dismounted, and tying their horses to the trees at the back of the cottage, entered it. While they were examining the lower room, the plash of oars reached their ears, and rushing to the window, they descried the skiff rapidly approaching the shore. A man

was seated within it, whose attire, though sombre, seemed to proclaim him of some rank, but as his back was towards them, they could not discern his features. In another instant, the skiff touched the strand, and the rower leaping ashore, proved to be Sir Thomas Wyat. On making this discovery they both ran out to him, and the warmest greetings passed between them. When these were over, Surrey expressed his surprise to Wyat at seeing him there, declaring he was wholly unaware of his return from the court of France.

"I came back about a month ago," said Wyat. "His majesty supposes me at Allington; nor shall I return to court without a summons."

"I am not sorry to hear it," said Surrey; "but what are you doing here?"

"My errand is a strange and adventurous one," replied Wyat. "You may have heard that before I departed for France I passed some days in the forest in company with Herne the Hunter. What then happened to me I may not disclose; but I have vowed never to rest till I have freed this forest from the weird being who troubles it."

"Say you so!" cried Surrey; "then you are most fortunately encountered, Sir Thomas, for I myself, as Richmond will tell you, am equally bent upon the fiend's expulsion. We will be companions in the adventure."

"We will speak of that anon," replied Wyat. "I was sorry to find this cottage uninhabited, and the fair damsel who dwelt within it, when I beheld it last, gone. What has become of her?"

"It is a strange story," said Richmond. And he proceeded to relate all that was known to have befallen Mabel.

Wyat listened with profound attention to the recital, and at its close, said—"I think I can find a clue to this mystery, but to obtain it I must go alone. Meet me here at midnight to-morrow, and I doubt not we shall be able to accomplish our design."

"May I not ask for some explanation of your scheme?" said Surrey.

"Not yet," rejoined Wyat. "But I will freely confess to you that there is much danger in the enterprise—danger that I would not willingly any one should share with me, especially you, Surrey, to whom I owe so much. If you do not find me here, therefore, to-morrow night, conclude that I have perished, or am captive."

"Well, be it as you will, Wyat," said Surrey; "but I would gladly accompany you, and share your danger."

"I know it, and I thank you," returned Wyat, warmly grasping the other's hand; "but much—nay, all may remain to be done to-morrow night. You had better bring some force with you, for we may need it."

"I will bring half a dozen stout archers," replied Surrey—

"and if you come not, depend upon it, I will either release you or avenge you."

"I did not intend to prosecute this adventure further," said Richmond; "but since you are both resolved to embark in it, I will not desert you."

Soon after this, the friends separated,—Surrey and Richmond taking horse and returning to the castle, discoursing on the unlooked-for meeting with Wyat, while the latter again entered the skiff, and rowed down the lake. As soon as the hut was clear, two persons descended the steps of a ladder leading to a sort of loft in the roof, and sprang upon the floor of the hut.

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the foremost, whose antlered helm and wild garb proclaimed him to be Herne, "they little dreamed who were the hearers of their conference. So they think to take me, Fenwolf—ha!"

"They know not whom they have to deal with," rejoined the latter.

"They *should* do so by this time," said Herne; "but I will tell thee why Sir Thomas Wyat has undertaken this enterprise. It is not to capture me, though that may be one object that moves him. But he wishes to see Mabel Lyndwood. The momentary glimpse he caught of her bright eyes was sufficient to inflame him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fenwolf; "think you so?"

"I am assured of it," replied Herne. "He knows the secret of the cave, and will find her there."

"But he will never return to tell what he has seen," said Fenwolf, moodily.

"I know not that," replied Herne. "I have my own views respecting him. I want to renew my band."

"He will never join you," rejoined Fenwolf.

"What if I offer him Mabel as a bait?" said Herne.

"You will not do so, dread master?" rejoined Fenwolf, trembling and turning pale. "She belongs to me."

"To thee, fool!" cried Herne, with a derisive laugh. "Thinkest thou I would resign such a treasure to thee? No, no. But rest easy, I will not give her to Wyat."

"You mean her for yourself, then?" said Fenwolf.

"Darest thou to question me!" cried Herne, striking him with the hand armed with the iron gyves. "This to teach thee respect!"

"And this to prove whether thou art mortal or not!" rejoined Fenwolf, plucking his hunting-knife from his belt, and striking it with all his force, against the other's breast.

But though surely and forcibly dealt, the blow glanced off as if the demon were cased in steel, and the intended assassin fell back in amazement, while an unearthly laugh rang in his ears. Never had Fenwolf seen Herne wear so formidable a look as

he at that moment assumed. His giant frame dilated; his eyes flashed fire; and the expression of his countenance was so fearful that Fenwolf shielded his eyes with his hands.

"Ah! miserable dog!" thundered Herne; "dost thou think I am to be hurt by mortal hands, or mortal weapons? Thy former experience should have taught thee differently. But since thou hast provoked it, take thy fate."

Uttering these words, he seized Fenwolf by the throat, clutching him with a terrific gripe, and in a few seconds the miserable wretch would have paid the penalty of his rashness, if a person had not at the moment appeared at the doorway. Flinging his prey hastily backwards, Herne turned at the interruption, and perceived old Tristram Lyndwood, who looked appalled at what he beheld.

"Ah! it is thou, Tristram," cried Herne; "thou art just in time to witness the punishment of this rebellious hound."

"Spare him, dread master!—oh, spare him!" cried Tristram, imploringly.

"Well," said Herne, gazing at the half-strangled caitiff, "he may live. He will not offend again. But why hast thou ventured from thy hiding-place, Tristram?"

"I came to inform you that I have just observed a person row across the lake in the skiff," replied the old man. "He appears to be taking the direction of the secret entrance to the cave."

"It is Sir Thomas Wyat," replied Herne; "I am aware of his proceedings. Stay with Fenwolf till he is able to move, and then proceed with him to the cave. But mark me, no violence must be done to Wyat if you find him there. Any neglect of my orders in this respect will be followed by severe punishment. I shall be at the cave ere long; but, meanwhile, I have other business to transact."

And quitting the hut, he plunged into the wood.

Meanwhile, Sir Thomas Wyat having crossed the lake, landed, and fastened the skiff to a tree, struck into the wood, and presently reached the open space in which lay the secret entrance to the cave. He was not long in finding the stone, though it was so artfully concealed by the brushwood that it would have escaped any uninstructed eye, and removing it, the narrow entrance to the cave was revealed.

Committing himself to the protection of Heaven, Wyat entered, and having taken the precaution of drawing the stone after him, which was easily accomplished by a handle fixed to the inner side of it, he commenced the descent. At first, he had to creep along, but the passage gradually got higher, until at length, on reaching the level ground, he was able to stand upright. There was no light to guide him, but by feeling against the sides of the passage, he found that he was in the long gallery he had formerly threaded. Uncertain which way to turn, he

determined to trust to chance for taking the right direction, and drawing his sword proceeded slowly to the right.

For some time, he encountered no obstacle, neither could he detect the slightest sound, but he perceived that the atmosphere grew damp, and that the sides of the passage were covered with moisture. Thus warned, he proceeded with greater caution—and presently found, after emerging into a more open space, and striking off on the left, that he had arrived at the edge of the pool of water which he knew lay at the end of the large cavern.

While considering how he should next proceed, a faint gleam of light became visible at the upper end of the vault. Changing his position, for the pillars prevented him from seeing the source of the glimmer, he discovered that it issued from a lamp borne by a female hand, who he had no doubt was Mabel. On making this discovery, he sprang forwards, and called to her, but instantly repented his rashness, for as he uttered the cry the light was extinguished.

Wyat was now completely at a loss how to proceed. He was satisfied that Mabel was in the vault; but in what way to guide himself to her retreat, he could not tell; and it was evident she herself would not assist him. Persuaded, however, if he could but make himself known, he should no longer be shunned, he entered one of the lateral passages, and ever and anon, as he proceeded, repeated Mabel's name in a low soft tone. The stratagem was successful. Presently, he heard a light footstep approaching him, and a gentle voice inquired—

"Who calls me?"

"A friend," replied Wyat.

"Your name?" she demanded.

"You will not know me if I declare myself, Mabel," he replied; "but I am called Sir Thomas Wyat."

"The name *is* well known to me," she replied, in trembling tones; "and I have seen you once—at my grandfather's cottage. But why have you come here?—Do you know where you are?"

"I know that I am in the cave of Herne the hunter," replied Wyat; "and one of my motives for seeking it was to set you free. But there is nothing to prevent your flight now."

"Alas! there is," she replied. "I am chained here by bonds I cannot break. Herne has declared that any attempt at escape on my part shall be followed by the death of my grandsire. And he does not threaten idly, as no doubt you know. Besides, the most terrible vengeance would fall on my own head. No,—I cannot—dare not fly. But let us not talk in the dark. Come with me to procure a light. Give me your hand, and I will lead you to my cell."

Taking the small, trembling hand offered him, Wyat followed his conductress down the passage. A few steps brought them to a door, which she pushed aside and disclosed a small chamber, hewn out of the rock, in a recess of which a lamp was burning. Lighting

the other lamp which she had recently extinguished she placed it on a rude table.

"Have you been long a prisoner here?" asked Wyat, fixing his regards upon her countenance, which, though it had lost somewhat of its bloom, had gained much in interest and beauty.

"For three months, I suppose," she replied; "but I am not able to calculate the lapse of time. It has seemed very,—very long. Oh that I could behold the sun again, and breathe the fresh, pure air!"

"Come with me, and you shall do so," rejoined Wyat.

"I have told you I cannot fly," she answered. "I cannot sacrifice my grandsire."

"But if he is leagued with this demon he deserves the worst fate that can befall him," said Wyat. "You should think only of your own safety. What can be the motive of your detention?"

"I tremble to think it," she replied; "but I fear that Herne has conceived a passion for me."

"Then indeed you must fly," cried Wyat; "such unhallowed love will lead to perdition of soul and body."

"Oh that there was any hope for me!" she ejaculated.

"There *is* hope," replied Wyat. "I will protect you—will care for you—will love you."

"Love me!" exclaimed Mabel, a deep blush overspreading her pale features. "You love another."

"Absence has enabled me to overcome the vehemence of my passion," replied Wyat, "and I feel that my heart is susceptible of new emotions. But you, maiden," he added, coldly, "you were captivated by the admiration of the king."

"My love, like your's, is past," she answered, with a faint smile; "but if I were out of Herne's power I feel that I could love again, and far more deeply than I loved before—for that, in fact, was rather the result of vanity than of real regard."

"Mabel," said Wyat, taking her hand, and gazing into her eyes, "if I set you free, will you love me?"

"I love you already," she replied; "but if that could be, my whole life should be devoted to you.—Ha!" she exclaimed, with a sudden change of tone, "footsteps are approaching; it is Fenwolf. Hide yourself within that recess."

Though doubting the prudence of the course, Wyat yielded to her terrified and imploring looks, and concealed himself in the manner she had indicated. He was scarcely ensconced in the recess, when the door opened, and Morgan Fenwolf stepped in, followed by her grandfather. Fenwolf gazed suspiciously round the little chamber, and then glanced significantly at old Tristram, but he made no remark.

"What brings you here?" demanded Mabel, tremblingly.

"You are wanted in the cave," said Fenwolf.

"I will follow you anon," she replied.

"You must come at once," rejoined Fenwolf, authoritatively. "Herne will become impatient."

Upon this, Mabel rose, and without daring to cast a look towards the spot where Wyat was concealed, quitted the cell with them. No sooner were they all out, than Fenwolf hastily shutting the door, turned the key in the lock, and taking it out, exclaimed—"So we have secured you, Sir Thomas Wyat. No fear of your revealing the secret of the cave now, or flying with Mabel—ha! ha!"

THE TOWN LIFE OF THE RESTORATION.

BY ROBERT BELL.

PART II.

> "There I saw Gulls that have no brains at all,
> And certain monsters which they Gallants call;
> New broods of Centaurs, that were only proud
> Of having their beginning from a cloud."
>
> WITHERS. *Abuses Whipt and Stript.*

> "Then wit, like to their Venus, born of froth,
> Is fit for fire, a Vulcan to betroth."
>
> COLLOP. *Poesis Rediviva.*

THE fundamental change that took place in the tone and habits of society at the time of the Restoration was in no particular more remarkable than in the transition from the quiet ordinary to the uproarious tavern. The substitution by the cavaliers of a *monstre* wig, flowing down below the waist, for the cropped hair of the Roundheads, was not more striking or conspicuous. Nothing like the tavern, as it flourished in the reign of Charles the Second, was known at any former period. And this tavern frequenting, with all its train of profligacies, was, beyond all other things, the most characteristic of the real spirit of the age; it expressed, without reserve, and with appropriate fury, the vehement self-will and delirious love of pleasure, which, descending from the court to the kennel, inspired even the cellars of the Strand, where the lower classes used to drink drugged cider and play cards like their betters, with a new style of manners, and new forms of depravity. Charles the Second, with the rest of the blessings he conferred upon the country, brought hot drinks and late hours into fashion. In the vicinity of Covent Garden and the theatres, the inhabitants were kept awake half the night by the clatter of hackneys and the riots of fops and gallants, who went about screaming Bacchanalian songs, picking quarrels, and breaking windows. This was the aristocratic quarter for midnight misdeeds. But the *canaille* had their own night-houses and lusty brawls in remoter parts of the town, such as Smithfield and Wapping; and these grosser resorts were frequently visited by such men as Rochester and Sedley, when the finer taste of the Piazza had begun to pall upon their jaded appetites. The tavern embraced all the aspects of the living licentiousness: it was the garish temple of the unbridled passions; and,

except by the great house at Whitehall, it was unparalleled throughout the world for the scenes of vice and infamy transacted under its privileged roof. Let us look back for a moment, for the sake of the historical contrast, upon the quaint, tranquil ordinary, that threw open its brave humours and harmless vanities to all comers in the golden days before the Restoration. It is like turning from the pent-up alleys of the city, dense with sickly and contagious vapours, to the open country, over whose smiling surface the free winds are coursing, loaded with sweet and healthy perfumes.

The ordinary was an eating-house, with a dinner laid out, at a certain hour, for whoever came, at a fixed price per head, after the manner of a *table d'hôte*. In some instances the customers contracted for their entertainment by the month or quarter; and in all cases, the quality or rank of the house was determined by its charge. The prices at the fashionable establishments varied in proportion to the exclusiveness of their guests. The middle-class ordinary was what was called a twelvepenny ordinary; but there were some that descended as low as threepence. The threepenny ordinary appears to have been the cheapest of all, and frequented only by poets, brokers, and gentlemen out at elbows.

The total disuse of the old custom of dining at a common table in public is one of the many signs of the movement that has taken place within the last two hundred years in English society. It is not to be attributed, however, to the growth of any wider or more marked distinctions amongst the classes of the people, but rather to that refinement of taste which ensues upon the progress of civilization, raising the individual out of the miscellaneous mass, and making him more choice and select in his personal associations. Something, also, is no doubt to be traced to the increase of the population, which drives men back into their own nooks and retreats, to grovel and work as they can for sustenance, leaving them neither time nor means for much indulgence abroad; and something to that out-of-door living which was a sort of practical corollary from early hours and abstemious habits.

Decker, the dramatic writer, gives us a very curious account of these ordinaries. The tract containing the description is so rare as to tempt us to enrich our pages with a passage or two in his own words.* After instructing the gallants how to "behave themselves" in playhouses and elsewhere, he devotes a chapter to the purpose of shewing "how a Young Gallant should behave himselfe in an ordinary." Of course, a good deal of this is broad satire, but we get glimpses through the raillery of the actual state of affairs in the interior of the ordinary.

He opens by advising the gallant to select the most expensive house, and then gives us a picture, no doubt drawn from the life, of his progress through the streets. The first-rate houses, it seems, did not dine till half-past eleven o'clock! "First having diligently inquired out an ordinary of the largest reckoning," says our author, "whither most of your courtly gallants do resort, let it be your use to repair thither, some halfe houre after eleven, for then you shall find most of your fashion-mongers planted in the roome, waiting for meate; ride thither upon your galloway nag, or your Spanish jennet, a swift,

* "The Gul's Horne-Book. By T. Decker. 1609."

ambling pace, in your hose and doublet (gilt rapier and poniard bestow'd in their places), and your French lackey carrying your cloake, and running before you, or rather in a coach, for that will both hide you from the basilike eyes of your creditors, and out-runne a whole kennell of bitter-mouth'd serjeants."

Deposited safely in the room, he advises him not to salute any but his own acquaintance; to walk up and down past the others as scornfully and carelessly as a gentleman-usher; to select an ill-dressed friend to promenade with him, by way of a foil; and to talk noisily, no matter to what purpose, provided only he laugh loudly, and look as if he were ready to engage in a quarrel. He then runs over the various topics suitable to various occupations, all of which have too local and remote an application to be of much interest now.

Just before dinner, of all things he recommends him to make a great show of his snuff-box, that article being then accounted a great luxury, and, with its various implements, a somewhat costly appendage to a man of fashion. "Before the meate come smoaking to the boarde, our Gallant must take out his tobacco-box, the ladell for the cold snuffe into the nosthrill, the tongs and priming-iron; all which artillery must be of gold or silver (if he can reach to the price of it); it will be a reasonable usefull pawne at all times when the current of his money falles out to run low." From a subsequent passage, it appears that tobacco was then sold by the apothecaries. It shortly afterwards, when it became an article of more general consumption, was retailed at the public taverns.

At last dinner is upon table, and here we have a brawling, good-humoured feast, where everybody helps himself to the summit of his appetite. "When you are set downe to dinner," continues our lively guide, "you must eate as impudently as can be (*for that's most gentleman like*); when your Knight is upon his stewed mutton, be you presently (though you be but a Capten) in the bosome of your goose; and when your Justice of Peace is knuckle deepe in goose, you may, without disparagement to your blood, though you have a Lady to your mother, fall very manfully to your woodcocks."

The breaking up plainly indicates that the custom of sitting after dinner did not prevail in that age. "After dinner," says Decker, "every man, as his business leades him, some to dice, some to drabs, some to playes, some to take up friends in the Court, some to take up money in the Citty, some to lend testers in Powles, others to borrow crownes upon the Exchange; and thus, as the people is sayd to bee a beast of many heads (yet all those heads like Hydraes), ever growing as various as their hornes as wondrous in their budding and branching, so in an Ordinary you shall find the variety of a whole kingdome in a few apes of the kingdome." If they did not remaine to carouse, however, they had their small sins notwithstanding; and many of those worthies supplied the excitement of wine by primero and hazard.

The three-penny ordinary was the most turbulent of all, as might be expected. Decker describes it as the resort of usurers, stale bachelors, and thrifty attorneys. Here, he says, "the roomes are as full of company as a jaile, and indeed divided into severall wardes, like the beds of an hospitall. The complement between them is not much, their words few; for the appetite hath no eares, every man's eie heere is open, the other man's trencher to note whether his fellow lurch him or

no; if they chaunce to discourse, it is of nothing but statutes, bonds, recognizances, fines, recoveries, and its rents, subsidies, sureties, inclosures, liveries, inditements, outlaries, feoffments, judgments, commissions, bankerouts, amercements, and of such horrible matter, that when a Lifetenant dines in the next room, hee thinks verily the men are conjuring." No man of his age was better acquainted with such scenes than Decker. He was the great slang author of the day; and several of his tracts may be referred to as complete expositors of the cant language and thieves' customs of the latter part of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century.*

Such were the ordinaries, the principal places of public resort, in the time of Elizabeth, and even still nearer to the Restoration. Taverns there were also, of which we shall speak presently, but the ordinary was the general rendezvous for wits, citizens, and the play-going people. The most objectionable point about them was the eternal stench of tobacco. This evil, to be sure, grew worse and worse in the days of the Restoration, when every corner steamed with smoke, and when the nuisance became such a mark of distinction that you could always detect a fashionable spark by the cloud from his pipe. But in the reign of Elizabeth, it was carried, in one direction at least, to a still greater excess,—for it was then customary to smoke even in the theatre—a barbarous usage, which appears to have gone out with the return of the Stuarts. A writer of that elder age assails the practice in what he calls a "satiricall epigram" on the "wanton and excessive use of Tobacco;" and from the opening lines it is evident the sober part of the audience must have been grievously annoyed by the "smoaky ayre" and "Indianly breath" of the gallants in the pit:—

> "It chaunc'd me gazing at the Theater,
> To spie a Lock-Tabacco-Chevalier,
> Clowding the loathing ayre with foggie fume
> Of Dock-Tabacco; friendly foe to rume.
> I wisht the Roman law's severity:
> *Who smoke selleth, with smoke be done to dy.*"†

No traces of this usage can be found after that period; although tobacco continued to be used, even to a greater extent than before, in coffee-houses and taverns. Dryden smoked his pipe regularly every evening in his arm-chair, at Wills', by the fire-side in winter, in summer in the balcony; and his snuff-box lay upon the table by his side, tempting young aspirants after literary honours to solicit the glory of a pinch.‡

There is an old black letter poem of the reign of Elizabeth, in which we find a curious enumeration of the noted taverns of that time. The name of this strange catalogue is "Newes from Bartholomew fayre,"§ and the following are amongst the principal signs it sets forth:—

* The titles of the principal tracts above referred to are, "The Bellman of London," "Lanthorn and Candle Light," "English Villanies," and "A Strange Horse Race."

† "Dyet's Dry Dinner; consisting of eight several courses. By Henry Buttes, Maister of Arts, and Fellow of C.C.C. in C. London, 1599."

‡ Spence's Anecdotes.

§ A history of Bartholomew Fair, now utterly shorn of its ancient glories, would make a capital volume for some of our modern illustrators. The original privilege of holding a fair in Smithfield was granted by Henry II. to the Priory of St. Bartholomew. It was first held on the spot called the Cloth Fair, where the drapers

"There hath been great sale and utterance of Wine,
Besides Beere, and Ale, and Ipocras fine,*
In every country, region, and nation,
But chiefly in Billingsgate, at the Salutation;
And the Bore's Head near London stone;
The Swan at Dowgate, a Taverne well knowne;
The Miter in Cheape, and then the Bull Head;
And many like places that make noses red:
The Bore's Head in Old Fish Street; Three Crowns in the Vintry;
And now of late, St. Martin's in the Sentree:
The Windmill in Lothbury; the Ship at th' Exchange;
King's Head at New Fish Street, where Roysters do range;
The Mermaid in Cornhill; Red Lion in the Strand;
Three Tuns in Newgate Market; Old Fish Street at the Swan," &c.

Few of these houses retained their odour to the days of the Restoration; although, strangely enough, many of the signs still survive in their ancient localities. The original houses were nearly all swept away in the fire of 1666. There is an old broadside in the Museum, called "London's Ordinary; or, Every Man in his Humour," containing a similar catalogue; but it is of no historical value, being little better than a play upon the names of signs, not one half of which, probably, ever existed.†

Taverns in the Elizabethan age, and downwards through the Commonwealth, were used merely for incidental enjoyment and occasional feasting. They were neither so popular nor so riotous as they afterwards became. But in that subsequent madness of the

had booths within the precincts of the Priory, the gates of which were locked at night for the security of the goods. It was limited to two days; afterwards extended to a fortnight, and then reduced to two days again, in consequence of the dissoluteness and disorders it produced. A court of Pied-Poudre used to be held on the ground, for the settlement of disputes arising out of debts contracted during its continuance. A tract, published in 1641, describes the fair as the head-quarters for the time being, of all the rogues, pickpockets, gulls, and coxcombs of the metropolis. The account of the shows and tricksters proves clearly enough that our ancestors were as well acquainted with the arts of hocus pocus as their successors at Camberwell or Greenwich. "Here a Knave," says the writer, "in a fooles coate, with a trumpet sounding, or on a drum beating, invites you, and would faine perswade you to see his puppets; there a Rogue like a wild woodman, or in an Antick's ship [shape], like an Incubus, desires your company; on the other side, Hocus Pocus, with three yards of tape or ribbin in 's hand, shewing his art of Legerdemaine, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockoloaches." There were also others shaking rattles and scraping fiddles, and gamesters turning whimsies, or throwing pewter, or dissolving shillings into three-halfpenny saucers! The fair rose into considerable importance after the Commonwealth, and became a very different place from the Bartholomew Fair of Ben Jonson, or of the tract-writer of 1641. It had not only rope-dancers and posture-masters and conjurors, but even elaborate stage representations. "It produces operas of its own growth," says a writer of the time, "and is become a formidable rival to both the theatres. It beholds gods descending from machines, who express themselves in a language suitable to their dignity; it traffics in heroes; it raises ghosts and apparitions; it has represented the Trojan horse, the workmanship of the divine Epeus; it has seen St. George encounter the Dragon, and overcome him. In short, for thunder and lightning, for songs and dances, for sublime fustian and magnificent nonsense, it comes not short of Drury Lane or Lincoln's Inn Fields."

* Arnold, in his Chronicle, gives us a receipt for making ipocras, by which it appears that it was composed of red wine, cinnamon, ginger, pepper, and sugar.

† Mr. Mackay has preserved this humorous composition in the "Songs of the London 'Prentices," published by the Percy Society.]

nation, when the whole population, gentle and simple, glorified themselves upon their deliverance from the Puritans, by rushing wildly to the extremity of the opposite excesses, taverns occupied necessarily no unimportant space. They became part and parcel of the machinery of the town life, and shall have a separate chapter, by and by, dedicated to their due celebration.

The dissolute tastes of the town were peculiarly favourable to the cultivation of tavern pleasures. Living in an atmosphere of frivolity, faithlessness, and false wit, it was not very surprising that the youthful blood of the fashionable section of society should become tainted by the lowest vices, as well as the most egregious follies. It became the custom, all at once, rising up out of the domestic lethargy of the Commonwealth, to live in public. There was no more modesty, no more diffidence, no more creeping through the streets in cloaks, with stealthy steps and heavenward eyes. Private life, such as we understand it to be, with its sacred ties and instinctive charities, was at an end in those circles that imparted the predominant tone to national manners. Everybody went abroad for enjoyment; and duchesses and citizens' wives, lords and scriveners, ladies of honour and sempstresses, alike frequented those haunts of idleness and profligacy, where all alike were relieved from the uneasy obligations of duty and the necessity of keeping up appearances. Nor was this promiscuous intercourse confined, as we have already observed, to the well-known localities of St. James's, or the notorious purlieus of Covent Garden. The remotest and the meanest parts of the town had their open enjoyments, and their special seasons of patronage, when they were frequented by all classes of people. Hoxton and Moorfields had their promenades, *al fresco*, and revels within doors, in imitation of the gallantries of Whitehall; and the cloisters of Smithfield were tramped indiscriminately by beaux and pedlers, vizard-masks and heiresses, who, in the words of a contemporary writer, "jostled each other like Nat. Lee's gods in Œdipus!"

STANZAS.

BY MISS SKELTON.

"Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams
The shallow murmur—but the deep are dumb."—Sir W. Raleigh.

There are eyes that seldom weep—
Bosoms where the grief lies deep—
Tears that have no power to flow—
Lips that never speak of woe—
Lips that never part to tell
All the heart endures so well.

Not often do strong passions rise
To flush the brow and cloud the eyes;
But cheeks grow pale beneath their blight,
Quiv'ring lips are wan and white,
And brightest locks of youthful hair
Will blanch beneath untold despair.

Weak natures in their utmost grief
Seek in words and tears relief;
But finer spirits, proud and high,
Learn camly to endure—or die!
And sterner hearts forbear to speak
Of all they suffer ere they break.

And thus such spirits shew through life
No outward sign of inward strife;
But, coldly patient to the last,
True to the memories of the past,
In silence pass to final rest,
The one dark secret unconfest.

THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.

BY MR. MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.*

Ireland (bating the Union) is an island entirely by itself—and here is a book about it (bating its being in two volumes) equally by itself. Mr. Titmarsh has no brother, and is like no brother, in the wide land of literature. He writes as Robins sells, without reserve. He may resemble old Shippen and Montagne in saying all he thinks, but he differs from them and all the world, in his mode of saying it. There is no guessing at the flourish his pen is going to take next—he passes from the queerest pothooks up to the finest copper-plate, and thence back to "an infernal cramped piece of penmanship as ever you saw in your life." In the midst of a delicious pathos he yields himself to the temptations of the burlesque; in some calm, quiet place, he shouts with double-lunged vigour, quite unexpectedly; and while writing with the simple dignity of a grave, fine-minded, full-hearted, wise old man, he flings down the pen suddenly, and breaks into the wildest pranks of glorious reckless boyhood. He seems, as he looks on life, not to know very well at all times whether he ought to laugh or cry—and so he commonly does both—and both in a breath, too. You think his relish of humour and wit keenest, until you come to his serious writing in appreciation and advocacy of the humanities—when you like his gravity better than his fun; and he seems to shine most in describing the common-places and knaveries of every-day life, until he comes to the "more removed ground" opened by a love of the imaginative, a sense of the picturesque, and a scholar-like taste for the dainties of literature—when he appears to understand what men and books should be better than what they are.

In like manner, we had sagaciously pronounced Mr. M. A. Titmarsh to be considerably more of an author than an artist, until our eyes had feasted on the illustrative Irishisms appropriately adorning these pages, when we found him to be alike vigorous, original, and true, in both characters—independent, in both, of ordinary rules of art.

A mind constituted like his, with graphic powers to give effect to its immediate impressions, could not fail to find at every step of his progress in such a country as Ireland, the richest materials for a book equally light and deep—equally a prize to those who seek amusement, and those who meditate—equally fitted to charm the laugh-loving young lady, and the profound legislator, if such an animal be yet left to us. And so we have a rare work, both sad and humorous, like its subject—the humour uppermost, and the tender thoughtful sadness underneath.

When Titmarsh's Irish tour commenced, and when it ended, and whither it extended itself, and what whims and wonders it comprises, may perhaps be learned on reference to the pair of pictured volumes just issued; but to describe its zigzag course would be dull work—and of all tours we know of, dullness is least to be associated even in a critical commentary with this. The good spirit of the writer kept

* 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

him sprightly in the dreariest places; and excepting when he is overborne by ugly beggars, or stifled in the stale air of a convent, or disgusted with the insolence of a wandering Englishman here and there, he is always in a most companionable mood, and never tires us. In fact, if a book about France or Italy even were only to be written in this way, we could almost swear that it might be read through, for the ground would seem quite untrodden.

An observation made at the very commencement of his summer-day in Dublin furnishes a key to the Irish character, as it is subsequently developed:—

"It is quite curious to see in the streets where the shops are, how often the painter of the sign-boards begins with big letters, and ends, for want of space, with small."

It is curious to see how the fine woman ends in a fish's tail; how the Irishman begins with whisky and ends with ditch-water—how he has a domestic establishment, without a home—a life without the means of living. As he thoughtlessly begins his sign-board, so he often builds his house, and sets up his gates.

"One sees in this country many a grand and tall iron gate leading into a very shabby field covered with thistles."

"A handsome drawing-room with a good carpet, a lofty marble mantel-piece, and no paper to the walls. The door is prettily painted white and blue, and though not six weeks old, a great piece of the wood-work is off already (Peggy uses it to prevent the door from banging to); and there are some fine chinks in every one of the panels, by which my neighbour may see all my doings. A couple of score of years, and this house will be just like yonder place on Grattan's Hill. Like a young prodigal, the house begins to use its constitution too early; and when it should yet (in the shape of carpenters and painters) have all its masters and guardians to watch and educate it, my house on Grattan's Hill must be a man at once, and enjoy all the privileges of strong health! I would lay a guinea they were making punch in that house before they could keep the rain out of it; that they had a dinner-party and ball before the floors were firm or the wainscots painted, and a fine tester-bed in the best room, where my lady might catch cold in state, in the midst of yawning chimneys, creaking window-sashes, and smoking plaster."

Returning from a stroll to his inn in Dublin, he found the little window of his room wide open, the sash being propped up by a hearth-broom to prevent it from falling upon the neck of the looker-out. We agree that there is "a sort of moral" in this—"a person with an allegorical turn might examine the entire country through this window."

A dinner arrangement at Cork (it was a capital agricultural feast, but we cannot describe it) furnishes a parallel to the ingenuity of the window-expedient in Dublin:—

"'Sir,' says a waiter whom I had asked for currant jelly for the haunch—(there were a dozen such smoking on various parts of the table—think of that, Mr. Cuff!)—'Sir,' says the waiter, 'there's no jelly, but I've brought you *some very fine lobster sauce.*'"

The Ursuline Convent there presents a more distressing picture than a haunch of venison served up with lobster sauce; and at the sight of the nuns, the "great six-foot Protestant has a little tremble." He sees them passing from the grave up-stairs to the one scarcely narrower in the churchyard beneath; and the reflection is—

"I declare I think, for my part, that we have as much right to permit Sutteeism in India, as to allow women in the United Kingdom to take these wicked vows, or

Catholic Bishops to receive them; and that Government has as good a right to interpose in such cases, as the police has to prevent a man from hanging himself, or the doctor to refuse a glass of prussic acid to any one who may have a wish to go out of the world."

From the inn and the convent, let us escape into the bosom of a private family, and see what is going on:—

"When Peggy brought in coals for the drawing-room fire, she carried them—in what, do you think? 'In a coal-scuttle, to be sure,' says the English reader, down on you as sharp as a needle.

"No, you clever Englishman, it wasn't a coal-scuttle.

"'Well, then, it was in a fire-shovel,' says that brightest of wits, guessing again.

"No, it *wasn't* a fire-shovel, you heaven-born genius: and you might guess from this until Mrs. Snooks called you up to coffee, and you would never find out. It was in something which I have already described in Mrs. Fagan's pantry.

"'Oh, I have you now, it was the bucket where the potatoes were; the thlatternly wetch!' says Snooks.

"Wrong again—Peggy brought up the coals—in a CHINA PLATE!

"Snooks turns quite white with surprise, and almost chokes himself with his port. 'Well,' says he, 'of all the *wum* countwith that I ever wead of, hang me if Ireland ithn't the *wummetht*. Coalth in a plate! Mawyann, do you hear that? In Ireland they alwayth thend up their coalth in a plate!'"

Going from Cork to Bantry, we pause at a miserable old market-house, where a woodcut shews us a fine group of feminine venders of buttermilk and other delicacies, while a dozen words do the work of a volume, in painting a scene which in some form or other is present to us everywhere—it is poetry not measured off into verse:—

"*Round the coach came crowds of raggery, and blackguards fawning for money.*"

What need of the pencil here! We dash on at the rate of seven miles an hour to Skibbereen, in that wondrous vehicle the "Industry," with "gaps between every one of the panels—you could see daylight through and through it." But at Skibbereen we are rewarded by a view of a marvellous cigar-box:—

"But of all the wonderful things to be seen in Skibbereen, Dan's pantry is the most wonderful—every article within is a make-shift, and has been ingeniously perverted from its original destination. Here lie bread, blacking, fresh-butter, tallow-candles, dirty knives—all in the same cigar-box, with snuff, milk, cold bacon, brown sugar, broken tea-cups, and bits of soap."

We run rapidly through a variety of interesting scenes, laughable and melancholy, to Killarney:—

"All round the town miserable streets of cabins are stretched. You see people lolling at each door, women staring and combing their hair, men with their little pipes, children whose rags hang on by a miracle, idling in a gutter. Are we to set all this down to absenteeism, and pity poor injured Ireland? Is the landlord's absence the reason why the house is filthy, and Biddy lolls in the porch all day? Upon my word, I have heard people talk as if, when Pat's thatch was blown off, the landlord ought to go fetch the straw and the ladder, and mend it himself."

The superstitions of the people, gloomily shadowed in the convent at Cork, burst into a horrible and ghastly light, as we approach Westport, and witness the Pattern at Croagh-Patrick, where the most disgusting sacrifices are performed in a hideous series of self-sacrifices, from which we willingly escape—and it is time we should—to a

brighter side of the picture. Take a car-boy, somewhere in the vicinity of Lough Tay:—

"We asked him, was he married? and he said, No, but he was *as good as married;* for he had an old mother and four little brothers to keep, and six mouths to feed, and to dress himself decent to drive the gentlemen. Was not the 'as good as married' a pretty expression? and might not some of what are called their betters learn a little good from these simple poor creatures?"

Take, moreover, a picture in Drogheda, where two little children are paddling down the street, one saying to the other, "*Once I had a halfpenny*, and bought apples with it!" When children are the subject, the page is always touching and eloquent; and we have a beautiful example further on, at the Dundalk Infant-school, which seems quite a pattern affair—where the children are desired, "if they wish to give the schoolmistress a holiday, to hold up their hands," and every tiny hand is instantly raised on high, as exhibited in an engraving, over which the beholder laughs for about ten minutes.

We must end our miserably scanty extracts at the Giant's Causeway:—

"The solitude is awful. I can't understand how those chattering guides dare to lift up their voices here, and cry for money. It looks like the beginning of the world, somehow: the sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills—as those vast dubious monsters were formed who possessed the earth before man. The hill-tops are shattered into a thousand cragged fantastical shapes; the water comes swelling into scores of little strange creeks, or goes off with a leap roaring into those mysterious caves yonder, which penetrate who knows how far into our common world? The savage rock-sides are painted of a hundred colours. Does the sun ever shine here? When the world was moulded and fashioned out of formless chaos, this must have been the *bit over*—a remnant of chaos! Think of that!—it is a tailor's simile. Well, I am a Cockney; I wish I were in Pall Mall!"

"Justice to Ireland" is not to be done in this notice, unless we could quote a few pages at a time, and a few of the admirable designs with them—comic anecdotes and pathetic touches—groups and single figures, houses and inhabitants, as the scene shifts. This, however, we may say, that what the author gives us is quite his own; and where it has no novelty of information it is new in manner. Where we see only himself, instead of his subject, we are still amused; though we may wish that he had not so vehemently insisted on being a "cockney" always, and may be allowed to protest against the constant repetition of "thank Heaven!" and "please God!" in every familiar commentary upon roadside incidents, at each step of the journey. The reiterated exclamation is the result of mere habit—not a good one—and it gives an air of affectation to some of the author's most earnest passages, written we are sure with genuine feeling. This feeling will be the author's safe and sufficient defence in quarters where his plain-spoken notions of right and wrong, in matters of the very gravest consequence, will possibly be quarrelled with. The quarters alluded to are not political—for the volumes (and here is the wonder) though treating of Ireland and the Irish, are wholly innocent of politics. They are evidently the work of a man of acute observation, of warm sympathies, and excellent humour.

THE FIGHT OF THE SACRED GROVE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

The affection entertained by the ancients for their domestic deities, Lares and Manes—spirits of their ancestors, hovering around the spot where their mortal lives had been spent, and solicitous for the welfare of their descendants—was not more marked than is, in the present day, the religious veneration paid by the Arabs to the tombs of their Sheiks. The apotheosis of a Christian has been generally an act of the church, but that of an Arab Sheik is the simple expression of the lively regard entertained by the tribe, during lifetime, for the piety, wisdom, and patriarchal virtues of their chief, and which, after his translation to the mysterious world of the dead, is made to assume the character of a positive sanctification.

The tombs of Sheiks, thus honoured, are scattered all over the land of Islamism. They are of all magnitudes, and of various forms. Great attention is paid to the picturesque in their position: hence sometimes they are planted on the conical tops of isolated hills, at others they advance to the point of tall cliffs beetling over the sea or river; sometimes they sparkle like lone white pillars on the desert, at others are embosomed in groves, or shadowed, on the road side, by one or two gigantic planes. In the Chaldean and Babylonian marshes they are, however, often but frail memorials to the dead, being frequently rude structures, built of reeds, and torn by each angry blast that sweeps across the wilderness of waters.

The veneration of the Arabs for these sepulchres of their holy men led to an unfortunate occurrence, during the navigation of the Euphrates, which was the cause of one of the few interruptions to the friendly intercourse that took place between the Arabs and ourselves, and which might have been easily avoided, had the fiery-tempered natives only announced their disapprobation of our proceedings, instead of having recourse at once to violence. The steamer Euphrates had just traversed the Chaldean marshes. The banks of the river began to rise, and for the first time after a navigation of many miles, a clump of wood made its appearance, behind which was an Arab village belonging to the Beni Hiyakim tribe. The grove was divided into two parts, between which was a quadrangular fort with mud walls, and the village was in the rear of the northerly grove; there was also an Arab fort of some magnitude on the opposite or right bank of the river, a little below. Totally unaware that this grove was in any way an object of veneration to the Arabs, the steamer, as usual, drew up alongside, and the men were sent into the wood, to replenish our stores of fuel.

As usual also on such occasions, I was glad to take my fowling-piece and to saunter in the grove, in search of birds, and other objects of natural history. I went to the southerly wood, the men having set to work in the one to the north. On few occasions did the jungle on the banks of the river present me with such a profusion of game as did this little grove: the beautiful francolin, like our pheasant, only with a black ring round his neck, and without its tail, sprang up at almost every step; but my attention was called off by the number of wild animals, boars, jackals, and hyænas, which appeared to have congregated from

all parts of the country in this isolated grove. Among these there appeared a large wolf, which did not skulk away out of shot, but stopped and stared at me, as if to dispute my progress. When I walked up to him, however, he trotted away about a hundred yards, and then stood still again. I was induced by this manœuvre, frequently repeated, and perhaps done to draw me from his young, to follow him out of the grove into the plain, and here I heard a distant hubbub, and saw the women and children flying from the village, and wending their way across the wilderness. It is difficult sometimes to account for the first thoughts that rush upon the mind, but mine were on the present occasion evidently tinctured by what had just occurred—the number of wild animals that I had met with—and I imagined that a lion had come down upon the village, and so impressed was I with this idea, that I turned my steps immediately towards the flying multitude; but at that very moment several shots were fired, and immediately afterwards the whiz of a rocket told me plainly that something more serious had happened. I accordingly now sought to make my way to the steamer, between which and myself was interposed the fort previously mentioned, and to reach which I must, unless I took a circuitous road back into the grove, pass close to the now hostile village. My feelings, however, upon the bad effect such a stealthy mode of progress would have upon the Arabs, did not allow me to have recourse to the first-mentioned alternative, so I walked—not fast—but as composedly as possible, towards the fort. As I approached, I passed within fifty yards of a group of armed Arabs, who were watching me, but who, probably averse to shedding the first blood, or from more honourable motives, did not, as they might easily have done, fire at me—a proceeding which would have been very unsatisfactory, although I was fully prepared to give them the contents of my two barrels in return.

I found the fort occupied by Lieutenant Murphy and Corporal Greenhill, who had been employed at the time of the quarrel in making astronomical observations, but who were now engaged in putting up a rocket-tube at the north-east angle, from whence the village was commanded. Standing before the wall, I now learnt the cause of the misunderstanding: an Arab sheik was buried in the grove; it was sacred in the eyes of the tribe; and they had attacked the men who were profaning it, but happily had wounded none, although it was with difficulty that they had been enabled to regain the ship without bloodshed.

I stepped on board by the fore-part of the ship, where all was bustle and preparation. Touching my hat to the Colonel, I went aft, was soon below, got out my instruments, tourniquets, &c., in case of accidents, and then mounted again upon the quarter-deck. Almost everybody had gone forward, as that part of the ship was nearest the village, and only six sailors remained aft, and were busily engaged in getting the swivels of the starboard-side in readiness. All this time, the Arabs were concentrating in front of the village, whirling their muskets and hatchets above their heads, and careering round and round in their wild war-dance. They were joined every moment by others coming in from unseen directions; and on each new arrival, the dance was renewed with additional zeal, and the accompanying songs and shouts became more energetic. Their holy prophet, the sanctity of their sheiks, the beards of their fathers, the virtue of their mothers, and their own unconquered name, were cast in our teeth or invoked

against us, who were also loaded with epithets most derogatory to our dignity. Two or three messages of peace had been sent in vain. More Arabs kept arriving, and many swam across the river, (which was here about four hundred yards wide,) both above and below us. A rocket was sent among one party, with whom was a led horse, and who had come down to the river banks not far above us. It did no harm, but rendered the horse unmanageable, and considerably damped the ardour of the men for swimming across.

The villagers were at this time firing occasional shots; but except a rocket or two discharged from the ship, and by Lieutenant Murphy from the fort, rather to intimidate than to hurt them, we had not attempted reprisals; the fires, however, were lighted, and the steam was getting up—a matter which generally took about twenty minutes. In the meantime, as a last resource, Colonel Chesney determined upon sending one of the interpreters, Sayid Ali, with a flag of truce, offering that we would go away in peace, and make an apology and present for cutting the wood, if they would come to terms of amity, and also make an apology on their side for their furious attack upon the men, made without any previous explanations. The errand was not a very enviable one, for the Arabs of the Euphrates do not know much about flags of truce. They, however, respected Sayid Ali's white kerchief tied to a stick, although the interview produced no beneficial results. Like semi-savages, they mistook our forbearance for cowardice, and said we had fired horrible missiles without doing any harm, and that they would fight us, and exterminate us from the land.

Shortly after Sayid Ali's return, the Arabs ceased their dances, and advancing into the grove, each took up his position behind a tree or bush, from whence they kept up a sharp fire, with a better intention than execution—for none on our ship were hurt, and many of the balls were seen to fall short in the water—indeed, the only musket-ball that came to my knowledge on the quarter-deck, and that at an after period, passed between my nose and that of a sailor's in close proximity, and to whom I was lending a hand in bringing a swivel to bear upon the wood. It was sharper work forward; and I observed at one time Major (now Colonel) Estcourt reprimanding some of the novices on board for bobbing their heads.

The steam was, happily for us, by this time on; Lieutenant Murphy and the Corporal were on board, and Colonel Chesney being determined to give the Arabs some slight chastisement, the ship was, to their infinite wonder—for they had only seen her come down the river, — now propelled upwards, till she brought to immediately opposite the grove, from whence the firing was both sharp and fierce. A nine-pound carronade, which decorated our bows, was now discharged loaded with grape-shot into the wood, and great was the fall of leaves and creaking of branches. The musketry ceased for a moment, and then began again; our swivels were then made to play upon the wood, and the carronade once more vomited fire and grape amid the dense shrubbery. But Colonel Chesney had only intended giving them a single shot or so, and was annoyed at the activity displayed. It is not, however, to be wondered at, that one gun being fired, it should have been followed by others. The artillerymen and sailors who had been attacked in the grove were anxious for retaliation; even the natives who were on board were in a state of great excitement at our thus bearing to be

fired at for more than half an hour without any reprisals. The Colonel, however, in the most humane spirit, ran from the fore-part of the ship to the quarter-deck, to command the firing to cease; but when he came aft, off went a gun forward—and when he went forward, another gun was fired aft, till his commands being positively heard through the noise, they were obeyed, and the firing ceased. It is remarkable how close the Arabs kept to their positions during this brief engagement. Except the short moment that I lent a hand to get the swivel round, I had stood peering over the bulwarks, looking out for an Arab as intently as I would have done for a rabbit; but with the exception of one or two men who limped away evidently wounded by the grape, I did not see even a hand the whole of the time. Their firing was, however, put an effectual stop to ere the ship's crew had been prevailed upon to leave off.

The steamer having turned her head round, now went her way down the stream. The walls of the fort on the right bank had been crowded with muskets and lances during the engagement, and exhibited so determined a hostile aspect, that we were in anticipation of a salute as we passed by; but the cannonading of the grove had apparently not been to their liking, and on our passage the walls were deserted.

On our further descent of the river, we visited the powerful Sheik of the Montefik Arabs, to whom the Beni Hiyakim were subject; and the opportunity was taken to represent how grieved the Colonel had been with this misunderstanding with the Arabs, and what a pity it was that the tribe had not sought for explanations instead of having had immediate recourse to violence; but the chieftain only laughed at the matter, and said he really did not know before that the Beni Hiyakim had been so warlike. He was, in fact, evidently delighted, and chuckled at the idea of their supposed valorous display.

Some time after this, on our re-ascent of the river, we passed by the sacred grove again. The tribe at first made some show of turning out to arms, but the bugle having sounded, they were appalled, and retired to their huts and tents, whither, after the ship had taken up a good position, Mr. Rassam went to pay them a visit. This he accomplished, and gave them a good lecture upon their folly. The women wept, and said they had lost three men of the tribe; but this may be suspected to have been an exaggeration, to excite our sympathies: so a present was made to them, and we remained friends afterwards.

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE THIRD.

At the close of the season both cousins were invited to pass a few weeks at Fairlands, Mr. Hamilton's country seat, which was situated in the county of ———, within a walk of Sir Gerald's paternal estate; and Mr. Hamilton's principal object in inviting him was in the hope that he would take some interest in the alterations and arrangements necessary to be made after so long a minority, to render this magnificent residence all that his large fortune seemed to demand. But Sir Gerald opposed every attempt of Mr. Hamilton's; and persisting in

forbidding a single alteration to be made, directed the old furniture and decorations to be left untouched, saying that he should most probably not reside there for some years to come. Much of his time was passed with the Stanleys; and on the termination of his visit at Fairlands, he established himself entirely at the vicarage, and was seldom seen but in the company of the husband or wife.

Mr. Hamilton's only son had married young, and both he and his wife had been called from this world ere their only child had attained her tenth year. She of course became the charge and the solace of her grandfather's life, and during Sir Gerald's visit at Fairlands, she was the only being who seemed to interest him. Agnes had just entered her fifteenth year, and having till now been seldom permitted to emerge from the school-room, she was flattered and pleased at being appreciated, as she, with the usual tact of children, soon discovered she was, by Sir Gerald; and ere a week had elapsed, she was the companion of his early rambles, and by degrees his pupil in drawing. It was so delightful to her young and artless mind to watch his pencil, as he rapidly sketched the surrounding landscapes—to see on paper the favourite spots she had been in the habit of visiting whenever she could escape from the confinement of the grounds; how different from the dry, tiresome copies set her by the accredited drawing-master! whose attendance was limited to two hours once a week, and who, as she said, never brought her anything to copy she had the least interest in looking at.

When the party at Mr. Hamilton's separated, Agnes' sorrow was extreme at losing her kind friend and instructor; but he obtained permission for her to make Mrs. Stanley's acquaintance, and that lady, much pleased with her ingenuous manner, and interested by her orphan state, frequently entreated her company at the vicarage.

Months passed on, and Sir Gerald appeared completely domiciled with the Stanleys. He frequently went to Fairlands, and almost daily to his own mansion, but evinced no intention of making it his residence. The alternations of secret anguish and affected cheerfulness, which had given rise to anxiety in his friends, and excited the curiosity of his acquaintances, had now subsided into a calm and fixed melancholy. He passed some hours of every day with Mrs. Stanley, and her society appeared to be the only interest of his life. He was in the habit of receiving large and voluminous packets from the Continent; and it was remarked, that at every fresh arrival his sorrow seemed to wear a deeper hue. Mrs. Stanley's spirits also appeared much affected by the intelligence contained in these packets. After the receipt of one of them, she would sometimes remain for days in her own apartment, inaccessible to every visitor. Once Agnes had been by mistake admitted, and not finding Mrs. Stanley in the family sitting-room, she proceeded to her private one, when, on opening the door, she started at beholding her sobbing convulsively; Sir Gerald held her hand in his, while his countenance bore the impress of the most perfect despair. The sofa on which Mrs. Stanley was reclining seemed covered with letters, on which his eyes were fixed. Agnes, perceiving that her entrance had been unremarked, stole cautiously from the room; but the scene she had witnessed powerfully affected her. She could not have told what had pained her, but the impression was painful; and as her mind afterwards reverted to the scene, her pencil almost unknowingly traced the whole on paper. Years after, that sketch was found by one of the parties.

When Agnes again saw Mrs. Stanley, she refrained from any mention of her former visit. From that lady she heard that Sir Gerald was gone abroad; and had it not been for Harry Danvers' occasional visits at her grandfather's, she would have heard no more of one who had been the first object of predilection to her girlish fancy. Harry took delight in talking of his cousin; and it was this one subject, in which each felt pleasure, that drew them often together in busy conjecture as to the cause of his absence, and the grief which was so apparent in his manner. While their thoughts and conversation were thus engaged, Mr. Hamilton supposed that an attachment for each other was growing in their hearts, and which it pleased him to contemplate; for Harry Danvers had so prepossessed Mr. Hamilton in his favour, and he entertained such an exalted opinion of his talents as a man of business, and was so charmed with his cheerful, happy character, that he would have considered his grandchild's future comfort assured by her marriage with him.

Agnes had gone less frequently than formerly to the vicarage since her return from London; but one morning she received a note from Mrs. Stanley, reproaching her for thus forsaking its inmates. The black-bordered paper and black seal told of some family bereavement; and the note was so kind, yet so mournful, in its tone, that sincerely blaming herself for her estrangement, she set out at once to reply to Mrs. Stanley's note in person.

Agnes found both her and her husband at home: they were in deep mourning; and the former looked pale and dejected. Nevertheless, she received her visitor with a smile of welcome, and an evident attempt to converse cheerfully. When they were left alone, Agnes ventured to say, "I am very sorry I did not sooner know of your affliction; and I almost dread to ask if it is some near relation you have lost." Tears stood in her eyes as she spoke; and Mrs. Stanley's overflowed as she replied, "Yes, dear Agnes, a very dear and tenderly beloved relation: by birth, she was only my cousin; but by many and uninterrupted years of fond affection, we were dear as sisters to each other. Her fate was a melancholy one; and her death *ought* to be rather a cause for thankfulness than grief. But it is hard to teach the heart submission, though the reason may be convinced. Some day I will tell you more of my lost Evelyn's sorrows; but now I can only remember our early happy days of childhood, and would banish the dark and stormy page of later years. You will come to me oftener than of late, will you not, Agnes?"

"I will be with you as much as you like, dear Mrs. Stanley," she replied; "and only wish I could in any way be to you as the friend you mourn."

"Thanks!" returned Mrs. Stanley; "your old friend Gerald bade me seek your society, as most likely to console me."

Agnes started. Since Sir Gerald left the country, she had never heard his name pronounced in any of her occasional visits at the vicarage; and now Mrs. Stanley called him "Gerald" as familiarly as his own cousin Harry did;—and again the scene she had unintentionally witnessed just before he left England became present to her imagination, and, as then, crimsoned her cheek with an emotion she could not define. Mr. Stanley came in, and Agnes took her leave, feeling something less anxious to console Mrs. Stanley under her affliction than she had professed herself a few moments before.

THE LEGEND OF LELIENDAEL.

[At Leliendael, or the Valley of Lilies, near Mechlin, in Flanders, are the ruins of a convent, of the foundation of which, the following legend prevails. The nuns, to the number of eighteen, deserted it during the civil wars, in 1589.]

In lonely Leliendael,
'Twixt morning-tide and even,
Seven times in every summer day
Sweet music rose to heaven.
'Twas not the linden's rustling,—
'Twas not the wild brook's fall;—
Mystic and strange were the harmonies
Of lonely Leliendael.

The palmer stay'd his steps,
Propp'd on his staff, to hear;
The herdsman on his bended knees
Pray'd with a joyous fear;—
Awestruck, amid the sheafed corn
Rested the gleaners all,—
Listen in tears to the vesper hymn
Of lonely Leliendael.

When winter chain'd the brooks
Fast to the frozen ground,
When, whirl'd on high, from the linden trees,
The dead leaves flutter'd round,—
Still to the vale sweet warblings
Did its vernal pride recall,
Breath'd by a more than mortal choir
In lonely Leliendael.

Birds of unearthly strain
There hymn'd their songs of praise,
In the starry plumes of whose quiv'ring wings
Sparkled celestial rays;
Sweeter their thrilling notes were pour'd
Than by minstrels in lordly hall;
Six, thrice told, were the choristers
Of lonely Leliendael.

Then the pious of the land
Raised a cloister'd chapel there,—
On that hallow'd ground which the King of kings
Had chosen for his House of Prayer.
And ever and anon soft anthems
Breathed from the convent wall;—
Six, thrice told, were the Sisters chanting
In holy Leliendael.

And if one Sister more
Join'd in the choral hymn,
Low droop'd her head as the days went by,
And her saintly eyes grew dim,
And when spring return'd, a funeral bel
Toll'd o'er her early pall;
For 'tis God's high will, that thrice six sweet voices
Praise him in Leliendael.

C. F. G.

COUSIN EMILY.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

PART I.

[The interest recently excited upon the subject of mental affection, and more especially in reference to a lamentable event, which has deprived society of an active and valued member, induced the writer to search for some notes of a singular story which was related to him several years ago, and in which a peculiar phase of insanity was illustrated by its most painful results. He has endeavoured, in the following pages, to bring a tale before the reader. It is right that he should mention that all who could possess any personal knowledge of its details (the original narrator included) have long since "ceased from among us."]

You have lived under four English sovereigns, and the number of your fellow-subjects who can add another king to the list is small. I am one of that small number, for I was born in the year 1757, and I am now eighty-three. You need not on that account hesitate at passing me the bottle.

I'll tell you something which was brought to my mind by this straggling old inn, with its long gloomy passages and terrible staircases. I am not at all sorry we decided on sleeping here, for it seems a naughty night to swim in, but there is a place near the top of this house which I wish I had not seen. Help yourself, and stir the fire into a blaze; I don't like even to think of the story in the dark.

When I was sixteen, I believed myself intensely in love with a very pretty cousin of mine, whose Christian name was Emily. She was exactly that sort of cousin with whom, I suppose, all boys fall in love—she was three years older than myself, and not only very pretty, but very merry and very kind-hearted, and, in spite of all my endeavours, her laughing face, with a quantity of black curls falling about it, was perpetually coming between my eye and the Delphin Juvenal, the fact of her being miles away from my school not at all interfering with her pertinacious hauntings. I was exceedingly outrageous when I was informed of her intended marriage to a country clergyman about ten years her senior, and though Mrs. Algernon Parke (that was the name she took, poor thing!) wrote me several beautiful letters, inviting me to come and see her in her married state, it was not until she had become a mother and I had become a collegian, that I could make up my mind to visit her. My journey was then accidental, but when I entered her house she gave me such a sunshiny welcome, and, in spite of the child crawling about upon the rug, she looked so like the Emily of other days, that I reproached myself for my delay, and determined to make up for it by spending as much of my time as possible at —— Rectory.

Her husband, the Reverend Algernon Parke, was one of those men whom you cannot help liking, and yet with whom it is impossible to be very intimate. He was tall, handsome, and aristocratic in appearance; he was an accomplished scholar, and had travelled much, and his general information was, or seemed to a youth of nineteen, very extensive. But he was an extremely proud man, and though nothing could be kinder or more hospitable than his manner, I was forced to feel that he rather endured than sought conversation with me. Indeed, I have often thought that I may have attributed this neglect on his part to wrong causes, for the talk of a person of my age and character must in all probability have been rubbishing enough, especially in those days, when young gentlemen were not furnished with a smattering

of every kind of knowledge. However, Mr. Parke always gave me a cordial welcome to his house, and while I remained there, we saw little of each other except at the social hours. There was excellent sporting of two or three kinds in the neighbourhood, and though I devoted a great deal of time to my cousin, I reserved a tolerable proportion for my dogs, and guns, and fishing-tackle. Altogether I found the Rectory a delightful place.

The house itself had little to recommend it beyond its size and its situation, for it was one of those ungainly structures which were reared when everything requisite for building was cheap—architectural skill excepted. I told you that this inn reminded me of the place. The Rectory was a very tall and very spacious house, full of winding staircases and intricate passages, doors opening where they were least expected, and long galleries without an opening except at each end. The rooms were chiefly lofty and airy, and yet there was a sensation of dulness, and even desolation, connected with them, which often became oppressive, especially on bleak afternoons. The inmates of the house had of course, by practice, acquired a tolerable acquaintance with the apartments in use, which constituted about a third of the mansion,—a stranger gradually ascertained the nearest way from his bed-room to the dining-parlour and drawing-room,—but of the relative situations of the unoccupied chambers, I doubt if any person were aware. Two or three of the servants had their respective and different ways of proceeding on the rare occasion of having to explore those regions, and I myself, who had in the pride of geometrical knowledge volunteered to map out the various stories, was finally baffled, and forced to relinquish the task, by the multiplicity of enormous closets which crossed the landing-places, and isolated rooms upon which one came by accident, and failed to discover a second time. I revenged myself upon the edifice by defining it as a noble specimen of Intoxicated Architecture.

You may think I am dealing lightly with a narrative which I have described as a painful one, but I am rather endeavouring to give you an idea of the successive effects which the scene and the incidents produced upon myself. They have receded far enough from me to allow me to detail them with much more clearness than I can bring to the description of events of the last ten years.

I returned to the Rectory as often as my college life would permit, and it was upon my third visit there that I perceived a strange change in Algernon Parke.

His manner to me was warm and cordial as before, but the alteration was in his conduct to Emily. Did I mention to you that his behaviour to her had previously been marked by the most sedulous attention, but that there was an absence of the fondness of affection which I had expected to see, and which her youth and extreme beauty, coupled with her admiring devotion to him, might have elicited from even a prouder and colder man than Parke? In short, I had hardly known whether to be vexed or pleased at not finding Algernon adoring the lovely girl whom I thought perfection. We are curious creatures, and the feelings alternated in my heart until I was almost ashamed of my exertions to define, and so to fix, my sentiments on the subject. But now all was altered, and in place of the calm attentive regard which Algernon had hitherto manifested towards his wife, there had arisen a lover-like ardour of anxiety and tenderness, which kept him constantly at her side—a perpetual watch for every word she uttered, over every

movement she made—an untiring, unceasing homage, which, as it appeared to me, would have better suited the brief and glowing courtship of some young Italian musician, inspired by his love, his art, and his skies, than the married state of an English clergyman of mature age and reserved habits. The phenomenon puzzled me beyond measure. I sought for ordinary reasons for it, in vain. I had, of course, been favoured, in my time, with explanations of the curious influence over the husband with which the honours of maternity invest the wife. Emily, it is true, had a second time added to her family, and two more beautiful children than the little Louisa and Henry Parke I have never seen; but the devotion of Algernon to his wife was now so unreasonably intense that even the mysterious agency in question, taxed to its fullest extent, was insufficient to account for his bearing towards her. In ordinary matters he was unchanged, except that he certainly seemed to seek conversation more than he had been accustomed to do; as far as concerned myself, with the amiable self-complacency of youth, I attributed this to my own enlarged and edifying habits of discussion. One thing I observed—he spoke with far more rapidity than upon my former visits.

The children were very lovely. Louisa, the elder, whom I had seen crawling on the rug on my first visit to the Rectory, was now a merry little sylph of four years old, an infantile copy of her beautiful mother's features, but with a profusion of golden hair, and with deep blue eyes. Her ringing laugh was always ready to welcome me—I was her decided favourite, friend, and confidant. She loved me, I believe, very sincerely, but she worshipped the dogs which were invariably my companions. Their affectionate attentions to her were her delight, and the figure of the wild little fairy, tugging laughingly at the ears or tail of the wistful but uncomplaining Ponto or Sancho, is fresh as if sixty years had not divided us.

Henry, the boy, was a year younger than his sister, and a contrast to her in everything but beauty. His grave-eyed meekness suited his appearance well; and his tranquillity, especially when taken under the patronage of the high spirits of Louisa, was very winning. He, too, was a great ally of the dogs; but whereas Miss Louisa's pleasure was in exciting them into frolics kindred with her own, her brother loved to lie for hours with one animal for a pillow, while the head of the other rested in his lap. You are at my mercy here, and must bear with my miniature-painting—it is all part of the picture.

The fondness of my cousin for her beautiful children was excessive, and rivalled that of Algernon for herself; but it was so natural and graceful, that I, who was at an age when to the foolish eye of a boy the earnestness of maternal affection is not always pleasing, could not but be charmed with the love manifested towards them by Emily. Algernon's conduct to the children was, however, inexplicable. He would stand gazing at them for long periods, with looks of affection and delight; but he invariably recoiled from their contact or approach, and in a marked manner shunned the morning and evening kiss with which they had been accustomed to salute him. Once, when Emily suddenly pressed the face of her boy to that of its father, he turned deadly pale, and hastily left the room. She never repeated the experiment—its failure was perhaps the only thing in which for many months Algernon crossed her wishes: his devotion continued unabated.

TROJAN, THE SERVIAN KING.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[Servian legends are not, I believe, commonly known. The following, which is a very curious one, is taken from the introduction to a collection of Polish traditions, by M. Woycicki. The poetical prose in which it is written, and the dash of puerility, seem to me very effective.—J. O.]

I.

"Quickly give me my horse! quickly bring it hither! The sun has long vanished. The moon and stars are already shining, and the dew already glistens on the meadows. The south wind blows no more, and if it does, 'tis no more heating, but cooling. So quickly to horse! Every moment's delay is time lost. With beating heart has the black-eyed virgin already long awaited me. With the speed of the hurricane or of the eagle do I fly on my swift-footed steed, because the night is so short and the day is so long, and I can only live at night-time."

Thus spake Trojan, king of the valiant Servians, who could not endure the rays of the sun. Never had he seen the light of beaming day. For if a single ray had shone on the head of Trojan, he would have passed away as a cloud, and his corpse would have been dew.

II.

The obedient squire brings the horse from the stable. Trojan flings himself on it, and will away. His faithful servant follows him.

"So fresh and cool! 'Tis the right time for me!" cries Trojan, joyfully. "The stars, indeed, are shining, and so is the moon; yet their pale beams are without warmth. The pearly dew, like white coral, covers the green meadow, and in every drop can I see the form of the stars and the face of the moon. What a stillness prevails! Nothing disturbs my mind, scarcely when the hoarse voice of the owl sounds from the dark wood."

"Oh, my sovereign," replied the squire, "I prefer the sun and the hot day, even though its beams do glow and give warmth, to the gloomy shades of night. Then am I quite blind, and the most lovely colours become black—the violet, the rose, and the scented elder-blossom. And at night everything slumbers—the birds, the beasts, and man. Only to the wanderer does a solitary light beam from the village by the road-side; only the faithful guardian of the house awakens the echo with his barking, when he sees a wolf or something strange. As the billows of the sea, as the waving corn-field when stirred by the wind, so does the echo move and incline itself on all sides. No bird interrupts the silence of night, for the minstrel of the spring—the lark, flies merrily over the green meadow, when wakened by the beams of morning, and greets the shining day with the sun. At night she sleeps, like every other creature, to refresh her strength. But we, O king, pursue our way in the shades of night."

III.

A fair mansion was shining in the distance—a light glistened in every window. There did the beloved of Trojan await his embrace.

Trojan lashed his steed with increased severity, and flew along with the swiftness of a dart. Quickly does he go over the bridge of linden-wood, and over the paved court. Now he springs from his horse, and enters the well-known halls.

Long stood the squire, holding his horse by the bridle, till sleep oppressed his eyelids. At last he sprang up, and said, "The cock is already crowing! I must awake my king. Far is the way to the castle, and the day will soon dawn."

He approaches the door of the chamber, and knocks with all his strength: "Awake, my lord! Awake, my king! It will soon be day. Let us quickly mount our steeds, and return to the castle."

"Disturb me not in my sleep," cried Trojan, angrily; "I know better when the day dawns—when the signal of my death—when the sun sends down its first beams. Wait without with the horses."

The obedient squire answered not a word, but waited a long time. He gazed before him, and with horror he saw the first breaking of the dawn. He again ran in hastily, and still more loudly knocked at the door of the dark chamber.

"Awake, my sovereign!" cried he, in despair. "I have already seen the dawn of morning. If thou stayest a moment longer, the rays of the sun will kill thee."

"Yet wait a moment; I will at once hasten hence. If I can but mount my steed before the dawn is awake, and the clear sun shines, I shall be soon in my castle."

The obedient squire waited long. At last Trojan came; he mounted his steed, and fled with the speed of an arrow.

IV.

He had scarcely crossed the paved court and the bridge of linden-wood, when the clear light came towards him from beyond the mountain.

"That is the sun!" cried the squire, with terror.

"Then the moment of my death is near!" replied Trojan, with suppressed rage. "I will alight from my horse, and press my poor body close to the damp earth. Do thou cast thy mantle over me, and about sunset fetch me with my courser." And he sprang trembling from his horse, and sunk exhausted on the damp earth, while the faithful squire carefully spread the mantle over the poor king. He then hastened to the castle, and knocked at the iron gates.

"Open, porters—open, quickly!" cried he, trembling with alarm. Down fell the drawbridge, the squire entered the gate, and summoned all the servants. "Where is the king? Where is Trojan?" they all ask; and he points with tears to the courser. "The king lies in the field, on the damp earth; his body is covered with a mantle, and at sunset I shall fetch him with the courser."

V.

It was a sultry day; not a breeze was stirring, and the sun scorched like fire. Trojan trembled beneath his mantle with heat and fear, and he swore, that if he escaped, he would never again wait the approach of dawn.

The shepherds went to tend their flocks, and they came up to Trojan. They looked, and they saw a mantle; they raised it, and they saw a

man; and then they pulled it away entirely. Trojan shrieked, and entreated them by all that was dear to them—"Cover me again with the mantle; let me not burn in fire!"

In vain does he entreat them, for the sun is shining brightly, and its rays fall straight upon Trojan's face. Suddenly he is silent; his eyes are turned to two drops of liquid; head, neck, and breast have flowed away, and soon the whole body appears changed to tears. The corpse of Trojan shines for a moment like dew, but even these drops are soon dried up by the melting beams of day.

VI.

At sunset the faithful squire hastens into the field, with the servants of the castle; but Trojan is not there. He only sees the mantle, and he wrings his hands, and weeps bitterly. Vain are thy tears! They will not awaken the king.

Of Trojan's castle nought is now left but ruins, and in his dark hall, where the sun once never shone, it now beams brightly on the nests of the swallows, and dries the damp walls.

THE TWIN GIANTS.

A LEGEND OF THE CLIFTON ROCKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PORCELAIN TOWER."

PART THE SECOND.

THE pickaxe continued its labours to ply,
Still changing each hour its master:
By Goram 'twas mostly allow'd to lie by,
But it work'd, when with Vincent, the faster,—
Imagine that six times each day it has been sent
From Vincent to Goram, from Goram to Vincent.

'Twas their practice, when in turn
Each resign'd it to the other,
With great force the axe to throw,
Calling loud to warn his brother:
Whence the advantage they might earn
(Which to such long legs was small)
That they were not forced to go
From their own canals at all.

Thus, six or eight times every day,
They saved some forty strides each way:
And if you reckon, you'll find accrue
From 40 × 2,
And that × 7, (on which we fix
As medium between 8 and 6,)
A daily save, (and time besides,)
Of 560 strides;
And this some object would appear
To giants whose toils were so severe.

Summer had resumed her berth
In the cabin of the earth;
And whilst that great ship drove on
Round the island of the Sun,
(Thence appearing like a speck,)
Autumn kept the watch on deck.

'Twas the month when mists begin
Over lake and land to spread;
Over tree and over brook,
Giving things a shadowy look
Like the regions of the dead.
When the air is free from din;
When the skies are grey and sober:
When the leaves turn red and umber,
And, descending in thick number,
All the prattling streams encumber:
'Twas the month of "brown October."

'Twas a morn so dim and grey
With the mists, that every way,
Out of water, wood, and clay,
Thick and reekingly arose,
That the giants, as they lay,
At the opening of the day,
Could not see to count their toes.
And that which Goram took to be,
At first, the outline of a tree,
Proved a fungus on his nose.

Nevertheless, his daily toil
Vincent undertook with zeal,
Rubbing first his limbs with oil
To keep out the frosty feel:
For which purpose he made use
Of a slice of spermaceti,
Such as might have furnish'd juice
To illuminate a city.
Having work'd an hour or so,
As by guess he might discover,
(For his dial could not go
Since the sun was under cover,)
He, with most potential throw,
Hurl'd the pickaxe towards his neighbour,
Calling loud to let him know
That it was his hour of labour.
Well he knew the right direction
For the instrument's projection
Towards the top of Goram's hill:
Through the air he heard it sounding—
Then its fall and its rebounding;
After which, the whole surrounding
Atmosphere again grew still:
And, whilst breakfast was preparing,
With anxiety he gave ear
To detect the sound, declaring
That his brother was removing
Rock and earth, and thus improving
In his inattentive behaviour;
For it pain'd him much to find
How entirely Goram's mind
Was to idleness inclined.

Long he listen'd, but no sound
Waken'd up the weary echoes
That, in every glen around,
Lay in tranced silence bound,
Calm as Leman's lake or Lecco's.
Not a sound except of snakes
Rustling through the oaks and hornbeams;
Crocodiles in reedy brakes
Barking at the sun's forlorn beams;

Hippopotamuses lowing,
Rivers rippling in their flowing,
And far-off whales their noses blowing.

So, deeming Goram was asleep,
And that his slumber must be deep
Because his shout had fail'd to wake him,
Vincent put on a thoughtful frown,
And, stepping over Durdam Down,*
Resolved to pull his ears and shake him,
To make the drowsy god forsake him.

Why do Vincent's eyeballs glare
With a glance so wild and horrid?
Why doth Vincent tear his hair?
Why doth Vincent slap his forehead?
Why his teeth doth Vincent grate,
Sounding like a prison-gate?
Why a groan doth Vincent smother?
Signs of grief that knoweth *no* bar—
—'Tis that he hath slain his brother:
Slain his brother with a crowbar.

For when Vincent with energy hurl'd through the air
His crowbar, or pickaxe, or what you may term it,
It came where poor Goram yet slept in his chair,
As fast as a rock and as still as a hermit,
And without any preface or sort of apology,
Came plump on his cranium and spoil'd his phrenology.

Yea, it came down in thunder,
Excited his "Wonder,"
Parted his "Firmness" quite asunder,
Injured his "Self-Esteem" a little,
Crack'd his "Hope," which before was brittle,
Lessen'd his "Weight" and "Size,"
Changed his "Colour" and marr'd his "Form,"
Cool'd his large bump of "Aliment" just as 'twas warm,
With the anticipation of morning victual,
Batter'd his "Order" quite out of its rank,
Reduced his "Number," (from one to a blank,)
Made the last of his "Language" start out at his eyes,
Alter'd all other organs less or more,
But left his "Wit" as it was before.

When Vincent saw this, oh! his blood trickled slow,
And his heart was a vat of concentrated woe,
He'd have given his pasture, his newts, his renown,
To have put Goram's brains nicely back in his crown;
But brains, like the spendthrift's allowance, good lack,
When they've once trickled out there's no getting them back.
"Good lack!" did I say? Nay, the word I recal,
For the lacking of brains is the worst lack of all.
Poor Vincent repined,
He was wretched in mind,
And to beat out his own brains seem'd almost inclined.
He said many things, but I cannot now mention all—
That the fact of his act had been quite unintentional;
That with malice prepense he was not to be tax-ed in't,
That the dent of the axe had been wholly an accident.
To the hole in the skull with great care he attended;
And thought for awhile if it might not be mended.
He examined the skull from the crown to the brow,
And wish'd to trepan it, but didn't know how.

* An extensive down on the western side of Bristol, between that city, Westbury, and the St. Vincent's Rocks.

He wash'd off the stains
Of the blood and the brains,
But deeming it vain to take any more pains,
Sat down on the rock with a very loud groan:
You'd have fancied at first
'Twas a steam-boiler burst,
And his heart seem'd the weight of a Logan stone.
He sat on the rock in a sorrowful guise,
And a glance now and then on his brother he threw,
As he bent with cross'd feet, and his arms on his thighs,
And beat on his fingers the devil's tattoo—
He pored o'er the river that pour'd at his feet,
And the whole of the day could take nothing to eat.
And when the night came,
Though 'twas frosty and frore,
Still he sat in the same
Attitude as before.
And for want of a comrade, refraining from speech,
Kept his eyes on the shadows,—so motionless each,
So like in their form—of himself and his brother—
But he scarcely could recognise one from the other.

But ere night had reach'd its noon
Vincent fell into a swoon—
Sure an angel brought the boon,
For, whilst therein he lay entranced,
Behold a spirit came to him,
And told him that for what had chanced,
None could attribute blame to him;
And that 'twas quite in vain to mourn
For accidents and chances—
What can't be alter'd must be borne,
And vain regret enhances
The mischief done, since it detracts
Our energies from useful acts—
Thus hind'ring their advances.

When morning broke, and Vincent woke,
He thought upon his vision;
And deem'd that sleep had given a peep
Into some land elysian.
And all the words the spirit spoke
Came back to his remembrance,
And seem'd like oil to soothe the smart,
And cheer the gloom about his heart,
With lights as strong as Rembrandt's.
So having wiped his cheeks and brow,
And making quick resolve, and vow
He would the spirit's plan try—
To think no more of slight mishaps,
He made a breakfast from the scraps
Of hapless Goram's pantry.
And found his axe, whose edge was dull,
With having fallen on Goram's skull,
Not having been intended
For harder work than hewing rocks;
And clear'd from it the bloody locks,
And brains from Goram's wisdom-box—
Its broken handle mended—
And sharpen'd it upon a stone;
And when this task was ended,
In a new channel of their own
His cogitations wended.

NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

I.

In Spain as well as in Portugal the children have a language peculiar to themselves: instead of *carne*, a term common to both countries, they call meat *chicha*, a fowl *pipi*, &c. Many of these little creatures are so unusually precocious, even at the age of two or three, as to imagine themselves already arrived at years of discretion, and make no scruple of addressing each other, when in the slightest degree offended, by the high-sounding appellations of *hombre* and *muger*—man and woman.

II.

The number *four* is generally used by Spaniards to express any indefinite quantity: in common conversation, where we are apt to say at random, "twice as much," "ten times as many," &c., with them it is always *four* times. For instance, if you ask a Spaniard whether he has seen this or done that, he will probably, if he answer in the affirmative, say, *mas de cuatro veces*—more than four times.

III.

The ordinary salutation which a person entering a house or cottage in Spain addresses to those within is—

"Ave Maria purisima!"—(Hail, purest Mary!)

which is immediately answered by—

"Sin pecado concebida!"—(Conceived without sin);

and on taking leave, the usual farewell is—

"Vayase V. M. con Dios!"—(God speed you!)

the invariable reply to which is—

"Quedase V. M. con Dios!"—(Abide in God!)

IV.

There is no want of national pride among the Spaniards: high and low, rich and poor, all agree at least in one opinion—viz., that Spain is the finest country, and the Spaniards the finest people in the universe. Their comparative esteem of other nations contrasted with their own is expressed in the following proverb:—

"Ingles borracho,
Frances gabacho,
Holandes mantequero,
Español gran caballero."

(The Englishman is a drunkard, the Frenchman a dirty fellow, the Dutchman a butterman, the Spaniard a gentleman.)

V.

In many Spanish cities, the inhabitants are accustomed to celebrate the festival of their patron saint by going in procession on the preceding evening to his chapel, which is generally erected at a little distance from the town. There they make large fires, around which they sleep, and usher in the next day with music and dancing. This takes

place only when the *fiesta* happens to be in summer, no such respect being paid to any saint whose anniversary occurs in winter. In ancient times, when pilgrimages to Rome were more frequent, certain of the inhabitants, selected from the different towns, used to proceed thither in honour of their respective saints ; this being found inconvenient, the ceremonies now in use were substituted. A trace of their origin may be found in their name, *Romerias.*

It is said that a certain pious Catholic, being present at one of these annual commemorations on St. John the Baptist's Day, which falls on the 24th of June, was asked by a Spaniard what he thought of the dancing. He answered, that he liked it well enough, but that he doubted whether it could be so much to St. John's taste, as *he* lost his head for a dance.

VI.

It is related of Catania, an Italian doctor of great celebrity in Lisbon, that on his first arrival in that city, his sole property consisted of the clothes on his back and a large trunk filled with paving-stones. Followed by six porters, bearing his "luggage," he entered the principal hotel, and selected a room for himself with strongly-grated and barred windows, hinting at the same time to the landlord, that he had articles of incalculable value with him. On going out of the house next day, he carefully double-locked the door of his apartment, leaving the strictest injunctions that no one should enter it. Days and weeks elapsed, and the host began to calculate the probable amount due to him by his strange lodger, without, however, suspecting for a moment the inability of that individual to discharge his debt. Meanwhile, report had spread abroad through Lisbon the arrival of a foreigner with a mysterious treasure, until the story finally reached the king's ears, who took it into his head that the new comer must be a secret agent of the *carbonari.*

One morning shortly afterwards, Catania was honoured by a visit from the inspector of police, who informed him that it was his majesty's pleasure the trunk should be opened. The Italian remonstrated, but in vain—the officer was resolute, until, as a last resource, Catania whispered that the box contained nothing but stones. The inspector, concluding he meant *precious* stones, returned to the king with this information, and received further orders to open the suspicious trunk without delay. Finding every attempt to dissuade him ineffectual, Catania assumed a mysterious air, and begged the inspector at all events to examine it privately, to which the latter agreeing, he dismissed the inquisitive landlord, who had followed him into the room. The box was soon opened, and the stones discovered. On the result of the examination being communicated to the king, he laughed heartily, and not only paid Catania's debt, but, finding him tolerably acquainted with the rudiments of medicine, conferred on him a doctor's diploma. Bravo, Jeremy Diddler!

VII.

The magnificence with which the funeral of Lope de Vega was celebrated gave rise to a popular proverb, associating the poet's name with any unusual exhibition of splendour:—"*Que banquete de Lope!*" "*Que joya de Lope!*" were the highest epithets of praise that could be conferred on the most princely banquet or rarest jewel.

VIII.

Notwithstanding this posthumous celebrity, Lope de Vega, like many other masters of the "gentle craft," had little reason to boast of any undue partiality shewn him by fortune during his lifetime. In his preface to the *Verdadero Amante*, dedicated to his son, he says, "I have written nine hundred plays, twelve books on divers subjects in prose and verse, and so many loose papers on various topics, that the number printed will never equal the quantity still unpublished;" adding, that the fruits of his labour have been the enmity, censure, and envy of others, the loss of time, and the attainment of old age, without the power of leaving any legacy to his son except his advice—viz., to pursue his studies diligently, but to avoid poetry.

IX.

The Spaniards have an endless variety of short proverbs, in rhyme and blank verse, which they chant in a monotonous sing-song tone. The following are specimens of their "proverbial philosophy:"—

"Casa tu hija como pudieres, y tu hijo como quisieres."

(Marry your daughter as you can, and you may marry your son as you will.)

"Los dineros del sacristan cantando se vienen, y contando se van."

(The sacristan's money comes by singing—i.e., chanting in church—and goes by singing—i.e., in the winehouse.)

"Las mugeres y las gatas
Son de una misma familia,
Que, en haciendoles caricias,
A lo mejor nos arañan."

Which may be rendered thus:—

Women and cats must kindred claim,
Their habits closely match;
If one or other we caress,
We're sure to get a scratch.

X.

It has been stated by many Spanish writers, and especially by the Padre Isla, that Le Sage has no claim to the authorship of "Gil Blas," but that it was originally written by an Andalusian lawyer, as a satire on two successive prime ministers at Madrid. The Padre adds, that the manuscript was confided by its author to Le Sage, by whom it was translated into French, and subsequently printed in Paris, the lawyer not relishing the probable consequences of publishing such a work in Spain. There is, moreover, says the worthy Father, sufficient internal evidence in the book itself to prove that it was written during the reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV., the ministers of those sovereigns being the individuals satirized. Now, as Le Sage was born in 1677, the year in which Philip IV. died, he could not have visited Spain as secretary to the French ambassador until the close of that century, or perhaps the commencement of the next, by which time probably "Gil Blas" had been almost forgotten, as the production of an anonymous and unknown author.

The recent editor of the Padre's Spanish translation of the work, Don Evaristo Peña y Marin, asserts that it has lately been ascertained beyond all doubt that Le Sage never visited Spain, but that he derived not only this but every other Spanish work published in his

name from the library of the Marquis de Lyonne, ambassador from Paris to Madrid in 1656, whose love of the Spanish language induced him to purchase a large collection of unpublished manuscripts, the translation of which afterwards rendered the name of Le Sage so celebrated. This, he says, is proved beyond all question by the numerous errors into which the translator has fallen (from an inability to decipher the manuscript) with respect to Spanish names, as well of persons as of places, mentioned in the original.

PEOPLE WHO PAY DOUBLE.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Nelson, when he had but one arm to do battle with, had still two legs to stand to his colours on; so may honesty, with reduced means, with hundreds cut down to fifties—honesty, put as it were upon half-pay—be still seen upright, strong on its feet, and holding to its principle.

But how if bravery, when bereft of a limb, have to do double duty! How if honesty, when impoverished, be doomed to pay double!

Nothing more widely-spread, in this country, than poverty; and nothing more narrowly judged of and understood. When we look at the poor—the *paying* poor, who breathe the free air of merry England just outside the workhouse gates—we recognise the chief necessity of their condition, in the duty to persevere, summer and winter, in a rigid and self-denying economy. But we rarely stop to note the working of a more cruel necessity in their lot—we do not mark that they are the victims to an incessant and inevitable extravagance.

We overlook the fact that the poor cannot economize. To possess too little, and to pay too much, are the chief features of their destiny. To stint, to spare, to make hard shift, to feel that the half-farthing will be practically in countless bargains a saving coin to them—yet to be constantly, hopelessly, necessarily extravagant—this is the lot of the poor.

Our talk all the year round is of the cheapest markets. These are exactly the markets to which the poor can never repair.

"Act upon my plan," cries Mr. Fitz-crœsus, thrusting his hands into his breeches-pockets; "everybody should do as I do. Come, I'll let you into my secret. Always buy the best. If you want to save, buy the best of everything. It's the cheapest in the end."

Fitz-crœsus is right; but then the poor are not "everybody." The poor, while they want to save, must buy the worst of everything—the dearest in the end. Their slenderness of means ever prevents them from securing a bargain. The price of the best, the cheapest in the end, obliges them to take the bad. With the most urgent necessity to economize, they are driven helplessly upon the improvident course. For the happy "end" they cannot wait; they must begin at once with what the deeply-skilled in the arts of true cheapness wisely reject.

The only riches that fall in the way of the poor are rich maxims, dropping like diamonds from the lips of the affluent.

"I buy three pairs of boots at a time—they last four times as long as a single pair." "I always pay six-and-twenty for my hat—it lasts out half-a-dozen cheap ones."

And the poor mechanic, with his saved-up sixpences, and these gra-

tuitous gems of economy jingling together in his ears, passes on unprofitingly, to buy his country-made shoes, and his sieve-like gossamer. He has not half enough money to purchase the cheapest. He bids as little as he may for the dearest in the end—which end very soon arrives—next Sunday, if it should happen to rain!

The food which nourishes him not, the raiment which wears and washes away with ruinous rapidity, the poor man must be contented to secure—contented amidst his wants to be ever deepening them—contented to pay double, in virtue of the excess of his poverty. He knows his ill-fate, in this respect, but may not control it. Cheapness he esteems to be the peculiar, the enviable privilege of the rich.

But such as his purchases are, they are made at the lowest prices, nominally?—on what is called "advantageous terms?" Seldom. The little shopkeeper with whom he deals is obliged to get credit, and obliged to give it. The poor customer probably never possessed in all his days so much as a single week's wages in advance of the world's claims upon him. That scanty pittance, the receipt whereof gladdens his inmost soul on a Saturday, is not capital, but income. It is not often to be spent at his will, here or there; but to be paid in quarters where it is already due. He must repair to the same familiar shop, rub off the regular score, and be, as usual, re-supplied. He may see in another window cheese more eligible, or a preferable style of pork; but his dealings are circumscribed—his little ready cash is bespoke. As the grand world boasts but one boot-maker, so his little world contains but one baker. He cannot always choose his mart even for dear bargains.

Are there no other drains, peculiar to the nature of poverty, upon his slender resources? Several. But we shall exhibit enough when we shew the tendency to waste, the unavoidable extravagance, of purchasing in every instance the very smallest quantities. The poor find out this hardness of their condition; but still unavailingly. They are obliged to watch for the turn of the scale, yet they lose some grains continually. Their provisions, if they could keep a little store, would improve in quality, and go further. Their half-ounce of something will serve but for one occasion, one meal; but could they have afforded to lay in a whole ounce, it might have served three times. Never by any turn in the course of fortune, can the cheapest way be opened to the poor. Every road has a turnpike for them; and as others seem to do on Sundays only, they pay double every day.

The poor receive with one hand, but they pay with both. We observe them living "from hand to mouth;" but when the hand barely reaches the mouth, and the effort and the strain grow greater day by day, we merely moralize on the evils of improvidence, and not on the impossibility of economizing, after the fashion of wealthier professors, who exult in "laying in a stock," and securing the "cheapest in the end."

To pay double, however, is not the exclusive affliction of the poor; nor is the attainment of cheapness the easy privilege of the rich. The man of wealth, like the man of need, must almost necessarily pay double. His wide-necked purse may distend or collapse at his will, but he must generally, against his will, pay double. He may choose his servants, and change his tradesmen; but there are invariably two to one against him; and the continual consequence is, the abominable double payment.

He pays the highest premium for confidential servants, who plunder him *cum privilegio*, and play the cankerworm *sub rosâ*. He gives the best wages, that his trusty servitors may be beyond the reach of temp-

tation; and they sell his wax-lights to his own chandler before they have burnt half way. This is surely burning the candle at both ends, or, in other words, paying double.

The only choice he has is, not whether he will pay too much or enough, but whether the sum to be purloined from him shall be extracted from the right-hand pocket or the left. He may reduce his establishment, and keep but a single servant; yet a single servant is quite sufficient to make a man pay double. He may so watch the solitary extortioner, so cramp him in his sphere of action, so bind him down upon the rack of undeviating honesty, as to prevent all ordinary inroads upon his own pocket; but to do this, he must spend more in time than he can save in cash; more in labour than a statute-fair could relieve him from; more in health than his physician could restore him in fifty visits. It would be the very extravagance of economy. He would rob himself of his peace to save his purse. He would hang himself in a twelvemonth, through sheer anxiety to prevent another from incurring the penalty. He must keep his eyes open in sleep, and receive his guests by the kitchen-fire. He must be prepared to die the death of a martyr every day he lived; which would be paying the debt of nature—oh! more than double.

But without rendering himself a slave to servants or tradesmen, the rich man may exercise an ordinary sagacity, and forestal the practiser of imposition, by striking off as an overcharge one half of the amount of every demand made upon him. Still, has he any security—granting that his deduction is assented to—that he is not agreeing even then to pay double?

"Five hundred is too much for the mare, Mr. Sharpe; two hundred and fifty is my maximum." "Ruinous!" returns Mr. Sharpe; "but I must trouble your lordship to draw the check." And the rich man still pays double.

Such is the tenour of every verse throughout the chapter. An individual is seldom so cunning as the world; and the world is ever lying in ambush near the rich man's pocket. If to counteract the effect of his losses, and to retort the aggressions which he cannot avoid, he sues his debtors, or squeezes his tenants without due secrecy and method, then the world pounces, not upon his pocket, but his reputation. He is damaged in character, ruined in temper, hurt a little perhaps in conscience—and thus, again, to avoid the evil of overcharge, he pays double in another way. The rich know that they are expected to pay, not at an *ad valorem* rate, but according "to their own honour and dignity;" which exactly doubles that of the class half-way down in the gulf of society.

Then it must be *this* class of persons, who seem to have just enough for their wants without a superabundance, by whom the penalty of paying double is felicitously avoided! We should judge hastily in so deciding. They have their debts, and duns, and difficulties, and consequently their double payments—like the notoriously rich and the notoriously poor. They borrow money at a hundred per cent., for the purpose, as they prettily phrase it, of settling with their creditors, and starting clear. They expect to receive cash in September, and therefore buy upon trust in spring what they could get at half-price with ready money in the autumn. They promise to pay, and really *do* pay —for the stamp on which the promise is written. Then follow law-expenses, and these soon leave mere *double* payments far in the dis-

tance. When the prison-door is double-locked upon them, they find that they have been paying both in money and repute—destroying their credit for probity, by actually giving forty shillings for a sovereign. If they can raise the wind high enough to blow them over the walls, they turn out to be rigid economists; and call a hackney-coach to drive to a cheap shop two miles off for a half-crown pair of gloves.

"Misfortunes never come single;" and if there be people, as some think there are, who deem the payment of debts a misfortune, they must of course pay double. We have heard of persons who pay beforehand, and who, being looked upon as the worst of paymasters, are made to pay again. This species of liquidator is fast dwindling away, and will soon be as extinct as Old Double himself, who died in the time of Shallow.

But Money (Heaven be praised!) is not the only substantial thing in this world of debtor and creditor. There is such an article as Love; but with the desperate determination of securing it, men, corrupted by habit in pecuniary affairs, will not scruple now and then to pay double —paying their addresses, that is to say, to two ladies at a time—or to one rather rapidly after the other. Then there is the social principle, which involves the paying of visits; and these are sometimes paid double, by guests who linger with the door in their hand an unconscionable time; promising, when they do go, to return speedily and spend a long day with you.

So, too, there are other purchases than those made in the cheap markets, which rich and poor have such difficulty in finding. Men buy fame and glory apparently at a marvellously cheap rate—by the mere expenditure of sixty years of their lives, or at the total cost of their domestic happiness and quiet. But when they have bought fame and glory, they find themselves imperatively obliged to expend whatever may remain of liver or intellect, of worldly ease or moral energy, in protecting their purchases from the libeller, the detractor, the assassin. What a painful, what a sickening exhibition have we here, of the common lot—to pay double!

Self-love, no less than enmity, often enforces the double payment. The irascible and the obstinate, for example, inflict the evil upon themselves. The hasty unjust expression, at once recalled, seldom re-acts with fearful echoes in the breast of the utterer. But he has spoken it, and pride forbids him to retract; the summons to unsay it only irritates him to a fiercer extent; the consciousness that he is wrong galls him into a resolution to make bad worse; and the little word, the honourable admission, which frankly offered at first would have been received as an atonement, and have purchased him peace, deepens into the abject apology, a jury's verdict against a slanderer, or the dying groan of a duellist.

To obviate a gloomy ending, which our little essay needs not, we shall offer a simple suggestion. The surest way to prepare ourselves for a just and necessary resentment of injuries, is to cultivate a faith in kindliness, and to yield to instincts of generosity. There is at least one situation in life, and it is by no means of rare occurrence to any man, in which with immense advantage to ourselves we may liquidate a debt as it were by double entry, and savingly discharge a claim twice over. Reader, as often as you may experience that invaluable blessing —a liberal and timely opportunity of returning a kindness—PAY DOUBLE.

THE PLAGUE AND THE FIRE.

SUGGESTED BY THE ROMANCE OF "OLD SAINT PAUL'S."

BY MISS SKELTON.

A MIGHTY city lay in sleep, 'neath the dusk of a moonless night,
But the starlight touch'd its thousand spires each with a gleaming light;
The starlight shew'd its countless homes, its halls of pomp and pride,
And its marble, peopled terraces, and its river rolling wide.

And I saw, betwixt the heavens and earth, two ghastly shapes arise,
Shadowing the city's silent depths, clouding the starry skies—
Angels of death, denouncing doom—visions of wrath, they came;
One, formless in its utter gloom—one, bright with blinding flame.

The Spirits of the Plague and Fire!—I knew them as they rose,
And I listen'd for the awful words that would tell of coming woes.
No eye save mine that sight might see, no ear save mine might hear,
As o'er the guilty city pass'd that sound of grief and fear.

First, from the darker phantom broke a loud and wailing cry,
"I summon ye,—oh! fated ones,—I summon ye to die!
Long have your crimes for vengeance call'd—the word is given on high,
And vengeance comes—to-night is yours, to-morrow ye shall die!

"Death is already at your gates, his dart is raised to strike,
And young and old, and rich and poor, I summon ye alike;
And fair, and proud, and great, and brave, as autumn leaves ye fall—
The grave is dug, the pit is deep—I summon one and all.

"Nought shall avail; virtue and truth shall die, with lust and pride;
I claim the parent from the child, the bridegroom from the bride;
I claim the old man's snow-white hairs—the babe's unsullied breath,
And the love whose passionate excess might conquer *all*—save *death*.

"I summon all—all these are mine!"—thus the dark phantom cried,
While peals like thunder growling round in sullen echoes died.
Then spoke the Angel, bright with flame—"Oh, city proud and gay,"
My brother claims your guilty sons, and you shall be my prey!

"I your polluted streets and halls will cleanse with living fires—
I will scorch your temples into dust, I will strike your stately spires;
Thy mighty ones shall bite the earth, thy lofty shall lie low—
We bring the mandate from on high—we doom thee wrath and woe!"

I saw the signs—I heard the words—then day was slowly born,
And the bright Angel, girt with flame, fled from the light of morn;
But in thick mist the dark shape sank, o'er streets and river down,
And with the morrow came the Plague to that devoted town.

THE STORM.

BY THE HON. JULIA AUGUSTA MAYNARD.

By Heaven, it is a fearful thing,
To watch the surges rise!
To view the ship, with airy wing,
Approach the low'ring skies!

To hear the stormy sea-gull's shriek
Affright the sailor's ear;
To list the vessel's lab'ring creak,
To feel the danger near!

To know one narrow plank divides
Eternity from sight,
To watch against the rocking sides
Each billow's crested height!

How, then, in such a moment, kneels
The sinner, harden'd long;
How vain within his soul he feels
The boasting of the strong!

For strength is then so impotent,
One hand alone can save;
One mighty pow'r, in mercy sent,
To wrest us from the grave.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"My ventures are not in one bottom trusted
Nor to one place."—SHAKSPEARE.

XIII.

ELLISTON, in the summer of 1802, received the following communication from his lively friend, Mr. Gore. It is written from Tenby; and it will be curious to notice the great change which the little sea-port must have undergone, and its rapid progress towards a polite state, between the date of his letter and the present time.

"Never, in my days, have I been so disappointed in a place as this. We have neither bread, meat, liquor, horses, conveyances, nor lodging. Alexander Selkirk was not more destitute. We have no clothing but what we carry with us; no water but the sea, and we must fish for our living. All power of description, like the natives themselves, is positively beggared. I verily believe the Esquimaux, lately exhibited in London, to have been an imposture, and that the animal will turn out a mere 'Tenbyite' at last. I made a visit to the small isle of Caldy; it is throughout alive with rabbits, as a cheese is said to be with mites. Their multitudes might inspire even their pavid nature with courage to attack, and brought to my fancy the fate of that unhappy prisoner who, thrown into a blind dungeon, was in one night literally devoured by rats.

"I am in a hovel which is termed an hotel, with less accommodation than a roadside alehouse, and by no means so picturesque. One of the female natives acts in the capacity of landlady, a being resembling the 'Maid' in the comedy of 'Rule a Wife,' as our players are pleased to represent her; with great variety in her face, her eyes being of different colours, and the left side of her nose gone.

"I was yesterday witness to an exhibition which, though greatly ridiculous, was not wholly so, for it was likewise pitiable; and this was in the persons of two individuals who have lately occupied much public attention—I mean the Duke of Bronté, Lord Nelson, and Emma, Lady Hamilton. The whole town was at their heels as they walked together. The lady is grown immensely fat and equally coarse, while her 'companion in arms' had taken the other extreme—thin, shrunken, and, to my impression, in bad health. They were evidently vain of each other, as though the one would have said, 'This is the Horatio of the Nile!' and the other, 'This is the Emma of Sir William!'

"Poor Sir William! wretched, but not abashed, he followed at a short distance, bearing in his arms a *cucciolo*, and other emblems of combined folly. You remember Hogarth's admirable subject, *'Evening;'* it somewhat illustrates the scene I would describe. This distinguished trio are concluding a summer tour; but at Blenheim, I understand, they encountered a rebuff, which must have stung the hero to the quick, the noble family of that domain carefully avoiding any occurrence with the visitors of the mansion. Emma is reported to have said—'Nelson shall have a monument, to which Blenheim shall be but a pig-sty!' There is an insolent display about this person, which, while it

is a scandal to her sex, must pain the heart of every Englishman, in its baneful dominion over the mind of so brilliant a commander and so sincere a lover of his country as Nelson.

"After what I have said of Tenby, what think you of a theatre in the town? but such is no less the fact. Truly, it is no bigger than a bulky bathing machine, and bears about the same proportion to Sadler's Wells as a silver penny to a Spanish dollar. They play 'The Mock Doctor' to-night, and the Hero of the Nile is the subject of an address."

Some months subsequent to this correspondence, Mr. Gore, in Elliston's presence, recurring to the subject of the above letter, related many incidents which had been well known to him, connected with the career of Lady Hamilton; some of which, not having made their appearance in memoirs since published of that extraordinary character, we will beg leave, *en passant*, to notice.

Emma Lyon, after quitting the service of the honest tradesman in St. James's Market, which must have been about the year 1777, passed into the family of Mr. Linley, the composer, where she first gave indications of strong natural talent for music, and had the benefit of initiatory instruction in an art in which she afterwards so greatly excelled. Novels and romances, however, engrossing that attention which housemaids are expected to give to other studies, and the "Minerva press" having gained an entire ascendency over the linen press, she was dismissed; and thus becoming her own mistress, made at least one step towards becoming the mistress of others. That very pretty woman and clever actress, Mrs. Powell, was at this time a servant in a family at Chatham Place, Blackfriars. The two damsels became acquainted, and being of similar dispositions, their hearts were presently open to each other; and as these, together with their heels, were as light as might be, they started on what we should call at the present day "a lark," and in the capacity of ballad-singers made their *entrée* at the Cocksheath camp. Mr. Perry, who was afterwards proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," with his friend Bish, subsequently director of the well-known lottery-office—young men at this period—made a similar excursion to this celebrated depôt, and in a sutler's booth fell in with the two adventurous girls. The gentlemen were at once struck with their prompt wit and *séduisant* ease of deportment; and though they looked on them as ballad-singers of no common order, yet they verily believed them to be ballad-singers, having no suspicion of their rank, much less of their real elevation as housemaids. Unsuspecting as *Killigrew* and *Sidney** when at the playhouse, in the actual presence of the blonde *Jennings* and dazzling *Price*, equipped as saucy orange girls, they were, nevertheless, not so careless of the *bonne fortune* which the adventure seemed to promise; but rather with the perseverance of *Rochester* and *Brounker*, they determined to trace the damsels to London; for it is nothing more than just to the character of the girls to mention that they had obstinately refused a treat offered them to a tavern, and were now dexterously eluding their suitors, whom they began to look on as persecutors. "Vitas hinnuleo me similis, Chloe," cried the baffled Perry, which, as Emma did not hear nor Bish understand, he might have spared. As to Bish himself,

* See "Memoirs of Count Grammont."

it was hard that *he* should lose a "prize," yet such appeared to be the fate which awaited both, when to their mortification they beheld the wenches suddenly mount a higgler's cart for the purpose of making their final escape.

This was a piece of generalship our cavaliers by no means expected. It was now half-past two on the following morning, and the creaking caravan had already commenced its journey. Perry and Bish had travelled to Cocksheath on horseback, and now, as on a sudden alarum "to arms" they had to seek their steeds. The stables were closed, and the ostler fast asleep, with the other cattle, within. However, by dint of thundering with their sticks and other indications of irritability, the man was roused to a half wakefulness; when opening the door, he received a *coup de bâton* across his shoulders, which brought him to a due sense of animation. The *couchant* animals were started from their repose—the unoccupied beds at a neighbouring inn paid for—and within three quarters of an hour of the fugitives, *Robin Hood* and his companion were in full pursuit. After a gallop of above an hour, during which not a word was exchanged, the horsemen pulled up, and Perry, with a look of ineffable concern, 'said, very wisely,' "The jades have been over cunning for us, and have taken another road." Bish was too blown immediately to reply, but gave some pantomimic indication that he was much of the same opinion. They continued their course, however, at a foot pace, and after spending an hour at an alehouse for the purpose of refreshing their horses, during which time they held their *pie-poudre* court in the highway, Bish taking his seat on a milestone, they resumed their journey towards London. It was now nearly seven o'clock when our two friends, jaded and disappointed, had entered the Kent Road, and were approaching London Bridge, when a loud shout of merriment induced them simultaneously to turn about, and to their unspeakable delight they beheld the caravan, passengers complete, in the act of giving them the "go by." All was again hope and activity. Suddenly the cart stopped, and out jumped one of the girls, Emma, when the vehicle as instantaneously jogged on towards the bridge. Bish's "prize" being "still in the wheel," he stuck close to the caravan, while Perry directed all his attention towards the flying *Daphne*. In a twinkling he lost sight of her. What was to be done? He could not dismount, unless, indeed, at the price of his horse, which at this period of his fortune he could ill afford to do. Wild with vexation, he looked on one side and on the other—paced backwards and forwards, expressing himself in terms that even startled the tired animal, which hardly sustained its master with his additional weight of disappointment. Being now on the centre of the bridge, and casting his eyes over the parapet, he descried Emma in a wherry, taking the down direction of the river. No sooner did she perceive he had discovered her, than she gave most distinct signs of unbounded mirth, waving her ivory arms in token of victory. Ill-starred Perry! In a state of frenzy he sat grinding his teeth and threatening vain revenge; nor did he quit the spot until he saw the little vixen safely ashore, whence she finally vanished amid the gloom of Wapping.

Such was the Cocksheath adventure; but *Robin Hood* and his ally were in fine amply recompensed for all their toil. Bish traced his damsel to her service in Bridge Street, where, if she did not put off

the garb of a princess, she certainly resumed that of a *Cinderella*; through whom a meeting, within a few days, was effected between Perry and Emma, who, from this time, entered on the most agreeable interchange of favours.

XIV.

During the Bath recess, Elliston commenced manager of the pigmy theatres (we might have said bandboxes, but there were neither *band* nor *boxes*) of Wells and Shepton Mallet, where he played everything, from *Macbeth* to *Pantaloon*, so that he very fairly might have been considered a host in himself. On one occasion he made the extraordinary experiment of sustaining the two parts of *Richard* and *Richmond* in the same drama, and this he executed with the most amusing dexterity. *Richmond*, it will be remembered, makes his *entrée* in the last act of the play, when the scenes become alternate in which the king and the earl are before the audience. On making his exit as *Richard*, Elliston dropped his hump from his shoulder, as he would a knapsack, and straightening his leg with the facility of a posture-master, slipped into a bit of pasteboard armour, and, galeated with fresh head-gear, went through the heroic lines of the Tudor prince. Well might the interpolation have been forgiven, "*Myself am to my own turned enemy.*" Going off on the other side of the stage, he was expeditiously again invested with his bison shape, and thrusting a sheet of music into his stocking, was again the vindicator of the Yorkist rose. In this way he carried through the scenes until the last; and when the field was to be decided by personal collision, shifted was the pasteboard to the body of a shifter of scenes, who, being enjoined to say nothing, but fight like a devil, was thus enabled to bear the drama successfully to a close; in which, so far from "six Richmonds in the field," there had not been one; and as to Richard, if "deformed," he was indeed "unfinished," and not unfrequently "but half-made up."

Elliston, active in body as well as mind, in the heyday of youth and spirits, positively gloried in these little shifts and hindrances, transmuting all dilemmas into rosy laughter by an alchemy peculiar to his own genius; and in carrying with success any difficulty like that just recorded, he felt incomparably greater delight than though the affair had gone smoothly from the commencement. His love of fun often got the better of his sense of dignity; and when it is remembered that this latter organ was pretty strongly developed in the character of Robert William, his love of fun must, at times, have been indeed exuberant. He acted *Macbeth* and *Harlequin*, *Hamlet* and the *Clown*; so that by the time he had closed his profitless campaign at Shepton Mallet and Wells, it is a question whether his own characters had not outnumbered his audience. It is recorded in the Memoirs of Macklin, that that singular actor once played the part of *Mercutio*; the reader might almost as well as have suspected Dr. Johnson of the experiment. But whatever Elliston did he did well, and in many instances in these *amateur* experiments he overtopped the original in his own "line of business."

Such was the state of affairs in Somersetshire—light in pocket as in heart—when Elliston was summoned somewhat suddenly to Weymouth, as the king had again visited that place, and had expressed his

pleasure respecting our popular comedian. Elliston thereon, like *Duke Vincentio*, delegates the principalities of Wells and Shepton Mallet to Egan, his trusty *Angelo*. "Be thou at full ourself," said he; "take thy commission." But here all parallel ceases, for the grand *Duke* Elliston never deemed it worth while to resume possession of his dominions; and if vicegerent Egan did behave ill to the ladies in his master's absence, he certainly was never called to account for his misdemeanors.

Elliston, on his re-appearance at Weymouth, had the happiness of finding he had lost no portion of his Majesty's favour since last he had had the honour of acting before the royal party. *Young Marlow*, *Wilding*, and *Tag*, were amongst the several characters in which he was fortunate in pleasing the king; and at his benefit, his Majesty being present, Elliston introduced his daughter Eliza, then only five years old, in a dance; on which occasion, Mrs. Elliston and her sister also made their appearance in the same ballet of action. This was entitled the "Temple of Fame," composed expressly by Mrs. Elliston, quite as full of loyalty as poetry—"Peace the offspring of British valour!"—"King George," an illuminated medallion, with a transparent young woman *volante* above his shoulders, blowing the only trumpet in the playhouse. An additional stanza to "God save the King," telling regenerate France what she was to expect should she ever again dare to meet the British lion in arms, terminated the interesting occasion.

His Majesty this season frequently conversed with Elliston—whenever, in fact, he visited the theatre; and as this was pretty often, he seemed fulfilling the notion of the celebrated French actor, Baron, who was wont to say that tragic actors should be fondled in the arms of kings.

It being Elliston's property as a "star" to light the king through the narrow mazes of "all the world"—namely, the "stage," it was by no means below the dignity of Majesty to hold communion with his astral guide. George the Third was a good king, and consulted his stars; and although he frequently put more questions to them in a breath than they could reply to in a night, yet it was sufficient to shew he duly acknowledged their intendency.

"Well, well, Elliston," said he, "where—where have you been acting lately?"

"At Wells and Shepton Mallet, your Majesty, in which places I was manager."

"Manager—manager! that wont do—that wont do, eh, Charlotte? Managers go to the wall—get the worst of it." Her Majesty graciously vouchsafed a smile on the attendant comedian.

"It *didn't* do, your Majesty. At Wells I was particularly unfortunate."

"At Wells—Wells!" replied the king, good humouredly, "'mongst the bishops! quite right—quite right; no business with bishops, eh, Charlotte?" Her Majesty here turned a look of slight rebuke upon her lord—"Bishops don't go to plays—no business at plays—you, none with them. Well, well, where next?"

"I returned to Weymouth, where I have redeemed everything in the honour of serving your Majesty."

"Eh, eh?" responded the king, in the same affability of tone and

manner—"What kings better than bishops, eh?—found it out—found it out, Elliston?"

By this time their Majesties had entered the carriage, and the king having taken his seat, cried out, while the horses were withheld one moment to his signal, "Bishops and managers—both a mistake—ought to have known better—eh, eh, Elliston?" and away they drove.*

But neither the gracious hint of the king, the repeated caution of the earl, nor Elliston's own observation on the fate of managers, could restrain him long from a purpose which had gained so powerful a hold on him as that to which we have alluded.

Frank Aicken ("Tyrant" Aicken, as he was called, for the *direct* reason that, by *metathesis*, a later gentleman has been denominated "Tender," namely, from constantly playing the parts of iron-hearted despots and flinty fathers) had rented, for some years, the Liverpool Theatre, and his lease being now about to expire, printed conditions had been circulated in March, for the purpose of re-letting it. The building was now considerably enlarged, and rendered fitting and commodious to meet the convenience of the increased population of this town; but the covenants to which the new lessee was rendered subject, were far from liberal or tempting. The rent, from 350*l.* per annum, was raised to 1500*l.* Each subscriber or proprietor, to the number of thirty, to be entitled to a free transferable ticket, which was to be delivered every morning at the holder's residence, whilst the new lessee was curtailed of many privileges which had hitherto been enjoyed by preceding tenants. Elliston was amongst the first in the field, and in this instance preferred consulting his uncle, before whom he placed so clear and impartial a statement of the question, that the Doctor agreed to become security for two years' rent—namely, 3000*l.* The candidates were, however, numerous and respectable, and the fair prospect of future theatrical prosperity in a town justly esteemed for spirit and liberality, occasioned considerable competition. The old "Tyrant" offered a larger rent than the sum proposed; but the election ultimately fell on the united bidding of Lewis and T. Knight, who, like *Hippias* and *Hipparchus*, now succeeded to the joint investi-

* The royal house of Brunswick had always been attached to theatrical amusements. George II., notwithstanding his imperfect knowledge of the English language, was still fond of going to the play. His Majesty was at Drury Lane Theatre when the Culloden despatches were presented to him. The instant his Majesty had opened them the happy intelligence transpired, and Garrick directed the national anthem to be sung, in which the whole audience joined.

Frederick of Wales, his son, directed Mrs. Devenish (whose first husband was Rowe, the poet) to prepare an edition of Rowe's dramatic works, for the benefit of the young princes, who were in the habit of acting plays at Leicester House. These were under the direction of Quin. The graceful manner in which Prince George delivered his first speech from the throne impelled this celebrated actor to exclaim, "Ah, I taught that boy to speak!"

On the 4th Jan. 1749, the children of his royal highness, with the aid of some juvenile branches of the nobility, performed the tragedy of "Cato," before the court—and the following was the cast:—

Portius.....	Prince George.	*Sempronius*...	Master Evelyn.
Juba	Prince Edward.	*Decius*.....	Lord Milsington.
Cato.....	Master Nugent.	*Marcia*	Princess Augusta.
Lucius.....	Master Montague.	*Lucia*	Princess Elizabeth.

ture of Attic sovereignty. The prosperity which attended the career of these gentlemen very naturally occasioned much chagrin on the part of Elliston that he had been thus baffled on a point which he had so ardently pursued: the speculation terminated very profitably to both Lewis and Knight. They continued lessees till their death; and one of Lewis's family held the theatre until within the last few years, when he retired from the toils of management on a handsome independence.

At one of Elliston's visits to Liverpool, during this negotiation, he took up his quarters at a remarkably neat and well-appointed inn; and finding the landlord a good-humoured fellow, he requested permission to take potluck within the bar, as it would relieve him from the care of ordering his own dinner, and the family hour of two o'clock answered admirably the daily suggestions of his appetite. In this he met with far better success than in his theatrical tenders, for his terms were at once accepted; and so far from any stringent conditions being fixed on the agreement, he met with many indulgences which his new friend, in the twofold capacity of host and husband, seemed willing to concede him. The fact was, the landlord's wife was an extremely merry creature, with considerable pretensions to beauty, or at least prettiness, and a very positive example of the homely benison,—"Laugh and grow fat." Elliston, though a *volage* in love, to do him justice, had no design in the first instance more *spirituel* than the beef-pudding which constituted the first day's repast; but this *might* have arisen from his total ignorance, at that time, of his landlord being wedded to anything but his business; and now that he discovered "a pretty woman," as it were "purposely thrown in his way," we trust our readers will deal mercifully with him, as he had not a single friend at hand from whom he could borrow a shred of morality.

Amidst the coarser wares of Liverpool this *commerce de galanterie* was undoubtedly agreeable, and tended materially to beguile his anxiety during the undetermined theatrical lesseeship—for he was here, in the best sense, a tenant at will, under no obligations to uphold, while all repairs would naturally fall on his landlord. In truth, he passed sundry days, off and on, as it is called, at this very hostel; and whatever business he might have pleaded in the morning, there was at least nothing fictitious in his amusement in the afternoon. "No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures," says Dr. Johnson; and when frequently our gay comedian, engaged either at backgammon with his twinkling hostess, or telling fortunes from the sixpenny catechism, declared himself the most enviable fellow in the parish, he verily said what he thought. The house was, however, well-ordered; for the good landlord seemed to be quite aware that, if his wife were neglected, *that* defection could easily be supplied; but if the affairs of the house were disregarded, the remedy might not be so readily at hand. He was, therefore, sedulously attentive to business, his only recreation being in the manufacture of artificial flies for trout-fishers—a piece of art in which he was content to excel. As to his little blue-eyed wife, the only duty that devolved on her was that of scolding the maids, for which office, however, her happy temper rendered her totally unfit.

A trifling incident took place in the course of this pleasant *delassement*, which may serve to explain how thoroughly the domestic sky is

influenced by the elementary qualities of the individuals themselves, and unquestionably proving,

> "Marriage is a thing, I take it,
> Just as the parties choose to make it."

Elliston had been playing—"his custom of an afternoon"—a hit at backgammon with the sprightly mistress of the neatest house of entertainment in Liverpool, and for the most satisfactory of all possible stakes—namely, kisses, (for whether you win or lose, it comes to pretty much the same thing,) and having been singularly unfortunate in his throws, was in the very act of paying his debts, like a gentleman, when the door gently opening, *Boniface* himself entered the apartment. Great and immediate was the confusion, but it was a sense our losing gamester had the undivided impression of, for the frolic of a kitten could scarcely have been less an operation of disregard to the married pair, than this identical *contretemps*, which has been the darling *coup de scène* of half the comedies from the days of Congreve to the new piece of yesterday.

But, in point of fact, the landlord (mild as our old acquaintance "Mr. Tow-wouse") had no eyes at his disposal, the only pair he was possessed of being nervously fixed on a tumbler of brandy-and-water, which he held at that very moment in custody, the contents whereof being just level with the rim, demanded all the dexterity he was master of for its level preservation; and having now taken a lump of sugar from a corner cupboard, and thrown the same into a thimble glass, he took his departure as calmly as he entered, for the purpose of conveying the steaming mixture into the "Commercial Room." As to the lady, the effect produced was equally unworthy particular remark —she chuckled, and uttered, "Droll man!" so that Elliston was at once relieved from the necessity of a speech, which no doubt would have been clear and satisfactory as the explanation of *Joseph Surface* himself.

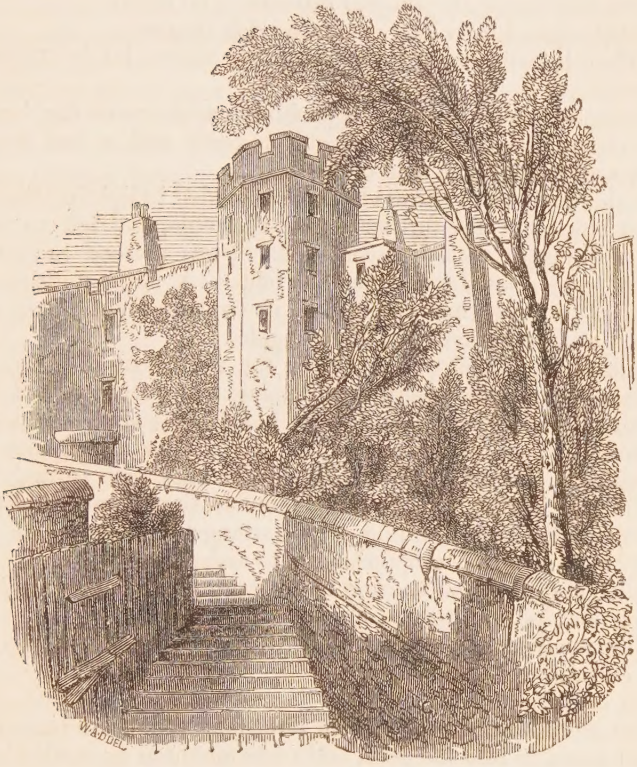
The reader being now pretty conscious of the Italian sky under which this wedded pair had consented to live, may have some apprehension for the fair fame of our hero, seeing that like fire which had once reached the first floor of the building, there was some danger threatening the thatch; but we are by no means prepared, by any evidence we at present have, to lead them to such painful conclusions. At the same time, we would earnestly counsel our host of the "Star," that people who sleep with their doors unfastened, cannot expect to be so secure as they who bar them up; while, on the other hand, for the "actor's benefit," we would also advise him, that it has been decided, over and over again, by the highest legal authority, that he who raises only the latch, commits as clear a felony as he who passes the threshold.

We will now beg leave to break up the party, particularly as the above may not be the only interview our readers may have with these good-natured individuals, in the course of these memoirs; we may be permitted, however, to notice, that at the period of Christmas, for seven years following this event, Mrs. Elliston received a full-sized hamper, containing the best produce of St. John's market, as a friendly gift from her husband's pleasant acquaintances in Liverpool.

Windsor Castle.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.



TOWER AND BUILDINGS, FROM THE HUNDRED STEPS

III.

IN WHAT MANNER HERNE DECLARED HIS PASSION FOR MABEL.

UTTERLY disregarding her cries and entreaties, Fenwolf dragged Mabel into the great cavern, and forced her to take a seat on a bench near the spot where a heap of ashes shewed that the fire was ordinarily lighted. All this while, her grandfather had averted his face from her, as if fearing to meet her regards, and he now busied himself in striking a light and setting fire to a pile of fagots and small logs of wood.

"I thought you told me Herne was here," said Mabel, in a tone of bitter reproach, to Fenwolf, who seated himself beside her on the bench.

"He will be here ere long," he replied, sullenly.

"Oh, do not detain Sir Thomas Wyat!" cried Mabel, piteously; "do not deliver him to your dread master! Do what you will with me,—but let him go."

"I will tell you what I will do," replied Fenwolf, in a low tone; "I will set Sir Thomas at liberty, and run all risks of Herne's displeasure, if you will promise to be mine."

Mabel replied by a look of unutterable disgust.

"Then he will await Herne's coming where he is," rejoined Fenwolf.

Saying which he arose, and pushing a table near the bench, took the remains of a huge venison pasty and a loaf from a hutch standing on one side of the cavern.

By this time, old Tristram having succeeded in lighting the fire, placed himself at the further end of the table, and fell to work upon the viands with Fenwolf. Mabel was pressed to partake of the repast, but she declined the offer. A large stone bottle was next produced and emptied of its contents by the pair, who seemed well-contented with their regale.

Meanwhile, Mabel was revolving the possibility of flight, and had more than once determined to make an attempt, but fear restrained her. Her grandsire, as has been stated, sedulously avoided her gaze, and turned a deaf ear to her complaints and entreaties. But once, when Fenwolf's back was turned, she caught him gazing at her with peculiar significance, and then comprehended the meaning of his strange conduct. He evidently only awaited an opportunity to assist her.

Satisfied of this, she became more tranquil, and about an hour having elapsed, during which nothing was said by the party, the low winding of a horn was heard, and Fenwolf started to his feet, exclaiming—

"It is Herne!"

The next moment, the demon huntsman rode from one of the lateral passages into the cave. He was mounted on a wild-looking black horse, with flowing mane and tail, eyes glowing like carbuncles, and in all respects resembling the sable steed he had lost in the forest.

Springing to the ground, he exchanged a few words with Fenwolf, in a low tone, and delivering his steed to him, with orders to take it to the stable, signed to Tristram to go with him, and approached Mabel.

"So you have seen Sir Thomas Wyat, I find," he said, in a stern tone.

Mabel made no answer, and did not even raise her eyes towards him.

"And he has told you he loves you, and has urged you to fly with him—ha?" pursued Herne.

Mabel still did not dare to look up, but a deep blush overspread her cheek.

"He was mad to venture hither," continued Herne; "but having done so, he must take the consequences."

"You will not destroy him?" cried Mabel, imploringly.

"He will perish by a hand as terrible as mine," laughed Herne—"by that of famine. He will never quit the dungeon alive, unless——"

"Unless what?" gasped Mabel.

"Unless he is leagued with me," replied Herne. "And now let him pass, for I would speak of myself. I have already told you that I love you, and am resolved to make you mine. You shudder, but wherefore? It is a glorious destiny to be the bride of the wild hunter—the fiend who rules the forest, and who in his broad domain is more powerful than the king. The old forester, Robin Hood, had his maid Marian; and what was he compared to me? He had neither my skill, nor my power. Be mine, and you shall accompany me on my midnight rides; shall watch the fleet stag dart over the moonlight glade, or down the lengthened vista. You shall feel all the unutterable excitement of the chase. You shall thread with me the tangled grove; swim the river and the lake; and enjoy a thousand pleasures hitherto unknown to you. Be mine, and I will make you mistress of all my secrets, and compel the band whom I will gather round me, to pay you homage. Be mine, and you shall have power of life and death over them, as if you were absolute queen. And from me, whom all fear, and all obey, you shall have love and worship."

And he would have taken her hand, but she recoiled from him with horror.

"Though I now inspire you with terror and aversion," pursued Herne, "the time will come when you will love me as passionately as I was beloved by one of whom you are the image."

"And she is dead?" asked Mabel, with curiosity.

"Dead!" exclaimed Herne. "Thrice fifty years have flown since she dwelt upon earth. The acorn which was then shed in the forest has grown into a lusty oak, while trees at that time in their pride have fallen and decayed away. Dead!—yes, she has passed from all memory save mine, where she will ever dwell. Generations of men have gone down to the grave since her time—a succession of kings have lodged within the castle—but I am still a denizen of the forest. For crimes I then committed, I am doomed to wander within it; and I shall haunt it, unless released, till the crack of doom."

"Liberate me!" cried Mabel; "liberate your other prisoner, and we will pray for your release."

"No more of this!" cried Herne, fiercely. "If you would not call down instant and terrible punishment on your head—

punishment that I cannot avert, and must inflict — you will mention nothing sacred in my hearing—and never allude to prayer. I am beyond the reach of salvation."

"Oh, say not so!" cried Mabel, in a tone of commiseration.

"I will tell you how my doom was accomplished," rejoined Herne, wildly. To gain her of whom I have just spoken, and who was already vowed to Heaven, I invoked the powers of darkness. I proffered my soul to the Evil One if he would secure her to me; and the condition demanded by him was that I should become what I am—the fiend of the forest, with power to terrify and to tempt, and with other more fearful and fatal powers besides."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mabel.

"I grasped at the offer," pursued Herne. "She I loved became mine. But she was speedily snatched from me by death,—and since then I have known no human passion except hatred and revenge. I have dwelt in this forest, sometimes alone—sometimes at the head of a numerous band—but always exerting a baneful influence over mankind. At last, I saw the image of her I loved again appear before me, and the old passion was revived within my breast. Chance has thrown you in my way,—and mine you shall be, Mabel!"

"I will die rather," she replied, with a shudder.

"You cannot escape me," rejoined Herne, with a triumphant laugh; "you cannot avoid your fate. But I want not to deal harshly with you. I love you, and would win you rather by persuasion than by force. Consent to be mine, then, and I give Wyat his life and liberty."

"I cannot—I cannot!" she replied.

"Not only do I offer you Wyat's life as the price of your compliance," persevered Herne; "but you shall have whatever else you may seek—jewels, ornaments, costly attire, treasure,—for of such I possess a goodly store."

"And of what use would they be to me here?" said Mabel.

"I will not always confine you to this cave," replied Herne. "You shall go where you please—and live as you please—but you must come to me whenever I summon you."

"And what of my grandsire?" she demanded.

"Tristram Lyndwood is no relative of yours," replied Herne. "I will now clear up the mystery that hangs over your birth. You are the offspring of one who for years has exercised greater sway than the king within this realm, but who is now disgraced and ruined, and nigh his end. His priestly vows forbid him to own you, even if he desired to do so."

"Have I seen him?" demanded Mabel.

"You have," replied Herne—"and he has seen you—and little did he know when he sought you out, that he was essaying to maintain his own power, and overturn that of another by the dis-

honour of his daughter—though if he had done so," he added with a scoffing laugh—"it might not have restrained him."

"I know whom you mean," said Mabel. "And is it possible he can be my father?"

"It is as I have told you," replied Herne. "You now know my resolve. To-morrow at midnight our nuptials shall take place."

"Nuptials!" echoed Mabel.

"Ay, at that altar," he cried, pointing to the Druid pile of stones—"there you shall vow yourself to me and I to you, before terrible witnesses. I shall have no fear that you will break your oath. Reflect upon what I have said."

With this, he placed the bugle to his lips, blew a low call upon it, and Fenwolf and Tristram immediately answering the summons, he whispered some instructions to the former, and disappeared down one of the side passages.

Fenwolf's deportment was now more sullen than before. In vain did Mabel inquire from him what Herne was about to do with Sir Thomas Wyat. He returned no answer, and at last, wearied by her importunity, desired her to hold her peace. Just then, Tristram quitted the cavern for a moment, when he instantly changed his manner, and said to her quickly,—

"I overheard what passed between you and Herne. Consent to be mine, and I will deliver you from him."

"That were to exchange one evil for another," she replied. "If you would serve me, deliver Sir Thomas Wyat."

"I will only deliver him on the terms I have mentioned," replied Fenwolf.

At this moment, Tristram returned, and the conversation ceased.

Fresh logs were then thrown on the fire by Fenwolf, and, at his request, Tristram proceeded to a hole in the rock, which served as a sort of larder, and brought from it some pieces of venison, which were broiled upon the embers.

At the close of the repast, of which she sparingly partook, Mabel was conducted by Morgan Fenwolf into a small chamber opening out of the great cavern, which was furnished, like the cell she had lately occupied, with a small straw pallet. Leaving her a lamp, Fenwolf locked the door, and placed the key in his girdle.

IV.

HOW SIR THOMAS WYAT WAS VISITED BY HERNE IN THE CELL.

MADE aware by the clangour of the lock, and Fenwolf's exulting laughter, of the snare in which he had been caught, Sir Thomas Wyat instantly sprang from his hiding-place, and rushed to the door; but being framed of the stoutest oak, and strengthened

with plates of iron, it defied all his efforts, nerved as they were by rage and despair, to burst it open. Mabel's shrieks, as she was dragged away, reached his ears, and increased his anguish; and he called out loudly to her companions to return, but his vociferations were only treated with derision.

Finding it useless to struggle further, Wyat threw himself upon the bench, and endeavoured to discover some means of deliverance from his present hazardous position. He glanced round the cell to see whether there was any other outlet than the doorway, but he could discern none, except a narrow grated loophole opening upon the passage, and contrived, doubtless for the admission of air to the chamber. No dungeon could be more secure.

Raising the lamp, he examined every crevice, but all seemed solid stone. The recess in which he had taken shelter, proved to be a mere hollow in the wall. In one corner lay a small straw pallet, which, no doubt, had formed the couch of Mabel; and this, together with the stone bench and rude table of the same material constituted the sole furniture of the place.

Having taken this careful survey of the cell, Wyat again sat down upon the bench with the conviction that escape was out of the question; and he therefore endeavoured to prepare himself for the worst, for it was more than probable he would be allowed to perish of starvation. To a fiery nature like his, the dreadful uncertainty in which he was placed was more difficult of endurance than bodily torture. And he was destined to endure it long. Many hours flew by, during which nothing occurred to relieve the terrible monotony of his situation. At length, in spite of his anxiety, slumber stole upon him unawares; but it was filled with frightful visions.

How long he slept he knew not, but when he awoke, he found that the cell must have been visited in the interval, for there was a manchet of bread, part of a cold neck of venison, and a flask of wine on the table. It was evident, therefore, that his captors did not mean to starve him, and yielding to the promptings of appetite, he attacked the provisions, determined to keep strict watch when his gaoler should next visit him.

The repast finished, he again examined the cell, but with no better success than before; and he felt almost certain, from the position in which the bench was placed, that the visitor had not found entrance through the door.

After another long and dreary interval, finding that sleep was stealing upon him fast, he placed the bench near the door, and leaned his back against the latter, certain that in this position he should be wakened if any one attempted to gain admittance in that way. His slumber was again disturbed by fearful dreams; and he was at length aroused by a touch upon the shoulder, while a deep voice shouted his own name in his ears.

Starting to his feet, and scarcely able to separate the reality from the hideous phantasms that had troubled him, he found

that the door was still fastened, and the bench unremoved, while before him stood Herne the Hunter.

"Welcome again to my cave, Sir Thomas Wyat!" cried the demon, with a mocking laugh; "I told you, on the night of the attempt upon the king, that though you escaped *him*, you would not escape *me*. And so it has come to pass. You are now wholly in my power, body and soul—ha! ha!"

"I defy you, false fiend," replied Wyat. "I was mad enough to proffer you my soul on certain conditions; but they have never been fulfilled."

"They may yet be so," rejoined Herne.

"No," replied Wyat, "I have purged my heart from the fierce and unhallowed passion that swayed it. I desire no assistance from you."

"If you have changed your mind that is nought to me," rejoined the demon, derisively—"I shall hold you to your compact."

"Again I say I renounce you, infernal spirit!" cried Wyat—"you may destroy my body—but you can work no mischief to my soul."

"You alarm yourself without reason, good Sir Thomas," replied Herne, in a slightly sneering tone. "I am not the malignant being you suppose me; neither am I bent upon fighting the battles of the enemy of mankind against Heaven. I may be leagued with the powers of darkness, but I have no wish to aid them; and I therefore leave you to take care of your soul in your own way. What I desire from you is your service while living. Now listen to the conditions I have to propose. You must bind yourself by a terrible oath, the slightest infraction of which shall involve the perdition of the soul you are so solicitous to preserve, not to disclose aught you may see, or that may be imparted to you here. You must also swear implicit obedience to me in all things—to execute any secret commissions, of whatever nature, I may give you—to bring associates to my band—and to join me in any enterprise I may propose. This oath taken, you are free. Refuse it, and I leave you to perish."

"I do refuse it," replied Wyat, boldly. "I would die a thousand deaths rather than so bind myself. Neither do I fear being left to perish here. You shall not quit this cell without me."

"You are a stout soldier, Sir Thomas Wyat," rejoined the demon, with a scornful laugh; "but you are scarcely a match for Herne the Hunter, as you will find, if you are rash enough to make the experiment. Beware!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, observing the knight lay his hand upon his sword, "I am invulnerable, and you will, therefore, vainly strike at me. Do not compel me to use the dread means, which I could instantly employ, to subject you to my will. I mean you well, and would rather serve than injure you. But I will not

let you go, unless you league yourself with me. Swear, therefore, obedience to me, and depart hence to your friends, Surrey and Richmond, and tell them you have failed to find me."

"You know, then, of our meeting?" exclaimed Wyat.

"Perfectly well," laughed Herne. "It is now eventide, and at midnight the meeting will take place in the forester's hut. If *you* attend it not, *I* will. They will be my prisoners as well as you. To preserve yourself and save them, you must join me."

"Before I return an answer," said Wyat, "I must know what has become of Mabel Lyndwood."

"Mabel Lyndwood is nought to you, Sir Thomas," rejoined Herne, coldly.

"She is so much to me that I will run a risk for her which I would not run for myself," replied Wyat. "If I promise obedience to you, will you liberate her—will you let her depart with me?"

"No," replied Herne, peremptorily. "Banish all thoughts of her from your breast. You will never behold her again. I will give you time for reflection on my proposal. An hour before midnight I shall return, and if I find you in the same mind, I abandon you to your fate."

And with these words, he stepped back towards the lower end of the cell. Wyat instantly sprang after him, but before he could reach him a flash of fire caused him to recoil, and to his horror and amazement, he beheld the rock open, and yield a passage to the retreating figure.

When the sulphureous smoke, with which the little cell was filled, had, in some degree cleared off, Wyat examined the sides of the rock, but could not find the slightest trace of a secret outlet, and therefore concluded that the disappearance of the demon had been effected by magic.

V.

HOW MABEL ESCAPED FROM THE CAVE WITH SIR THOMAS WYAT.

THE next day Mabel was set at liberty by her jailer, and the hours flew by without the opportunity of escape, for which she sighed, occurring to her. As night drew on, she became more anxious, and at last expressed a wish to retire to her cell. When about to fasten the door, Fenwolf found that the lock had got strained, and the bolts would not move, and he was therefore obliged to content himself with placing a bench against it, on which he took a seat.

About an hour after Mabel's retirement, old Tristram offered to relieve guard with Fenwolf, but this the other positively declined, and leaning against the door, disposed himself to slumber. Tristram then threw himself on the floor, and in a short time all seemed buried in repose.

By-and-by, however, when Fenwolf's heavy breathing gave token of the soundness of his sleep, Tristram raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed round. The lamp placed upon the table imperfectly illumined the cavern, for the fire which had been lighted to cook the evening meal, had gone out completely. Getting up cautiously, and drawing his hunting-knife, the old man crept towards Fenwolf, apparently with the intent of stabbing him, but he suddenly changed his resolution, and dropped his arm.

At that moment, as if preternaturally warned, Fenwolf opened his eyes, and seeing the old forester standing by, sprang upon him, and seized him by the throat.

"Ah! traitor!" he exclaimed, "what are you about to do?"

"I am no traitor," replied the old man. "I heard a noise in the passage leading to Wyat's cell, and was about to rouse you, when you awakened of your own accord, probably disturbed by the noise."

"It may be," replied Fenwolf, satisfied with the excuse, and relinquishing his grasp; "I fancied I heard something in my dreams. But come with me to Wyat's cell. I will not leave you here."

And snatching up the lamp, he hurried with Tristram into the passage. They were scarcely gone, than the door of the cell was opened by Mabel, who had overhead what had passed; and so hurriedly did she issue forth that she overturned the bench, which fell to the ground with a considerable clatter. She had only just time to replace it, and to conceal herself in an adjoining passage, when Fenwolf rushed back into the cavern.

"It was a false alarm," he cried. "I saw Sir Thomas Wyat in his cell through the loophole, and I have brought the key away with me. But I am sure I heard a noise here."

"It must have been mere fancy," said Tristram. "All is as we left it."

"It seems so, certes," replied Fenwolf, doubtfully. "But I will make sure."

While he placed his ear to the door, Mabel gave a signal to Tristram that she was safe. Persuaded that he heard some sound in the chamber, Fenwolf nodded to Tristram that all was right, and resumed his seat.

In less than ten minutes, he was again asleep. Mabel then emerged from her concealment, and cautiously approached Tristram, who feigned, also, to slumber. As she approached him, he rose noiselessly to his feet.

"The plan has succeeded," he said, in a low tone. "It was I who spoiled the lock. But come with me. I will lead you out of the cavern."

"Not without Sir Thomas Wyat," she replied; "I will not leave him here."

"You will only expose yourself to risk, and fail to deliver

him," rejoined Tristram. "Fenwolf has the key of his cell. —Nay, if you are determined upon it, I will not hinder you. But you must find your own way out, for I shall not assist Sir Thomas Wyat."

Motioning him to silence, Mabel crept slowly, and on the points of her feet, towards Fenwolf.

The key was in his girdle. Leaning over him, she suddenly and dexterously plucked it forth.

At the very moment she possessed herself of it, Fenwolf stirred, and she dived down, and concealed herself beneath the table. Fenwolf, who had been only slightly disturbed, looked up, and seeing Tristram in his former position, which he had resumed when Mabel commenced her task, again disposed himself to slumber.

Waiting till she was assured of the soundness of his repose, Mabel crept from under the table, signed to Tristram to remain where he was, and glided with swift and noiseless footsteps down the passage leading to the cell. In a moment, she was at the door—the key was in the lock—and she stood before Sir Thomas Wyat.

A few words sufficed to explain to the astonished knight how she came there, and comprehending that not a moment was to be lost, he followed her forth.

In the passage, they held a brief consultation together, in a low tone, as to the best means of escape, for they deemed it useless to apply to Tristram. The outlet with which Sir Thomas Wyat was acquainted lay on the other side of the cavern; nor did he know how to discover the particular passage leading to it. As to Mabel, she could offer no information, but she knew that the stable lay in an adjoining passage.

Recollecting, from former experience, how well the steeds were trained, Sir Thomas Wyat eagerly caught at the suggestion, and Mabel led him further down the passage, and striking off through an opening on the left, brought him, after a few turns, to a large chamber, in which two or three black horses were kept.

Loosening one of them, Wyat placed a bridle on his neck, sprang upon his back, and took up Mabel beside him. He then struck his heels against the sides of the animal, who needed no further incitement to dash along the passage, and in a few seconds brought them into the cavern.

The trampling of the horse wakened Fenwolf, who started to his feet, and ran after them, shouting furiously. But he was too late. Goaded by Wyat's dagger, the steed dashed furiously on, and plunging with its double burthen into the pool at the bottom of the cavern, disappeared.

VI.

OF THE DESPERATE RESOLUTION FORMED BY TRISTRAM AND FENWOLF;—AND HOW THE TRAIN WAS LAID.

TRANSPORTED with rage at the escape of the fugitives, Fenwolf turned to old Tristram, and drawing his knife threatened to make an end of him. But the old man, who was armed with a short hunting-sword, stood upon his defence, and they remained brandishing their weapons at each other for some minutes, but without striking a blow.

"Well, I leave you to Herne's vengeance," said Fenwolf, returning his knife to his belt. "You will pay dearly for allowing them to escape."

"I will take my chance," replied Tristram, moodily—"my mind is made up to the worst. I will no longer serve this fiend."

"What! dare you break your oath?" cried Fenwolf. "Remember the terrible consequences."

"I care not for them," replied Tristram. "Harkee, Fenwolf, I know you will not betray me, for you hate him as much as I do, and have as great a desire for revenge. I will rid the forest of this fell being."

"Would you could make good your words, old man!" cried Fenwolf. "I would give my life for vengeance upon him."

"I take the offer," said Tristram—"you *shall* have vengeance."

"But how?" cried the other. "I have proved that he is invulnerable—and the prints of his hands are written in black characters upon my throat. If we could capture him, and deliver him to the king, we might purchase our own pardon."

"No, that can never be," said Tristram. "My plan is to destroy him."

"Well, let me hear it," said Fenwolf.

"Come with me, then," rejoined Tristram.

And taking up the lamp, he led the way down a narrow lateral passage. When about half way down it, he stopped before a low door, cased with iron, which he opened, and shewed that the recess was filled with large canvas bags.

"Why, this is the powder-magazine," said Fenwolf. "I can now guess how you mean to destroy Herne. I like the scheme well enough; but it cannot be executed without certain destruction to ourselves."

"I will take all risk upon myself," said Tristram—"I only require your aid in the preparations. What I propose to do is this. There is powder enough in the magazine, not only to blow up the cave, but to set fire to all the wood surrounding it. It must be scattered among the dry brushwood in a great circle round the cave, and connected by a train with this magazine. When Herne comes back, I will fire the train."

"There is much hazard in the scheme, and I fear it will fail," replied Fenwolf, after a pause—"nevertheless, I will assist you."

"Then, let us go to work at once," said Tristram, "for we have no time to lose. Herne will be here before midnight, and I should like to have all ready for him."

Accordingly, they each shouldered a couple of the bags, and returning to the cavern, threaded a narrow passage, and emerged from the secret entrance in the grove.

While Fenwolf descended for a fresh supply of powder, Tristram commenced operations. Though autumn was now far advanced, there had been remarkably fine weather of late; the ground was thickly strewn with yellow leaves; the fern was brown and dry; and the brushwood crackled and broke as a passage was forced through it. The very trees were parched by the long-continued drought. Thus favoured in his design, Tristram scattered the contents of one of the bags in a thick line among the fern and brushwood, depositing here and there, among the roots of a tree, several pounds of powder, and covering the heaps over with dried sticks and leaves.

While he was thus employed, Fenwolf appeared with two more bags of powder, and descended again for a fresh supply. When he returned, laden as before, the old forester had already described a large portion of the circle he intended to take.

Judging that there was now powder sufficient, Tristram explained to his companion how to proceed; and the other commenced laying a train on the left of the secret entrance, carefully observing the instructions given him.

In less than an hour, they met together at a particular tree, and the formidable circle was complete.

"So far, well!" said Tristram, emptying the contents of his bag beneath the tree, and covering it with leaves and sticks, as before; "and now to connect this with the cavern."

With this, he opened another bag, and drew a wide train towards the centre of the space. At length, he paused at the foot of a large hollow tree.

"I have ascertained," he said, "that this tree stands immediately over the magazine; and by following this rabbit's burrow, I have contrived to make a small entrance into it. A hollow reed introduced through the hole, and filled with powder, will be sure to reach the store below."

"An excellent idea!" replied Fenwolf. "I will fetch one instantly."

And starting off to the side of the lake, he presently returned with several long reeds, one of which was selected by Tristram, and thrust into the burrow. It proved of the precise length required; and as soon as it touched the bottom, it was carefully filled with powder from a horn. Having connected this tube with the side train, and scattered powder for several yards around, so as to secure its instantaneous ignition, Tristram pronounced that the train was complete.

"We have now laid a trap from which Herne will scarcely escape," he observed, with a moody laugh, to Fenwolf.

They then prepared to return to the cave; but had not proceeded many yards, when Herne, mounted on his sable steed, burst through the trees.

"Ah! what makes you here?" he cried, instantly checking his career. "I bade you keep strict watch over Mabel. Where is she?"

"She has escaped with Sir Thomas Wyat," replied Fenwolf; "and we have been in search of them——"

"Escaped!" exclaimed Herne, springing from his steed, and rushing up to him; "dogs! you have played me false. But your lives shall pay the penalty of your perfidy."

"We had no hand in it whatever," replied Fenwolf, doggedly. "She contrived to get out of a chamber in which I placed her, and to liberate Sir Thomas Wyat. They then procured a steed from the stable, and plunged through the pool into the lake."

"Hell's malison upon them, and upon you both!" cried Herne. "but you shall pay dearly for your heedlessness,—if, indeed, it has not been something worse. How long have they been gone?"

"It may be two hours," replied Fenwolf.

"Go to the cave," cried Herne, "and await my return there; and if I recover not the prize, woe betide you both!"

And with these words, he vaulted upon his steed and disappeared.

"And woe betide you too, false fiend!" cried Fenwolf. "When you come back you shall meet with a welcome you little expect. Would we had fired the train, Tristram, even though we had perished with him!"

"It will be time enough to fire it on his return," replied the old forester; "it is but postponing our vengeance for a short time. And now to fix our positions. I will take my station in yon brake."

"And I in that hollow tree," said Fenwolf. "Whoever first beholds him shall fire the train."

"Agreed!" replied Tristram. "Let us now descend to the cave, and see that all is right in the magazine, and then we will return and hold ourselves in readiness for action."

GEORGE THE FOURTH'S GATEWAY, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT PARK.

VII.

HOW THE TRAIN WAS FIRED;—AND WHAT FOLLOWED THE EXPLOSION.

About ten o'clock in the night under consideration, Surrey and Richmond, accompanied by the Duke of Shoreditch, and half a dozen other archers, set out from the castle, and took their way along the Great Park, in the direction of the lake.

They had not ridden far, when they were overtaken by two horsemen who, as far as they could be discerned in that doubtful light, appeared stalwart personages, and well mounted, though plainly attired. The new comers very unceremoniously joined them.

"There are ill reports of the park, my masters," said the foremost of these persons to Surrey, "and we would willingly ride with you across it."

"But our way may not be yours, friend," replied Surrey, who did not altogether relish this proposal. "We are not going further than the lake."

"Our road lies in that direction," replied the other, "and, if you please, we will bear you company as far as we go. Come, tell me frankly," he added, after a pause, "are you not in search of Herne the Hunter?"

"Why do you ask, friend?" rejoined the earl, somewhat angrily.

"Because if so," replied the other, "I shall be right glad to join you, and so will my friend, Tony Cryspyn, who is close behind me. I have an old grudge to settle with this Herne,

who has more than once attacked me, and I shall be glad to pay it."

"If you will take my advice, Hugh Dacre, you will ride on, and leave the achievement of the adventure to these young galliards," interposed Cryspyn.

"Nay, by the mass! that shall never be," rejoined Dacre, "if they have no objection to our joining them. If they have, they have only to say so, and we will go on."

"I will be plain with you, my masters," said Surrey. "We are determined this night, as you have rightly conjectured, to seek out Herne the Hunter; and we hope to obtain such clue to him as will ensure his capture. If, therefore, you are anxious to join us, we shall be glad of your aid. But you must be content to follow, and not lead; and to act as you may be directed; or you will only be in the way, and we would rather dispense with your company."

"We are content with the terms,—are we not, Tony?" said Dacre.

His companion answered somewhat sullenly in the affirmative.

"And now that the matter is arranged, may I ask where you propose to go?" he continued.

"We are on our way to a hut on the lake, where we expect a companion to join us," replied Surrey.

"What! Tristram Lyndwood's cottage?" demanded Dacre.

"Ay," replied the earl, "and we hope to recover his fair grand-daughter from the power of the demon."

"Ha! say you so?" cried Dacre; "that were a feat indeed!"

The two strangers then rode apart for a few moments, and conversed together in a low tone, during which Richmond expressed his doubts of them to Surrey, adding that he was determined to get rid of them.

The new comers, however, were not easily shaken off. As soon as they perceived the duke's design, they stuck more pertinaciously to him and the earl than before, and made it evident they would not be dismissed.

By this time, they had passed Spring Hill, and were within a mile of the valley in which lay the marsh, when a cry for help was heard in the thicket on the left, and the troop immediately halted. The cry was repeated, and Surrey, bidding the others follow him, dashed off in the direction of the sound.

Presently, they perceived two figures beneath the trees, whom they found, on a nearer approach, were Sir Thomas Wyat, with Mabel in a state of insensibility in his arms.

Dismounting by the side of his friend, Surrey hastily demanded how he came there, and what had happened?

"It is too long a story to relate now," said Wyat; "but the sum of it is, that I have escaped by the aid of this damsel, from the clutches of the demon. Our escape was effected on horseback, and we had to plunge into the lake. The immer-

sion deprived my fair preserver of sensibility, so that as soon as I landed, and gained a covert where I fancied myself secure, I dismounted, and tried to restore her. While I was thus occupied, the steed I had brought with me broke his bridle and darted off into the woods. After awhile, Mabel opened her eyes, but she was so weak that she could not move, and I was fain to make her a couch in the fern, in the hope that she would speedily revive. But the fright and suffering had been too much for her, and a succession of fainting fits followed, during which I thought she would expire. This is all. Now let us prepare a litter for her, and convey her where proper assistance can be rendered."

Meanwhile the others had come up, and Hugh Dacre, flinging himself from his horse, and pushing Surrey somewhat rudely aside, advanced towards Mabel, and taking her hand, said, in a voice of some emotion,—"Alas! poor girl! I did not expect to meet thee again in this state."

"You knew her, then?" said Surrey.

Dacre muttered an affirmative.

"Who is this man?" asked Wyat of the earl.

"I know him not," answered Surrey. "He joined us on the road hither."

"I am well known to Sir Thomas Wyat," replied Dacre, in a significant tone, "as he will avouch when I recall certain matters to his mind. But do not let us lose time here. This damsel claims our first attention. She must be conveyed to a place of safety, and where she can be well tended. We can then return to search for Herne."

Upon this, a litter of branches was speedily made, and Mabel being laid upon it, the simple conveyance was sustained by four of the archers. The little cavalcade then quitted the thicket, and began to retrace its course towards the castle. Wyat had been accommodated with a horse by one of the archers, and rode in a melancholy manner by the side of the litter.

They had got back nearly as far as the brow of Spring Hill when a horseman, in a wild garb, and mounted on a coal-black steed, dashed suddenly and at a furious pace, out of the trees on the right. He made towards the litter, overturning Sir Thomas Wyat, and before any opposition could be offered him, seized the inanimate form of Mabel, and placing her before him on his steed, dashed off as swiftly as he came, and with a burst of loud, exulting laughter.

"It is Herne! it is Herne!" burst from every lip. And they all started in pursuit, urging the horses to their utmost speed. Sir Thomas Wyat had instantly remounted his steed, and he came up with the others.

Herne's triumphant and demoniacal laugh was heard as he scoured with the swiftness of the wind down the long glade. But the fiercest determination animated his pursuers, who being all admirably mounted, managed to keep him fully in view.

Herne flying into the burning woods with Mabel.

LONDON. PUBLISHED BY CUNNINGHAM & MORTIMER 1845.

Away! away! he speeded in the direction of the lake; and after him they thundered, straining every sinew in the desperate chase. It was a wild and extraordinary sight, and partook of the fantastical character of a dream.

At length, Herne reached the acclivity, at the foot of which lay the waters of the lake glimmering in the starlight, and by the time he had descended to its foot, his pursuers had gained its brow.

The exertions made by Sir Thomas Wyat had brought him a little in advance of the others. Furiously goading his horse, he dashed down the hill side, at a terrific pace.

All at once, as he kept his eye on the flying figure of the demon, he was startled by a sudden burst of flame in the valley. A wide circle of light was rapidly described, a rumbling sound was heard like that preceding an earthquake, and a tremendous explosion followed, hurling trees and fragments of rock into the air.

Astounded at the extraordinary occurrence, and not knowing what might ensue, the pursuers reined in their steeds. But the terror of the scene was not yet over. The whole of the brushwood had caught fire and blazed up with the fury and swiftness of lighted flax. The flames caught the parched branches of the trees, and in a few seconds the whole grove was on fire.

The sight was awfully grand, for the wind, which was blowing strongly, swept the flames forward, so that they devoured all before them.

When the first flash was seen, the demon had checked his steed, and backed him, so that he had escaped without injury, and he stood at the edge of the flaming circle watching the progress of the devastating element, but at last, finding that his pursuers had taken heart, and were approaching him, he bestirred himself, and rode round the blazing zone.

Having by this time recovered from their surprise, Wyat and Surrey dashed after him, and got so near him that they made sure of his capture. But at the very moment they expected to reach him, he turned his horse's head, and forced him to leap over the blazing boundary.

In vain the pursuers attempted to follow. Their horses refused to encounter the flames; while Wyat's steed, urged on by its frantic master, reared bolt upright, and dislodged him.

But the demon held on his way, apparently unscathed, in the midst of the flames, casting a look of grim defiance at his pursuers. As he passed a tree, from which volumes of fire were bursting, the most appalling shrieks reached his ear, and he beheld Morgan Fenwolf emerging from a hole in the trunk. But without bestowing more than a glance upon his unfortunate follower, he dashed forward, and becoming involved in the wreaths of flame and smoke, was lost to sight.

Attracted by Fenwolf's cries, the beholders perceived him

crawl out of the hole, and clamber into the upper part of the tree, where he roared to them most piteously for aid. But even if they had been disposed to render it, it was impossible to do so now; and after terrible and protracted suffering, the poor wretch, half stifled with smoke, and unable longer to maintain his hold of the branch to which he had crept, fell into the flames beneath, and perished.

Attributing its outbreak to supernatural agency, the party gazed on in wonder at the fire, and rode round it, as closely as their steeds would allow them. But though they tarried till the flames had abated, and little was left of the noble grove but a collection of charred and smoking stumps, nothing was seen of the fiend or of the hapless girl he had carried off. It served to confirm the notion of the supernatural origin of the fire, in that it was confined within the mystic circle, and did not extend further into the woods.

At the time that the flames first burst forth, and revealed the countenances of the lookers on, it was discovered that the self-styled Dacre and Cryspyn were no other than the king and the Duke of Suffolk.

"If this mysterious being is mortal, he must have perished now," observed Henry; "and if he is not, it is useless to seek for him further."

Day had begun to break as the party quitted the scene of devastation. The king and Suffolk with the archers returned to the castle, but Wyat, Surrey, and Richmond, rode towards the lake, and proceeded along its banks in the direction of the forester's hut.

Their progress was suddenly arrested by the sound of lamentation, and they perceived, in a little bay, overhung by trees, which screened it from the path, an old man kneeling beside the body of a female, which he had partly dragged out of the lake. It was Tristram Lyndwood, and the body was that of Mabel. Her tresses were dishevelled, and dripping with wet, as were her garments; and her features white as marble. The old man was weeping bitterly.

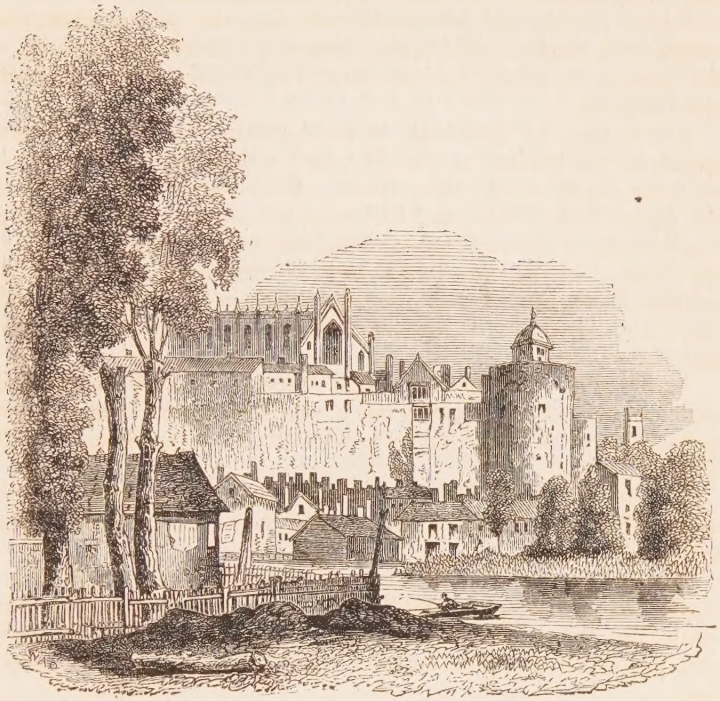
With Wyat to dismount, and grasp the cold hand of the hapless maiden, was the work of a moment.

"She is dead!" he cried, in a despairing voice, removing the dank tresses from her brow, and imprinting a reverent kiss upon it. "Dead!—lost to me for ever!"

"I found her entangled among those water-weeds," said Tristram, in tones broken by emotion, "and had just dragged her to shore when you came up. As you hope to prosper, now and hereafter, give her a decent burial. For me all is over."

And, with a lamentable cry, he plunged into the lake, struck out to a short distance, and then sank to rise no more.

Thus ends the Fifth Book of the Chronicle of Windsor Castle.



NORTH-EAST VIEW OF THE CASTLE, FROM THE BROCAS.

Book the Sixth.

I.

OF HENRY'S ATTACHMENT TO JANE SEYMOUR.

On the anniversary of Saint George, 1536, and exactly seven years from the opening of this chronicle, Henry assembled the knights-companions within Windsor Castle to hold the grand feast of the most noble Order of the Garter.

Many important events had occurred in the wide interval thus suffered to elapse. Wolsey had long since sunk under his reverses—for he never regained the royal favour after his dismissal—and had expired at Leicester Abbey, on 26th November, 1530.

But the sufferings of Catherine of Arragon were prolonged up to the commencement of the year under consideration. After the divorce, and the elevation of Anne Boleyn to the throne in her stead, she withdrew to Kimbolton Castle, where she dwelt in the greatest retirement, under the style of the princess

dowager. Finding her end approaching, she sent a humble message to the king, imploring him to allow her one last interview with her daughter, that she might bestow her blessing upon her; but the request was refused.

A touching letter, however, which she wrote to the king on her death-bed moved him to tears; and having ejaculated a few expressions of his sense of her many noble qualities, he retired to his closet to indulge his grief in secret. Solemn obsequies were ordered to be performed at Windsor and Greenwich on the day of her interment, and the king and the whole of his retinue put on mourning for her.

With this arrangement Anne Boleyn cared not to comply. Though she had attained the summit of her ambition; though the divorce had been pronounced, and she was crowned queen; though she had given birth to a daughter—the Princess Elizabeth, afterwards the illustrious queen of that name,—two years before; and though she could have no reasonable apprehensions from her, the injured Catherine, during her lifetime, had always been an object of dread to her. She heard of her death with undisguised satisfaction, clapped her hands, exclaiming to her attendants, "Now, I am indeed queen!" and put the crowning point to her unfeeling conduct, by decorating herself and her dames in the gayest apparel on the day of the funeral.

Alas! she little knew that at that very moment the work of retribution commenced, and that the wrongs of the injured queen, whose memory she thus outraged, were soon to be terribly and bloodily avenged.

Other changes had likewise taken place, which may be here recorded. The Earl of Surrey had made the tour of France, Italy, and the Empire, and had fully kept his word, by proclaiming the supremacy of the fair Geraldine's beauty at all tilts and tournaments, at which he constantly bore away the prize. But the greatest reward, and that which he hoped would crown his fidelity—the hand of his mistress,—was not reserved for him.

At the expiration of three years, he returned home, polished by travel, and accounted one of the bravest and most accomplished cavaliers of the day. His reputation had preceded him, and he was received with marks of the highest distinction and favour by Henry, as well as by Anne Boleyn. But the king was still averse to the match, and forbade the fair Geraldine to return to court.

Finding so much opposition on all sides, the earl was at last brought to assent to the wish of the fair Geraldine, that their engagement should be broken off. In her letters, she assured him that her love had undergone no abatement—and never would do so—but that she felt they must give up all idea of an union.

These letters, probably the result of some manœuvring on his own part, set on foot by the royal mandate, were warmly seconded

by the Duke of Norfolk, and, after many and long solicitations, he succeeded in wringing from his son a reluctant acquiescence to the arrangement.

The disappointment produced its natural consequences on the ardent temperament of the young Earl, and completely chilled and blighted his feelings. He became moody and discontented; took little share in the amusements and pastimes going forward; and from being the blithest cavalier at court became the saddest. The change in his demeanour did not escape the notice of Anne Boleyn, who easily divined the cause, and she essayed by raillery and other arts to wean him from his grief. But all was for some time of no avail. The Earl continued inconsolable. At last, however, by the instrumentality of the queen and his father, he was contracted to the Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, and was married to her in 1535.

Long before this, the Duke of Richmond had been wedded to the Lady Mary Howard.

For some time, previous to the present era of this chronicle, Anne Boleyn had observed a growing coolness towards her on the part of the king, and latterly it had become evident that his passion for her was fast subsiding, if indeed it had not altogether expired.

Though Anne had never truly loved her royal consort, and though at that very time she was secretly encouraging the regards of another, she felt troubled by this change, and watched all the king's movements with jealous anxiety to ascertain if any one had supplanted her in his affections.

At length, her vigilance was rewarded by discovering a rival in one of the loveliest of her dames, Jane Seymour. This fair creature, the daughter of Sir John Seymour, of Wolff Hall, in Wiltshire, and who was afterwards, it is almost needless to say, raised to as high a dignity as Anne Boleyn herself, was now in the very pride of her beauty. Tall, exquisitely proportioned, with a complexion of the utmost brilliancy and delicacy, large liquid blue eyes, bright chestnut tresses, and lovely features, she possessed charms that could not fail to captivate the amorous monarch. It seems marvellous that Anne Boleyn should have such an attendant; but perhaps she felt confident in her own attractions.

Skilled in intrigue herself, Anne, now that her eyes were opened, perceived all the allurements thrown out by Jane to ensnare the king, and she intercepted many a furtive glance between them. Still she did not dare to interfere. The fierceness of Henry's temper kept her in awe, and she well knew that the slightest opposition would only make him the more determined to run counter to her will. Trusting, therefore, to get rid of Jane Seymour by some stratagem, she resolved not to attempt to dismiss her except as a last resource.

A slight incident occurred, which occasioned a departure from the prudent course she had laid down to herself.

Accompanied by her dames, she was traversing the great gallery of the palace at Greenwich, when she caught the reflection of Jane Seymour, who was following her, in a mirror, regarding a jewelled miniature. She instantly turned round at the sight, and Jane, in great confusion, thrust the picture into her bosom.

"Ah! what have you there?" cried Anne.

"A picture of my father, Sir John Seymour," replied Jane, blushing deeply.

"Let me look at it?" cried Anne, snatching the picture from her. "Ah! call you this your father? To my thinking it is much more like my royal husband. Answer me frankly, minion—answer me, as you value your life! Did the king give you this?"

"I must decline answering the question," replied Jane, who by this time had recovered her composure.

"Ah! am I to be thus insolently treated by one of my own dames!" cried Anne.

"I intend no disrespect to your majesty," replied Jane; "and I will, since you insist upon it, freely confess that I received the portrait from the king. I did not conceive there could be any harm in doing so, because I saw your majesty present your own portrait, the other day, to Sir Henry Norris."

Anne Boleyn turned as pale as death, and Jane Seymour perceived that she had her in her power.

"I gave the portrait to Sir Henry as a recompence for an important service he rendered me," said Anne, after a slight pause.

"No doubt," replied Jane; "and I marvel not that he should press it so fervently to his lips, seeing he must value the gift highly. The king likewise bestowed his portrait upon me for rendering him a service."

"And what was that?" asked Anne.

"Nay, there your majesty must hold me excused," replied the other. "It were to betray his highness's confidence to declare it. I must refer you to him for an explanation."

"Well, you are in the right to keep the secret," said Anne, forcing a laugh; "I dare say there is no harm in the portrait—indeed, I am sure there is not, if it was given with the same intent that mine was bestowed upon Norris. And so we will say no more upon the matter—except that I must beg you to be discreet with the king. If others should comment upon your conduct, I may be compelled to dismiss you."

"Your majesty shall be obeyed," said Jane, with a look that intimated that the request had but slight weight with her.

"Catherine will be avenged by means of this woman," muttered Anne, as she turned away. "I already feel some of the torments with which she threatened me. And she suspects Norris.

I must impress more caution on him. Ah! when a man loves deeply, as he loves me, due restraint is seldom maintained."

But though alarmed, Anne was by no means aware of the critical position in which she stood. She could not persuade herself that she had entirely lost her influence with the king; and she thought that when his momentary passion had subsided, it would return to its old channels.

She was mistaken. Jane Seymour was absolute mistress of his heart; and Anne was now as great a bar to him, as she had before been an attraction. Had her conduct been irreproachable, it might have been difficult to remove her; but, unfortunately, she had placed herself at his mercy, by yielding to the impulses of vanity, and secretly encouraging the passion of Sir Henry Norris, groom of the stole.

This favoured personage was somewhat above the middle size, squarely and strongly built. His features were regularly and finely formed, and he had a ruddy complexion, brown, curling hair, good teeth, and fine eyes of a clear blue. He possessed great personal strength; was expert in all manly exercises, and shone especially at the jousts and the manège. He was of an ardent temperament, and Anne Boleyn had inspired him with so desperate a passion, that he set at nought the fearful risk he ran to obtain her favour.

In all this seemed traceable the hand of fate,—in Henry's passion for Jane Seymour, and Anne's insane regard for Norris,—as if in this way, and by the same means in which she herself had been wronged, the injured Catherine of Arragon was to be avenged.

How far Henry's suspicions of his consort's regard for Norris had been roused, did not at the time appear. Whatever he felt in secret, he took care that no outward manifestation should betray him. On the contrary, he loaded Norris, who had always been a favourite with him, with new marks of regard, and encouraged rather than interdicted his approach to the queen.

Things were in this state when the court proceeded to Windsor, as before related, on Saint George's day.

THE TOWN OF WINDSOR, FROM THE CURFEW TOWER.

II.

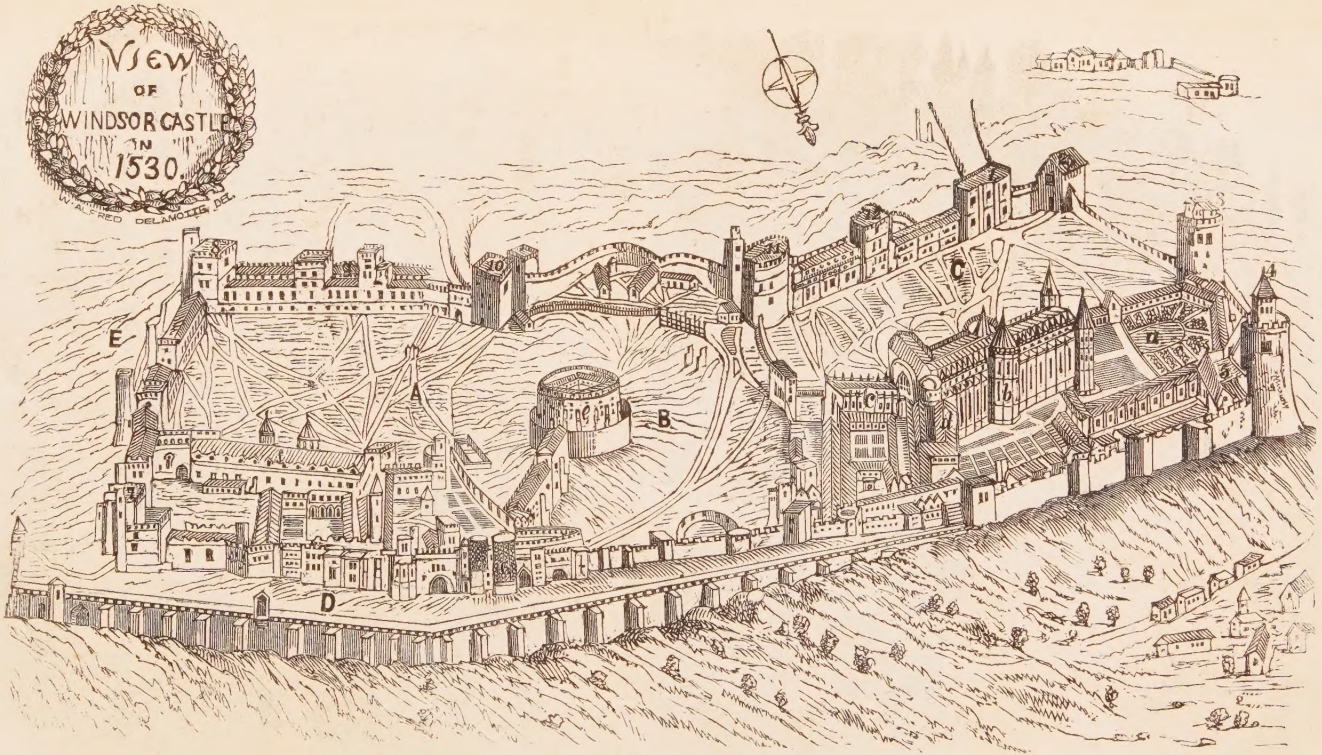
HOW ANNE BOLEYN RECEIVED PROOF OF HENRY'S PASSION FOR JANE SEYMOUR.

On the day after the solemnization of the Grand Feast of the Order of the Garter, a masqued fête of great splendour and magnificence was held within the castle. The whole of the state apartments were thrown open to the distinguished guests, and universal gaiety prevailed. No restraint was offered to the festivity by the king, for though he was known to be present, he did not choose to declare himself.

The queen sat apart, on a fauteuil in the deep embrasure of a window,—and as various companies of fantastic characters advanced towards her, she more than once fancied she detected amongst them the king, but the voices convinced her of her mistake. As the evening was wearing, a mask in a blue domino drew near her, and whispered, in a devoted and familiar tone,—"My queen!"

"Is it you, Norris?" demanded Anne, under her breath.

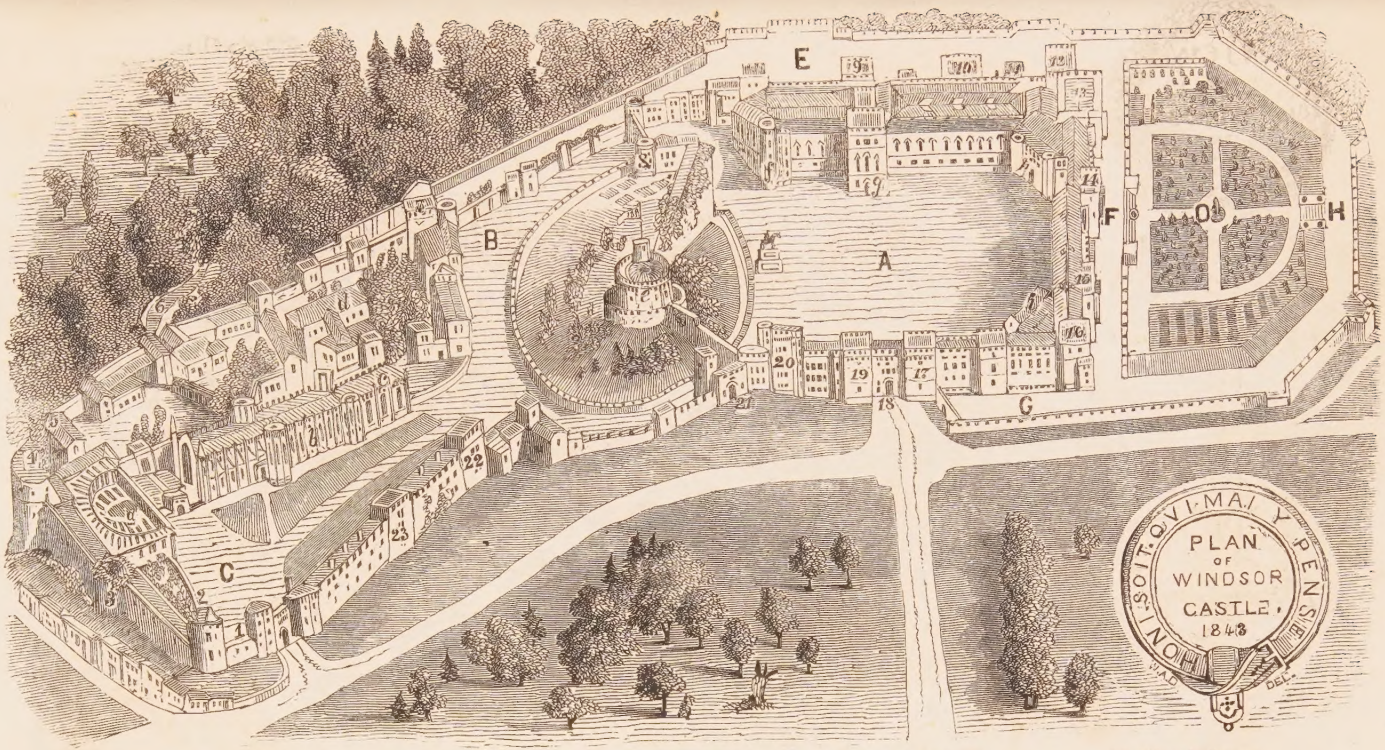
"It is," he replied. "Oh, madam! I have been gazing at you the whole evening, but have not dared to approach you till now."



A. Upper Ward.
B. Middle Ward.
C. Lower Ward.
D. North Terrace.
E. Moat.

a. Horse-shoe Cloisters.
b. Saint George's Chapel.
c. Deanery and Cloisters.
d. Wolsey's Tomb House.
e. Round Tower.

f. Saint George's Hall.
1. Henry the Eighth's Gate.
2. Chancellor's, or Salisbury Tower.
3. Garter Tower.
4. Curfew Tower.
5. Winchester Tower.
6. Norman Tower.
7. North-east Tower.
8 Watch Tower.
9. Upper Gateway.
10. Edward the Third's Tower.
11. Henry the Third's Tower.
12. Governor of the Alms-Knights' Tower.



A. Upper Ward.
B. Middle Ward.
C. Lower Ward.
D. Eastern Garden.
E. North Terrace.
F. East Terrace and Steps.
G. South Terrace.
H. Garden Terrace.

a. Horse-shoe Cloisters.
b. Saint George's Chapel.
c. Wolsey's Tomb House.
d. Deanery and Cloisters.
e. Round Tower.
f. King John's Tower.
g. State Entrance Tower.
h. Kitchen Gateway.
i. Sovereign's Entrance.

1. Henry the Eighth's Gateway.
2. Chancellor of Garter's Tower.
3. Garter Tower.
4. Curfew Tower.
5. College Library.
6. Hundred Steps.
7. Winchester Tower.
8. Norman Gateway.
9. Henry the Seventh's Building.
10. George the Fourth's Tower.
11. Cornwall Tower.
12. Brunswick Tower.
13. Prince of Wales's Tower.
14. Chester Tower.
15. Clarence Tower.
16. Victoria Tower.
17. York Tower.
18. George the Fourth's Gateway.
19. Lancaster Tower.
20. Edward the Third's Tower.
21. Saint George's Gateway.
22. Henry the Third's Tower.
23. Governor of the Alms-Knights' Tower.

"I am sorry you have addressed me at all, Norris," she rejoined. "Your regard for me has been noticed by others, and may reach the king's ears. You must promise never to address me in the language of passion again."

"If I may not utter my love, I shall go mad," replied Norris. "After raising me to the verge of Paradise, do not thrust me to the depths of Tartarus."

"I have neither raised you, nor do I cast you down," rejoined Anne. "That I am sensible of your devotion, and grateful for it, I admit, but nothing more. My love and allegiance are due to the king."

"True," replied Norris, bitterly; "they are so, but he is wholly insensible to your merits. At this very moment, he is pouring his love-vows in the ear of Jane Seymour."

"Ah! is he so?" cried Anne. "Let me have proof of his perfidy, and I may incline a more favourable ear to you."

"I will instantly obtain you the proof, madam," replied Norris, bowing and departing.

Scarcely had he quitted the queen, and mixed with the throng of dancers, than he felt a pressure upon his arm, and turning at the touch, beheld a tall monk, the lower part of whose face was muffled up, leaving only a pair of fierce black eyes, and a large aquiline nose visible.

"I know what you want, Sir Henry Norris," said the tall monk, in a low, deep voice; "you wish to give the queen proof of her royal lord's inconstancy. It is easily done. Come with me."

"Who are you?" demanded Norris, doubtfully.

"What matters it who I am?" rejoined the other; "I am one of the masquers, and chance to know what is passing around me. I do not inquire into your motives, and therefore you have no right to inquire into mine."

"It is not for my own satisfaction that I desire this proof," said Norris, "because I would rather shield the king's indiscretions than betray them. But the queen has conceived suspicions which she is determined to verify."

"Think not to impose upon me," replied the monk, with a sneer. "Bring the queen this way, and she shall be fully satisfied."

"I can run no risk in trusting you," said Norris, "and therefore I accept your offer."

"Say no more," cried the monk, disdainfully, "I will await you here."

And Norris returned to the queen.

"Have you discovered anything?" she cried.

"Come with me, madam," said Norris, bowing, and taking her hand.

Proceeding thus, they glided through the throng of

dancers, who respectfully cleared a passage for them as they walked along, until they approached the spot where the tall monk was standing. As they drew near him, he moved on, and Norris and the queen followed in silence. Passing from the great hall in which the crowd of dancers was assembled, they descended a short flight of steps, at the foot of which, the monk paused, and pointed with his right hand to a chamber, partly screened by the folds of a curtain.

At this intimation, the queen and her companion stepped quickly on, and as she advanced, Anne Boleyn perceived Jane Seymour and the king seated on a couch within the apartment. Henry was habited like a pilgrim, but he had thrown down his hat, ornamented with the scallop-shell, his vizard, and his staff, and had just forced his fair companion to unmask.

At the sight, Anne was transfixed with jealous rage, and was for the moment almost unconscious of the presence of Norris, or of the monk, who remained behind the curtain, pointing to what was taking place.

"Your majesty is determined to expose my blushes," said Jane Seymour, slightly struggling with her royal lover.

"Nay, I only want to be satisfied that it is really yourself, sweetheart," cried Henry, passionately. "It was in mercy to me, I suppose, that you insisted upon shrouding those beauteous features from my view."

"Hear you that, madam?" whispered Norris to Anne.

The queen answered by a convulsive clasp of the hand.

"Your majesty but jests with me," said Jane Seymour.

"Jests!" cried Henry, passionately. "By my faith, I never understood the power of beauty till now. No charms ever moved my heart like yours; nor shall I know a moment's peace till you become mine."

"I am grieved to hear it, my liege," replied Jane Seymour, "for I never can be yours, unless as your queen."

Again Norris hazarded a whisper to Anne Boleyn, which was answered by another nervous grasp of the hand.

"That is as much as to say," pursued Jane, seeing the gloomy reverie into which her royal lover was thrown, "I can give your majesty no hopes at all."

"You have been schooled by Anne Boleyn, sweetheart," said Henry.

"How so, my liege?" demanded Jane Seymour.

"Those are the very words she used to me when I wooed her, and which induced me to divorce Catherine of Arragon," replied Henry. "Now they may bring about her own removal."

"Just Heaven!" murmured Anne.

"I dare not listen to your majesty," said Jane Seymour, in a tremulous tone; "and yet, if I dared speak——"

"Speak on, fearlessly, sweetheart," said Henry.

Anne Boleyn receiving proof of Henry's passion for Jane Seymour.

"Then I am well assured," said Jane, "that the queen no longer loves you; nay, that she loves another."

"It is false, minion!" cried Anne Boleyn, rushing forward, while Norris hastily retreated—"it is false! It is you who would deceive the king for your own purposes. But I have fortunately been brought hither to prevent the injury you would do me. Oh! Henry, have I deserved this of you?"

"You have chanced to overhear part of a scene in a masquerade, madam—that is all," said the king.

"I have chanced to arrive most opportunely for myself," said Anne. "As for this slanderous and deceitful minion, I shall dismiss her from my service. If your majesty is determined to prove faithless to me, it shall not be with one of my own dames."

"Catherine of Arragon should have made that speech," retorted Jane Seymour, bitterly; "she had reason to complain that she was supplanted by one much beneath her. And she never played the king falsely."

"Nor have I," cried Anne, fiercely; "if I had my will I should strike thee dead, for the insinuation. Henry—my lord—my love—if you have any regard for me, instantly dismiss Jane Seymour."

"It may not be, madam," replied Henry, in a freezing tone. "She has done nothing to deserve dismissal. If any one is to blame in the matter, it is myself."

"And will you allow her to make these accusations against me without punishment?" cried Anne.

"Peace, madam!" cried the king, sternly; "and thank my good-nature that I go no further into the matter. If you are weary of the masque, I pray you retire to your own apartments. For myself, I shall lead Jane Seymour to the bransle."

"And if your majesty should need a partner," said Jane, walking up to Anne, and speaking in a low tone, "you will doubtless find Sir Henry Norris disengaged."

The queen looked as if stricken by a thunderbolt. She heard the triumphant laugh of her rival; she saw her led forth, all smiles and beauty and triumph, by the king to the dance; and she covered her face in agony. While she was in this state, a deep voice breathed in her ears, "The vengeance of Catherine of Arragon begins to work!"

Looking up, she beheld the tall figure of the monk retreating from the chamber.

III.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN NORRIS AND THE TALL MONK.

TOTTERING to the seat which Henry and Jane had just quitted, Anne sank into it. After a little time, having in some degree recovered her composure, she was about to return to the great hall, when Norris appeared.

"I did not deceive you, madam," he said, "when I told you the king was insensible to your charms. He only lives for Jane Seymour."

"Would I could dismiss her!" cried Anne, furiously.

"If you were to do so, she would soon be replaced by another," rejoined Norris. "The king delights only in change. With him, the last face is ever the most beautiful."

"You speak fearful treason, sir!" replied Anne—"but I believe it to be the truth."

"Oh, then, madam!" pursued Norris, "since the king is so regardless of you, why trouble yourself about him?—there are those who would sacrifice a thousand lives, if they possessed them, for your love."

"I fear it is the same with all men," rejoined Anne. "A woman's heart is a bauble which, when obtained, is speedily tossed aside."

"Your majesty judges our sex too harshly," said Norris. "If I had the same fortune as the king, I should never change."

"The king himself once thought so,—once swore so," replied Anne, petulantly. "It is the common parlance of lovers. But I may not listen to such discourse longer."

"Oh, madam!" cried Norris, "you misjudge me greatly. My heart is not made of the same stuff as that of the royal Henry. I can love deeply—devotedly—lastingly."

"Know you not that, by these rash speeches, you place your head in jeopardy?" said Anne.

"I would rather lose it than not be permitted to love you," he replied.

"But your rashness endangers me," said the queen. "Your passion has already been noticed by Jane Seymour, and the slightest further indiscretion will be fatal."

"Nay, if that be so," cried Norris, "and your majesty should be placed in peril on my account, I will banish myself from the court, and from your presence, whatever the effort may cost me!"

"No," replied Anne, "I will not tax you so hardly. I do not think," she added, tenderly—"deserted, as I am, by the king, that I could spare you."

"You confess, then, that I have inspired you with some regard?" he cried, rapturously.

"Do not indulge in these transports, Norris," said Anne, mournfully. "Your passion will only lead to your destruction—perchance, to mine! Let the certainty that I *do* love, content you, and seek not to tempt your fate further."

"Oh! madam, you make me the happiest of men by the avowal," he cried. "I envy not now the king, for I feel raised above him by your love."

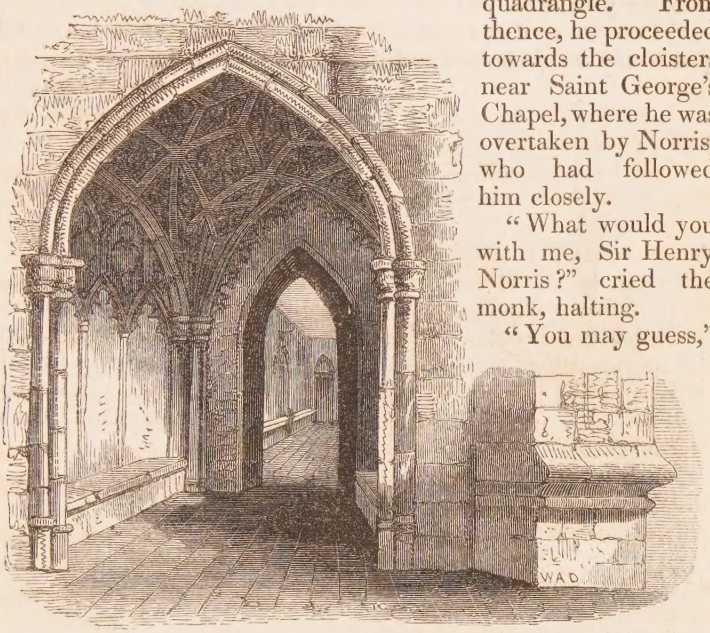
"You must join the revel, Norris," said Anne—"your absence from it will be observed."

And extending her hand to him, he knelt down, and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Ah! we are observed," she cried, suddenly, and almost with a shriek. "Rise, sir!"

Norris instantly sprang to his feet, and to his inexpressible dismay, saw the figure of the tall monk gliding away. Throwing a meaning look at the almost sinking queen, he followed the mysterious observer into the great hall, determined to rid himself of him in some way, before he should have time to make any revelations.

Avoiding the brilliant throng, the monk entered the adjoining corridor, and descending the great staircase, passed into the upper quadrangle. From thence, he proceeded towards the cloisters near Saint George's Chapel, where he was overtaken by Norris, who had followed him closely.



ENTRANCE TO THE DEAN'S CLOISTERS.

"What would you with me, Sir Henry Norris?" cried the monk, halting.

"You may guess," said Norris, sternly, and drawing his sword. "There are secrets which are dangerous to the possessor. Unless you swear never to betray what you have seen and heard, you die."

The tall monk laughed derisively.

"You know that your life is in my power," he said, "and therefore you threaten mine. Well, e'en take it if you can."

As he spoke, he drew a sword from beneath his robe, and stood upon his defence. After a few passes, Norris's weapon was beaten from his grasp.

"You are now completely at my mercy," said the monk—"and I have nothing to do but to call the guard, and declare all I have heard to the king."

"I would rather you plunged your sword into my heart," said Norris.

"There is one way—and only one, by which my secrecy may be purchased," said the monk.

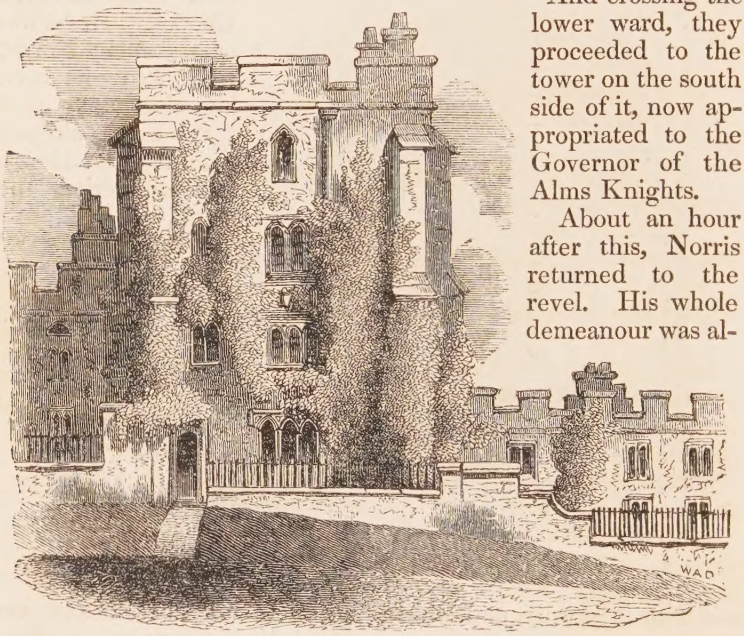
"Name it," replied Norris. "Were it to be purchased by my soul's perdition, I would embrace it."

"You have hit the point exactly," rejoined the monk, drily. "Can you not guess with whom you have to deal?"

"Partly," replied Norris; "I never found such force in mortal arm as you have displayed."

"Probably not," laughed the other—"most of those who have ventured against me have found their match. But come with me into the park, and you shall learn the condition of my secrecy."

"I cannot quit the castle," replied Norris; "but I will take you to my lodgings, where we shall be wholly unobserved."



GOVERNOR OF THE ALMS-KNIGHTS' TOWER.

And crossing the lower ward, they proceeded to the tower on the south side of it, now appropriated to the Governor of the Alms Knights.

About an hour after this, Norris returned to the revel. His whole demeanour was altered, and his looks ghastly. He sought out the queen, who had returned to the seat in the embrasure.

"What has happened?" said Anne, in a low tone, as he approached her. "Have you killed him?"

"No," he replied; "but I have purchased our safety at a terrible price."

"You alarm me, Norris—what mean you?" she cried.

"I mean this," he answered, regarding her with passionate earnestness—"that you *must* love me now, for I have perilled my salvation for you. That tall monk was Herne the Hunter."

IV.

OF THE SECRET INTERVIEW BETWEEN NORRIS AND ANNE BOLEYN;—AND OF THE DISSIMULATION PRACTISED BY THE KING.

HENRY'S attentions to Jane Seymour at the masqued fête were so marked, that the whole court was made aware of his passion. But it was not anticipated that any serious and extraordinary consequences would result from the intoxication,—far less that the queen herself would be removed to make way for her successful rival. It was afterwards, however, remembered that at this time, Henry held frequent, long, and grave conferences with the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, and appeared to be engrossed in the meditation of some project.

After the scene at the revel, Anne did not make another exhibition of jealousy; but it was not that she was reconciled to her situation, or in any way free from uneasiness. On the contrary, the unhappy Catherine of Arragon did not suffer more in secret; but she knew, from experience, that with her royal consort all reproaches would be unavailing.

One morning, when she was alone within her chamber, her father, who was now Earl of Wiltshire, obtained admittance to her.

"You have a troubled look, my dear lord," she said, as she motioned him to a seat.

"And with good reason," he replied. "Oh! Anne, words cannot express my anxiety at the present state of things."

"It will speedily pass by, my lord," she replied; "the king will soon be tired of his new idol."

"Not before he has overthrown the old one, I fear," rejoined the earl. "Jane Seymour's charms have usurped entire sovereignty over him. With all her air of ingenuousness and simplicity, the minion is artful and dangerous. She has a high mark, I am persuaded—no less than the throne."

"But Henry cannot wed her,—he cannot divorce me," said Anne.

"So thought Catherine of Arragon," replied her father; "and yet she was divorced. Anne, I am convinced that a plot is hatching against you."

"You do not fear for my life, father!" she cried, trembling.

"I trust there are no grounds for charges against you by which it might be brought in jeopardy," replied the earl, gravely.

"None, father—none!" she exclaimed.

"I am glad of it," rejoined the earl; "for I have heard that the king said to one who suggested another divorce to him,—'No; if the queen comes within the scope of the divorce, she also comes within the pale of the scaffold.'"

"A pledge was extorted from him to that effect," said Anne, in a hollow voice.

"That an attempt will be made against you, I firmly believe,"

replied the earl; "but if you are wholly innocent you have nothing to fear."

"Oh, father! I know not that," cried Anne. "Innocence avails little with the stony-hearted Henry."

"It will prove your best safeguard," said the earl. "And now farewell, daughter! Heaven guard you! Keep the strictest watch upon yourself."

So saying, he quitted the apartment, and as soon as she was left alone, the unhappy Anne burst into an agony of tears.

From this state of affliction she was roused by hearing her own name pronounced in low accents, and looking up, she beheld Sir Henry Norris.

"Oh, Norris!" she said, in a tone of reproach, "you have come hither to destroy me."

"No one knows of my coming," he said; "at least, no one who will betray me. I was brought hither by one who will take care we are not observed."

"By Herne?" demanded Anne.

Norris answered in the affirmative.

"Would you had never leagued yourself with him!" she cried, "I fear the rash act will bring destruction upon us both."

"It is too late to retract now," he replied; "besides, there was no help for it. I sacrificed myself to preserve you."

"But will the sacrifice preserve me?" she cried. "I fear not. I have just been told that the king is preparing some terrible measure against me—that he meditates removing me, to make way for Jane Seymour."

"You have heard the truth, madam," replied Norris; "he will try to bring you to the block."

"And with him, to try is to achieve," said Anne. "Oh! Norris, it is a fearful thing to contemplate such a death!"

"But why contemplate it, madam?" said Norris; "why, if you are satisfied that the king has such designs against you—why, if you feel that he will succeed, tarry for the fatal blow? Fly with me—fly with one who loves you, and will devote his whole life to you—who regards you, not as the queen, but as Anne Boleyn. Relinquish this false and hollow grandeur, and fly with me to happiness and peace."

"And relinquish my throne to Jane Seymour?" rejoined Anne. "Never! I feel that all you assert is true — that my present position is hazardous—that Jane Seymour is in the ascendant, while I am on the decline, if not wholly sunk—that you love me entirely, and would devote your life to me—still, with all these motives for dread, I cannot prevail upon myself voluntarily to give up my title, and to abandon my post to a rival."

"You do not love me, then, as I love you, Anne," said Norris. "If I were king, I would abandon my throne for you."

"You think so now, Norris, because you are *not* king," she re-

plied. "But I *am* queen, and will remain so, till I am forced to abandon my dignity."

"I understand, madam," rejoined Norris, gloomily. "But oh! bethink you to what risks you expose yourself. You know the king's terrible determination — his vindictiveness, his ferocity."

"Full well," she replied—"full well; but I will rather die a queen than live disgraced and ruined. In wedding Henry the Eighth, I laid my account to certain risks, and those I must brave."

Before Norris could urge anything further, the door was suddenly opened, and a tall, dark figure, entered the chamber, and said, hastily,

"The king is at hand."

"One word more, and it is my last," said Norris, to Anne. "Will you fly with me to-night?—all shall be ready."

"I cannot," replied Anne.

"Away!" cried Herne, dragging Norris forcibly behind the tapestry.

Scarcely had they disappeared when Henry entered the chamber. He was in a gayer mood than had been usual with him of late.

"I am come to tell you, madam," he said, "that I am about to hold jousts in the castle on the first of May, at which your good brother and mine, the Lord Rochford, will be the challenger, while I myself shall be the defendant. You will adjudge the prize."

"Why not make Jane Seymour queen of the jousts?" said Anne, unable to resist the remark.

"She will be present at them," said Henry, "but I have my own reasons," he added significantly, "for not wishing her to appear as queen on this occasion."

"Whatever may be your reasons, the wish is sufficient for me," said Anne. "Nay, will you not tarry a moment with me? It is long since we have had any converse in private together."

"I am busy at this moment," replied Henry, bluffly; "but what is it you would say to me?"

"I would only reproach you for some lack of tenderness, and much neglect," said Anne. "Oh! Henry! do you remember how you swore by your life—your crown—your faith—all that you held sacred or dear,—that you would love me ever?"

"And so I would, if I could," replied the king; "but unfortunately the heart is not entirely under control. Have you, yourself, for instance, experienced no change in your affections?"

"No," replied Anne; "I have certainly suffered severely from your too evident regard for Jane Seymour; but though deeply mortified and distressed, I have never for a moment been shaken in my love for your majesty."

"A loyal and loving reply," said Henry. "I thought I had perceived some slight diminution in your regard."

"You did yourself grievous injustice by the supposition," replied Anne.

"I would fain believe so," said the king; "but there are some persons who would persuade me that you have not only lost your affection for me, but have even cast eyes of regard on another."

"Those who told you so lied!" cried Anne, passionately. "Never woman was freer from such imputation than myself."

"Never woman was more consummate hypocrite," muttered Henry.

"You do not credit me, I see?" cried Anne.

"If I did not, I should know how to act," replied the king. "You remember my pledge."

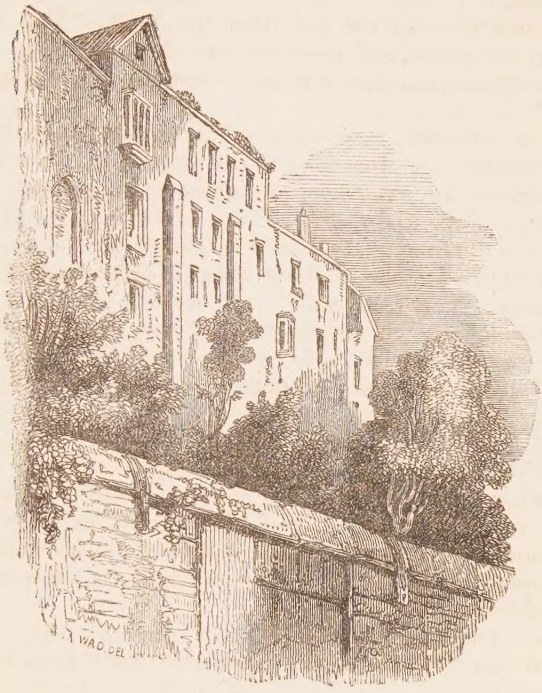
"Full well," replied Anne; "and if love and duty would not restrain me, fear would."

"So I felt," rejoined the king; "but there are some of your sex upon whom nothing will operate as a warning,—so faithless and inconstant are they by nature. It has been hinted to me that you are one of these. But I cannot think it. I can never believe that a woman for whom I have placed my very throne in jeopardy—for whom I have divorced my queen—whose family I have elevated and ennobled —and whom I have placed upon the throne,—would play me false. It is monstrous! —incredible!"

"It is—it is!" replied Anne.

"And now farewell," said Henry. "I have stayed longer than I intended; and I should not have mentioned these accusations, which I regard as wholly groundless, unless you had reproached me."

And he quitted the chamber, leaving Anne in a strange state of perplexity and terror.



OLD BUILDINGS, FROM THE HUNDRED STEPS.

V.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE JOUSTS.

The first of May arrived; and though destined to set in darkness and despair, it arose in sunshine and smiles.

All were astir at an early hour within the castle, and preparations were made for the approaching show. Lists were erected in the upper quadrangle, and the whole of the vast area was strewn with sand. In front of the royal lodgings was raised a gallery, the centre of which being set apart for the queen and her dames, was covered with cloth of gold and crimson velvet, on which the royal arms were gorgeously emblazoned. The two wings were likewise richly decorated, and adorned with scutcheons and pennons, while from the battlements of the eastern side of the court were hung a couple of long flags.

As soon as these preparations were completed, a throng of pages, esquires, armorers, archers, and henchmen, entered it from the Norman gateway, and took up positions within the

barriers, the space without the pales being kept by a double line of halberdiers. Next came the trumpeters, mounted on richly-caparisoned horses, and having their clarions decorated with silken bandrols, fringed with gold. Stationing themselves at the principal entrance of the lists, they were speedily joined by the heralds, pursuivants, and other officers of the tilt-yard.

Presently afterwards, the Duke of Suffolk, who was appointed judge of the lists, appeared, and rode round the arena to see that all was in order. Apparently well satisfied with the survey, he dismounted, and proceeded to the gallery.

Meanwhile, the crowd within the court was increased by a great influx of the different members of the household, amongst whom were Shoreditch, Paddington, and Hector Cutbeard.

"Marry, this promises to be a splendid sight!" said the clerk of the kitchen; "the king will, no doubt, do his devoir gallantly for the sake of the bright eyes that will look upon him."

"You mean the queen's, of course?" said Shoreditch.

"I mean hers who may be queen," replied Cutbeard—"Mistress Jane Seymour."

"*May* be queen!" exclaimed Shoreditch. "You surely do not think the king will divorce his present consort?"

"Stranger things have happened," replied Cutbeard, significantly. "If I am not greatly out in my reckoning," he added, "these are the last jousts Queen Anne will behold."

"The saints forfend!" cried Shoreditch; "what reason have you for thinking so?"

"That I may not declare," replied Cutbeard; "but before the jousts are over, you will see whether I have been rightly informed or not."

"Hush!" exclaimed Shoreditch. "There is a tall monk eyeing us strangely; and I am not certain that he has not overheard what you have said."

"He is welcome to the intelligence," replied Cutbeard; "the end will prove its truth."

Though this was uttered in a confident tone, he, nevertheless, glanced with some misgiving at the monk, who stood behind Paddington. The object of the investigation was a very tall man, with a cowl drawn over his brow. He had a ragged black beard, fierce dark eyes, and a complexion like bronze. Seeing Cutbeard's glance anxiously fixed upon him, he advanced towards him, and said, in a low tone—

"You have nothing to fear from me; but talk not so loud, if you value your head."

So saying, he proceeded to another part of the lists.

"Who is that tall monk?" asked Paddington.

"Devil knows!" answered Cutbeard. "I never saw him before; but he has a villanous, cut-throat look."

Soon afterwards, a flourish of trumpets was heard, and amid their joyous bruit, the queen, sumptuously arrayed in cloth of

gold and ermine, and having a small crown upon her brow, entered the gallery, and took her seat within it. Never had she looked more beautiful than on this fatal morning; and in the eyes of all the beholders she completely eclipsed her rival, Jane Seymour. The latter, who stood on her right hand, and was exquisitely attired, had a thoughtful and anxious air, as if some grave matter weighed upon her mind.

While the queen's attendants were taking their places, Lord Rochford, accompanied by Sir Henry Norris, and the Earls of Surrey and Essex, entered the lists. The four knights were completely armed, and mounted on powerful steeds barded with rich cloth of gold, embroidered with silver letters. Each had a great crimson plume in his helmet. They rode singly round the arena, and bowed as they passed the royal gallery, Norris bending almost to his saddle-bow while performing his salutation to the queen.

The field being thus taken by the challengers, who retired to the upper end of the court, a trumpet was thrice sounded by a herald, and an answer was immediately made by another herald, stationed opposite Henry the Seventh's buildings. When the clamour ceased, the king, fully armed, and followed by the Marquis of Dorset, Sir Thomas Wyat, and the Lord Clifford, rode into the lists.

Henry was equipped in a superb suit of armour, inlaid with gold, and having a breastplate of the globose form, then in vogue. His helmet was decorated with a large snow-white plume. The trappings of his steed were of crimson velvet, embroidered with the royal arms, and edged with great letters of massive gold bullion, full of pearls and precious stones. He was attended by a hundred gentlemen, armorers, and other officers, arrayed in white velvet.

Having ridden round the court like the others, and addressed his salutation exclusively to Jane Seymour, Henry took his station with his companions near the base of the Round Tower, the summit of which was covered with spectators, as were the towers and battlements around.

A trumpet was now sounded, and the king and the Lord Rochford having each taken a lance from his esquire, awaited the signal to start from the Duke of Suffolk, who was seated in the left wing of the royal gallery. It was not long delayed. As the clarion sounded clearly and loudly for the third time, he called out that the champions might go.

No sooner were the words uttered, than the thundering tramp of the steeds resounded, and the opponents met mid-way. Both their lances were shivered; but as the king did not, in the slightest degree, change his position, he was held to have the best of it. Courses were then run by the others, with varied success, the Marquis of Dorset being unhorsed by Sir Henry Norris, whose prowess was rewarded by the plaudits of the

assemblage, and what was infinitely more dear to him, by the smiles of the queen.

"You have ridden well, Norris," cried Henry, advancing towards him. "Place yourself opposite me, and let us splinter a lance together."

As Norris reined back his steed, in compliance with the injunction, the tall monk stepped from out the line, and drawing near him, said, "If you wish to prove victorious, aim at the upper part of the king's helmet." And with these words, he withdrew.

By the time Norris had placed his lance in the rest, the trumpet sounded. The next moment, the word was given, and the champions started. Henry rode with great impetuosity, and struck Norris in the gorget with such good will that both he and his steed were shaken.

But Norris was more fortunate. Following the advice of the monk, he made the upper part of the king's helmet his mark, and the blow was so well dealt, that, though it did not dislodge the royal horseman, it drove back his steed on its haunches.

The success was so unequivocal, that Norris was at once declared the victor by the judge. No applause, however, followed the decision, from a fear of giving offence to the king.

Norris dismounted, and committing his steed to the care of an esquire, and his lance to a page, took off his helmet, and advanced towards the royal gallery, near which the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat were standing talking with the other dames. As Norris drew near, Anne leaned over the edge of the gallery, smiled at him tenderly, and, whether by design or accident, let fall her embroidered handkerchief.

Norris stooped to pick it up, regarding her, as he did so, with a glance of the most passionate devotion. A terrible gaze, however, was fixed on the unfortunate pair at that moment. It was that of the king. While Henry was careering in front of the gallery to display himself before Jane Seymour, a tall monk approached him, and said—"Look at Sir Henry Norris!"

Thus addressed, Henry raised his beaver, that he might see more distinctly, and beheld Norris take up the embroidered handkerchief, which he recognised as one that he had given, in the early days of his affection, to the queen.

The sight stung him almost to madness, and he had great difficulty in repressing his choler. But if this slight action, heightened to importance, as it was, by the looks of the parties, roused his ire, it was nothing to what followed. Instead of restoring it to the queen, Norris, unconscious of the danger in which he stood, pressed the handkerchief fervently to his lips.

"I am hitherto the victor of the jousts," he said; "may I keep this as the prize?"

Anne smiled assent.

"It is the proudest I ever obtained," pursued Norris. And he placed it within his helmet.

Henry perceiving Norris pick up Anne Boleyn's handkerchief at the jousts.

"Does your majesty see that?" cried the tall monk, who still remained standing near the king.

"Death of my life!" exclaimed Henry, "it is the very handkerchief I gave her before our union! I can contain myself no longer, and must perforce precipitate matters. What, ho!" he cried, riding up to that part of the gallery where the Duke of Suffolk was seated—"let the jousts be stopped!"

"Wherefore, my dear liege?" said Suffolk. "The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat are about to run a course."

"Let them be stopped, I say!" roared Henry, in a tone that admitted of no dispute. And wheeling round his charger, he dashed into the middle of the barriers, shouting in loud, authoritative accents—"The jousts are at an end! Disperse!"

The utmost consternation was occasioned by the announcement. The Duke of Suffolk instantly quitted his seat, and pressed through the crowd to the king, who whispered a few hasty words in his ear. Henry then called to the Earl of Surrey, the Marquis of Dorset, the Lord Clifford, Wyat, and some others, and bidding them attend him, prepared to quit the court. As he passed the royal gallery, Anne called to him, in an agonized voice—

"Oh, Henry! what is the matter?—what have I done?"

But without paying the slightest attention to her, he dashed through the Norman Gate, galloped down the lower quadrangle, and quitted the castle.

The confusion that ensued may be imagined. All saw that something extraordinary and terrible had taken place, though few knew precisely what it was. Dismay sat in every countenance, and the general anxiety was heightened by the agitation of the queen, who, uttering a piercing scream, fell back, and was borne off in a state of insensibility by her attendants.

Unable to control himself at the sight, Norris burst through the guard, and rushing up the great staircase, soon gained the apartment to which the queen had heen conveyed. Owing to the timely aid afforded her, she was speedily restored; and the first person her eyes fell upon was her lover. At the sight of him, a glance of affection illumined her features, but it was instantly changed into an expression of alarm.

At this juncture, the Duke of Suffolk, who, with Bouchier and a party of halberdiers, had entered the room, stepped up to the queen, and said—

"Will it please you, madam, to retire to an inner apartment. I grieve to say, you are under arrest."

"Arrest!" exclaimed Anne; "for what crime, your grace?"

"You are charged with incontinency towards the king's highness," replied Suffolk, sternly.

"But I am innocent!" cried Anne—"as Heaven shall judge me, I am innocent!"

"I trust you will be able to prove yourself so, madam,"

said Suffolk. "Sir Henry Norris, your person is likewise attached."

"Then I am lost indeed!" exclaimed Anne, distractedly.

"Do not let these false and malignant accusations alarm you, madam," said Norris. "You have nothing to fear. I will die protesting your innocence."

"Sir Henry Norris," said the duke, coldly, "your own imprudence has brought about this sad result."

"I feel it," replied Norris; "and I deserve the worst punishment that can be inflicted upon me for it. But I declare to you,—as I will declare upon the rack, if I am placed upon it,—that the queen is wholly innocent. Let her not suffer for my fault."

"You hear what Sir Henry says," cried Anne; "and I call upon you to recollect the testimony he has borne."

"I shall not fail to do so, madam," replied Suffolk. "Your majesty will have strict justice."

"Justice!" echoed Anne, with a laugh of bitter incredulity. "Justice from Henry the Eighth?"

"Beseech you, madam, do not destroy yourself," said Norris, prostrating himself before her. "Recollect by whom you are surrounded. My folly and madness have brought you into this strait, and I sincerely implore your pardon for it."

"You are not to blame, Norris," said Anne—"it is fate, not you, that has destroyed me. The hand that has dealt this blow is that of a queen within the tomb."

"Captain Bouchier," said the Duke of Suffolk, addressing that officer, who stood near him, "you will convey Sir Henry Norris to the strong-room in the lower gateway, whence he will be removed to the Tower."

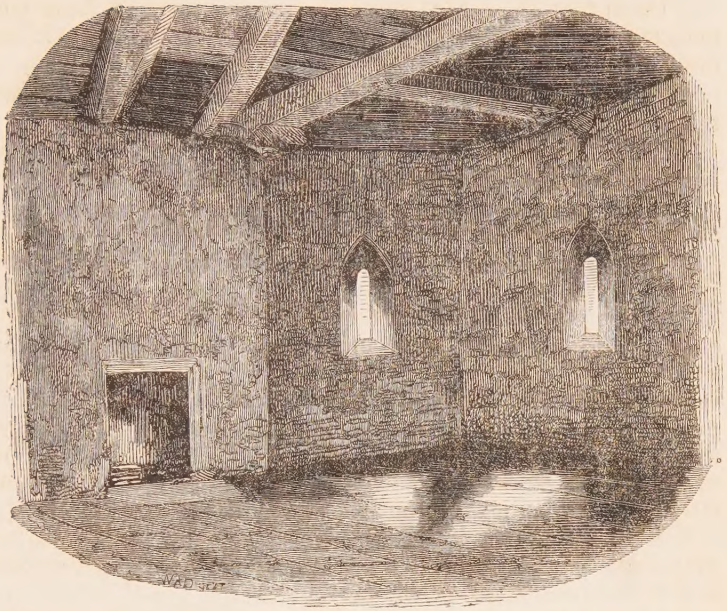
"Farewell, for ever, Norris!" cried Anne. "We shall meet no more on earth. In what has fallen on me, I recognise the hand of retribution. But the same measure which has been meted to me shall be dealt to others. I denounce Jane Seymour before Heaven! She shall not long retain the crown she is about to snatch from me!"

"That imprecation had better have been spared, madam," said the duke.

"Be advised, my gracious mistress!" cried Norris; "and do not let your grief and distraction place you in the power of your enemies. All may yet go well."

"I denounce her!" persisted Anne, wholly disregarding the caution; "and I also denounce the king. No union of his shall be happy, and other blood than mine shall flow!"

At a sign from the duke, she was here borne, half-suffocated with emotion, to an inner apartment, while Norris was conveyed by Bouchier and a company of halberdiers to the lower gateway, and placed within the prison chamber.



PRISON CHAMBER IN HENRY THE EIGHTH'S GATEWAY

VI.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN ANNE BOLEYN AND THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK;—AND HOW HERNE THE HUNTER APPEARED TO HER IN THE ORATORY.

For some hours, Anne Boleyn's attendants were alarmed for her reason, and there seemed good grounds for the apprehension—so wildly and incoherently did she talk, and so violently comport herself—she who was usually so gentle—now weeping as if her soul would pass away in tears — now breaking into fearful hysterical laughter. It was a piteous sight, and deeply moved all who witnessed it. But towards evening she became calmer, and desired to be left by herself. Her wish being complied with, she fell upon her kness, and besought Heaven's forgiveness for her manifold offences.

"May my earthly sufferings," she cried, "avail me hereafter, and may my blood wash out my guilt! I feel the enormity of my offence, and acknowledge the justice of my punishment. Pardon me, oh! injured Catherine—pardon me, I implore thee! Thou seest in me the most abject, pitiable woman, in the whole realm! Overthrown, neglected, despised—about to die a shameful death—what worse can befal me! Thine anguish was great,

but it was never sharpened by remorse like mine. Oh! that I could live my life over again! I would resist all the dazzling temptations I have yielded to—above all, I would not injure thee. Oh, that I had resisted Henry's love—his false vows—his fatal lures! But it is useless to repine. I have acted wrongfully,—and must pay the penalty of my crime. May my tears, my penitence, my blood, operate as an atonement, and procure me pardon from the Merciful Judge before whom I shall shortly appear!"

In such prayers and lamentations she passed more than an hour, when her attendants entered to inform her that the Duke of Suffolk and the Lords Audley and Cromwell were without, and desired to see her. She immediately went forth to them.

"We are come to acquaint you, madam," said Suffolk, "that you will be removed, at an early hour to-morrow morning, to the Tower, there to abide during the king's pleasure."

"If the king will have it so, my lords," she replied, "I must needs go—but I protest my innocence, and will protest it to the last. I have ever been a faithful and loyal consort to his highness, and though I may not have demeaned myself to him so humbly and gratefully as I ought to have done—seeing how much I owe him—yet I have lacked nothing in affection and duty. I have had jealous fancies and suspicions of him, especially of late, and have troubled him with them, but I pray his forgiveness for my folly, which proceeded from too much regard, and if I am acquitted of my present charge, I will offend him so no more."

"We will report what you say to the king," rejoined Suffolk, gravely. "But we are bound to add, that his highness does not act on mere suspicion; the proofs of your guilt being strong against you."

"There can be no such proofs!" cried Anne, quickly. "Who are my accusers—and what do they state?"

"You are charged with conspiring against the king's life, and dishonouring his bed," replied Suffolk, sternly. "Your accusers will appear in due season."

"They are base creatures suborned for the purpose!" cried Anne. "No loyal person would so forswear himself."

"Time will shew you who they are, madam," said Suffolk. "But having now answered all your questions, I pray you, permit us to retire."

"Shall I not see the king before I am taken to the Tower?" said Anne, upon whom the terror of her situation rushed with new force.

"His highness has quitted the castle," replied Suffolk, "and there is no likelihood of his return to-night."

"You tell me so to deceive me," cried Anne. "Let me see him—let me throw myself at his feet. I can convince him of my innocence—can move him to compassion. Let me see him, I implore of you—I charge you!"

"I swear to you, madam, that the king has departed for Hampton Court," replied Suffolk.

"Then take me to him there, under strong guard, or as secretly as you please!" she cried, passionately. "I will return with you instantly if I am unsuccessful."

"Were I to comply with your request, it would be fruitless, madam," replied Suffolk; "the king would not see you."

"Oh, Suffolk!" cried Anne, prostrating herself before him, "I have shewn you many kindnesses in my season of power, and have always stood your friend with the king. Do me this favour now. I will never forget it. Introduce me to the king. I am sure I can move his heart, if I can only see him."

"It would cost me my head, madam," said the duke, in an inexorable tone. "Rise, I pray you."

"You are more cruel than the king," said Anne, obeying. "And now, my lords," she continued, with more composure and dignity, "since you refuse my last request, and plainly prove to me the sort of justice I may expect, I will not detain you longer. I shall be ready to attend you to the Tower to-morrow."

"The barge will proceed an hour before dawn," said Suffolk.

"Must I then go by water?" asked Anne.

"Such are the king's commands," replied Suffolk.

"It is no matter," she rejoined. "I shall be ready when you will, for I shall not retire to rest during the night."

Upon this, Suffolk and the others withdrew, and Anne again retired to the oratory.

She remained alone, brooding, in a state of indescribable anguish, upon the probable fate awaiting her, when, all at once, raising her eyes, she beheld a tall, dark figure, near the arras.

Even in the gloom, she recognised Herne the Hunter, and with difficulty repressed a scream.

"Be silent!" cried Herne, with an emphatic gesture. "I am come to deliver you."

Anne could not repress a joyful cry.

"Not so loud," rejoined Herne, "or you will alarm your attendants. I will set you free on certain conditions."

"Ah! conditions!" exclaimed Anne, recoiling—"if they are such as will affect my eternal welfare, I cannot accept them."

"You will repent it when it is too late," replied Herne. "Once removed to the Tower, I can no longer aid you. My power extends only to the forest and the castle."

"Will you take me to the king at Hampton Court?" said Anne.

"It would be useless," replied Herne. "I will only do what I have stated. If you fly with me, you can never appear again as Anne Boleyn. Sir Henry Norris shall be set free at the same time, and you shall both dwell with me in the forest. Come!"

"I cannot go," said Anne, holding back; "it were to fly to a worse danger. I may save my soul now, but if I embrace your offer, I am lost for ever."

Herne laughed derisively.

"You need have no fear on that score," he said.

"I will not trust you," replied Anne. "I have yielded to temptation already, and am now paying the penalty of it."

"You are clinging to the crown," said Herne, "because you know that by this step you will irrecoverably lose it. And you fancy that some change may yet operate to your advantage with the king. It is a vain, delusive hope. If you leave this castle for the Tower, you will perish ignominiously on the block."

"What will be, must be!" replied Anne. "I will not save myself in the way you propose."

"Norris will say, and with reason, that you love him not," cried Herne.

"Then he will wrong me," replied Anne; "for I *do* love him. But of what account were a few years of fevered happiness compared with endless torture!"

"I will befriend you in spite of yourself," vociferated Herne, seizing her arm; "you *shall* go with me!"

"I will not," said Anne, falling on her knees. "Oh, Father of Mercy!" she cried, energetically, "deliver me from this fiend!"

"Take your fate, then!" rejoined Herne, dashing her furiously backwards.

And when her attendants, alarmed by the sound, rushed into the chamber, they found her stretched on the floor in a state of insensibility.

VII.

HOW HERNE APPEARED TO HENRY IN THE HOME PARK.

On that same night, at a late hour, a horseman, mounted on a powerful steed, entered the eastern side of the Home Park, and stationed himself beneath the trees. He had not been there long, when the castle clock tolled forth the hour of midnight, and ere the deep strokes died away, a second horseman was seen galloping across the moonlit glade towards him.

"Has all been done as I directed, Suffolk?" he demanded, as the new comer approached him.

"It has, my liege," replied the duke. "The queen is imprisoned within her chamber, and will be removed, at early dawn, to the Tower."

"You had better start in an hour from this time," said the king. "It is a long passage by water, and I am anxious to avoid all chance of attempt at rescue."

The Signal.

"Your wishes shall be obeyed," replied the duke. "Poor soul! her grief was most agonizing, and I had much ado to maintain my composure. She implored, in the most passionate manner, to be allowed to see your highness before her removal, I told her it was impossible; and that even if you were at the castle, you would not listen to her supplications."

"You did right," rejoined Henry; "I will never see her more,—not that I fear being moved by her prayers, but that, knowing how deceitful and faithless she is, I loathe to look upon her. What is expressed upon the matter by the household? Speak frankly!"

"Frankly, then," replied the duke, "your highness's proceedings are regarded as harsh and unjustifiable. The general opinion is, that you only desire to remove Anne to make way for Mistress Jane Seymour."

"Ha! they talk thus, do they?" cried the king. "I will silence their saucy prating ere long. Tell all who venture to speak to you on the subject that I have long suspected the queen of a secret liking for Norris, but that I determined to conceal my suspicions till I found I had good warrant for them. That occurred, as you know, some weeks ago. However, I awaited a pretext for proceeding against them, and it was furnished by their own imprudence to-day. Convinced that something would occur, I had made my preparations; nor was I deceived. You may add, also, that not until my marriage is invalidated, Anne's offspring illegitimatized, and herself beheaded, shall I consider the foul blot upon my name removed."

"Has your majesty any further commands?" said Suffolk. "I saw Norris in his prison before I rode forth to you."

"Let him be taken to the Tower, under a strong escort, at once," said Henry. "Lord Rochford, I suppose, has already been removed there?"

"He has," replied the duke. "Shall I attend your majesty to your followers?"

"It is needless," replied the king. "They are waiting for me, close at hand, at the foot of Datchet-bridge. Farewell, my good brother; look well to your prisoners. I shall feel more easy when Anne is safely lodged within the Tower."

So saying, he wheeled round, and striking spurs into his steed. dashed through the trees, while the duke rode back to the castle,

Henry had not proceeded far, when a horseman, mounted on a sable steed, emerged from the thicket, and galloped up to him. The wild attire and antlered helm of this personage proclaimed the forest fiend.

"Ah, thou here, demon!" cried the king, his lion nature overmastered by superstitious fear for a moment. "What wouldst thou?"

"You are on the eve of committing a great crime," replied

Herne; "and I told you that at such times I would always appear to you."

"To administer justice is not to commit crime," rejoined the king. "Anne Boleyn deserves her fate."

"Think not to impose on me as you have imposed on Suffolk!" cried Herne, with a derisive laugh. "I know your motives better, I know you have no proof of her guilt, and that in your heart of hearts you believe her innocent. But you destroy her because you would wed Jane Seymour! We shall meet again ere long—ho! ho! ho!"

And giving the rein to his steed, he disappeared among the trees.

VIII.

THE SIGNAL GUN.

Anne Boleyn's arraignment took place in the great hall of the White Tower, on the 16th of May, before the Duke of Norfolk, who was created lord high steward for the occasion, and twenty-six peers. The duke had his seat under a canopy of state, and beneath him sat the Earl of Surrey as deputy earl-marshal.

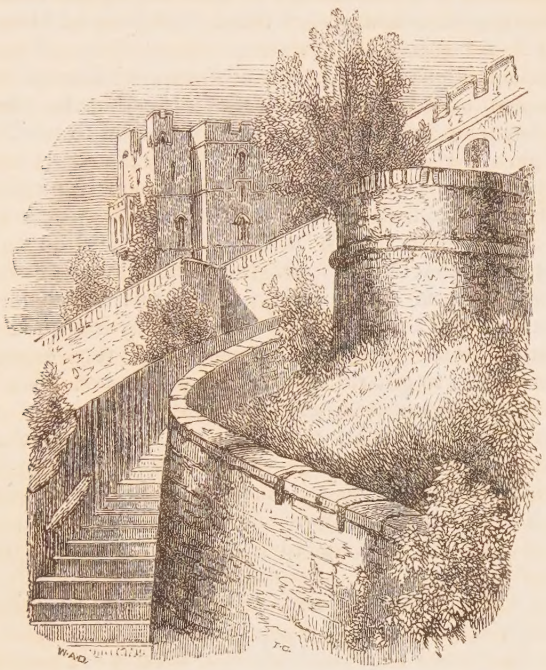
Notwithstanding an eloquent and impassioned defence, Anne was found guilty; and having been required to lay aside her crown and the other insignia of royalty, was condemned to be burned or beheaded at the king's pleasure.

On the following day, she was summoned to the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, whither she was privately conveyed; and her marriage with the king was declared by Cranmer to be null and void, and to have always been so. Death by the axe was the doom awarded to her by the king, and the day appointed for the execution was Friday, the 19th of May, at the hour of noon.

Leaving the conduct of the fatal ceremony to the Duke of Suffolk, who had orders to have a signal gun fired from the summit of the White Tower, which was to be answered from various points, when all was over, Henry repaired to Windsor Castle on the evening of Thursday. Before this, he had formally offered his hand to Jane Seymour; and while the unfortunate queen was languishing within the Tower, he was basking in the smiles of his new mistress, and counting the hours till he could make her his own. On the Tuesday before the execution, Jane Seymour retired to her father's mansion, Wolff Hall, in Wiltshire, where preparations were made for the marriage, which it was arranged should take place there in private on the Saturday.

On arriving at the castle, Henry gave out that he should hunt on the following morning in the Great Park, and retired to his

closet. But he did not long remain there, and putting on the garb of a yeoman of the guard, descended by the narrow flight of steps (already mentioned as occupying the same situation as the existing Hundred Steps), to the town, and proceeded



BASTION AND WALL, FROM THE HUNDRED STEPS.

to the Garter, where he found several guests assembled, discussing the affairs of the day, and Bryan Bowntance's strong ale at the same time. Amongst the number were, the Duke of Shoreditch, Paddington, Hector Cutbeard, and Kit Coo. At the moment of the king's entrance, they were talking of the approaching execution.

"Oh! the vanity of worldly greatness!" exclaimed Bryan, lifting up his hands. "Only seven years ago, last Saint George's day, this lovely queen first entered the castle with the king, amid pomp, and splendour, and power, and with a long life, apparently, of happiness before her. And now she is condemned to die!"

"But if she has played the king false, she deserves her doom!" replied Shoreditch. "I would behead my own wife if she served me the same trick—that is, if I could."

"You do right to say 'if you could,'" rejoined Paddington. "The beheading a wife is a royal privilege, and cannot be enjoyed by a subject."

"Marry, I wonder how the king could prefer Mistress Jane Seymour, for my part!" said Hector Cutbeard. "To my thinking she is not to be compared with Queen Anne."

"She has a lovely blue eye, and a figure as straight as an arrow," returned Shoreditch. "How say you, master?" he added, turning to the king. "What think you of Mistress Jane Seymour?"

"That she is passably fair, friend," replied Henry.

"But how as compared with the late—that is, the present queen; for, poor soul! she has yet some hours to live!" rejoined Shoreditch. "How, as compared with her?"

"Why, I think Jane Seymour the more lovely, undoubtedly," replied Henry. "But I may be prejudiced."

"Not in the least, friend," said Cutbeard. "You but partake of your royal master's humour. Jane Seymour is beautiful, no doubt; and so was Anne Boleyn. Marry! we shall see many fair queens on the throne. The royal Henry has good taste and good management. He sets his subjects a rare example, and shews them how to get rid of troublesome wives. We shall all divorce, or hang our spouses, when we get tired of them. I almost wish I was married myself, that I might try the experiment—ha! ha!"

"Well, here's the king's health!" cried Shoreditch; "and wishing him as many wives as he may desire. What say you, friend?" he added, turning to Henry. "Will you not drink that toast?"

"That will I," replied Henry; "but I fancy the king will be content for the present with Mistress Jane Seymour."

"For the present, no doubt," said Hector Cutbeard; "but the time will come—and ere long—when Jane will be as irksome to him as Anne is now."

"Ah! God's death, knave! darest thou say so?" cried Henry, furiously.

"Why, I have said nothing treasonable, I hope," rejoined Cutbeard, turning pale. "I only wish the king to be happy in his own way; and, as he seems to delight in change of wives, I pray that he may have it to his heart's content."

"A fair explanation," replied Henry, laughing.

"Let me give a health, my masters!" cried a tall archer, whom no one had hitherto noticed, rising in one corner of the room. "It is—The headsman of Calais, and may he do his work featly to-morrow!"

"Ha! ha! ha! a good toast," cried Hector Cutbeard.

"Seize him who has proposed it!" cried the king, rising; "it is Herne the Hunter!"

"I laugh at your threats here as elsewhere, Harry," cried Herne. "We shall meet to-morrow."

"And flinging the horn-cup in the face of the man nearest

him, he sprang through an open window at the back, and disappeared.

Both Cutbeard and Shoreditch were much alarmed lest the freedom of their expressions should be taken in umbrage by the king; but he calmed their fears by bestowing a good-humoured buffet on the cheek of the latter of them, and quitting the hostel, returned to the castle by the same way he had left it.

On the following morning, about ten o'clock, he rode into the Great Park, attended by a numerous train. His demeanour was moody and stern, and a general gloom pervaded the company. Keeping on the western side of the park, the party crossed Cranbourne Chase; but though they encountered several fine herds of deer, the king gave no orders to uncouple the hounds.

At last, they arrived at that part of the park where Sand-pit Gate is now situated, and pursuing a path bordered by noble

VIEW IN THE GREAT PARK, NEAR SAND-PIT GATE.

trees, a fine buck was suddenly unharboured, upon which Henry gave orders to the huntsmen and others to follow him, adding that he himself should proceed to Snow Hill, where they would find him an hour hence.

All understood why the king wished to be alone, and for what purpose he was about to repair to the eminence in question,

and therefore, without a word, the whole company started off in the chase.

Meanwhile, the king rode slowly through the woods, often pausing to listen to the distant sounds of the hunters, and noticing the shadows on the greensward as they grew shorter, and proclaimed the approach of noon. At length, he arrived at Snow Hill, and stationed himself beneath the trees on its summit.

From this spot a magnificent view of the castle, towering over its pomp of woods, now covered with foliage of the most vivid green, was commanded. The morning was bright and beautiful; the sky cloudless; and a gentle rain had fallen overnight, which had tempered the air, and freshened the leaves and the greensward. The birds were singing blithely in the trees, and at the foot of the hill couched a herd of deer. All was genial and delightful, breathing of tenderness and peace, and calculated to soften the most obdurate heart.

The scene was not without its effect upon Henry; but a fierce tumult raged within his breast. He fixed his eyes on the Round Tower, which was distinctly visible, and from which he expected the signal, and then tried to peer into the far horizon. But he could discern nothing. A cloud passed over the sun, and cast a momentary gloom over the smiling landscape. At the same time, Henry's fancy was so powerfully excited, that he fancied he could behold the terrible tragedy enacting at the Tower.

"She is now issuing forth into the green in the front of Saint Peter's Chapel," said Henry to himself. "I can see her as distinctly as if I were there. Ah! how beautiful she looks—and how she moves all hearts to pity. Suffolk, Richmond, Cromwell, and the Lord Mayor, are there to meet her. She takes leave of her weeping attendants—she mounts the steps of the scaffold firmly—she looks around, and addresses the spectators. How silent they are, and how clearly and musically her voice sounds. She blesses me! I hear it—I feel it here. Now she disrobes herself, and prepares for the fatal axe. It is wielded by the skilful executioner of Calais, and he is now feeling its edge. Now she takes leave of her dames, and bestows a parting gift on each. Again she kneels and prays. She rises. The fatal moment is at hand. Even now she retains her courage—she approaches the block, and places her head upon it. The axe is raised—ha!"

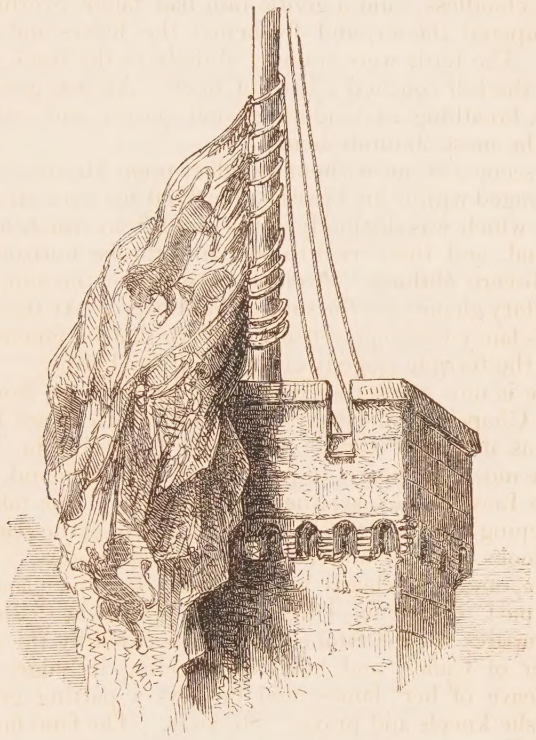
The exclamation was occasioned by a flash of fire from the battlements of the Round Tower, followed by a volume of smoke, and, in another second, the deep boom of a gun was heard.

At the very moment that the flash was seen, a wild figure, mounted on a coal-black steed, galloped from out the wood, and dashed towards Henry, whose horse reared and plunged as he passed.

"There spoke the death-knell of Anne Boleyn!" cried Herne,

regarding Henry, sternly, and pointing to the Round Tower. "The bloody deed is done, and thou art free to wed once more. Away to Wolff Hall, and bring thy new consort to Windsor Castle!"

Thus ends the Sixth and last Book of the Chronicle of Windsor Castle.



ON THE FUNERAL OF LANNER,

ATTENDED BY 160,000 PERSONS OF THE POPULATION OF VIENNA.

BY MRS. GORE.

Be blessings on thy thankful heart,
Old, cordial Germany!
That bore the minstrel to his grave
Like one of high degree;
A multitude of thousands, join'd
In one expanse of heart,
Embracing with a common love
The artist and the art.

No herald pompously proclaim'd
The titles of the dead,—
No banners to the summer sky
Their blazon'd mockeries shed;—
The name that ran from lip to lip,
With grieving "deep, not loud,"
Was one by God's own master-will
Distinguish'd from the crowd—

One gifted with a priceless power
To cheer the careworn breast—
Beguile the toilsman to his task—
The infant to its rest.
Wherever Joy was joyfullest,
His strains were on the air;
And aged hearts grew young to hear,
And youthful cheeks grew fair.

E'en such, of yore, old Frauenlob!
The guerdon of thy strain,—
Borne to the grave in triumph by
The maidens of Almaine.
Oh! cherish'd by such genial love,
The germs of soul expand;
And Genius bears its blossoms in
The heart-shine of the land!

In Jewish, shrewish, England,
Such warmth will never be!—
The money-changers have defiled
Her Temple's sanctuary.
The gifted one whose spirit sheds
On *her* its kindling rays,
Is held an hireling, whom her coin
Sufficiently repays!

And when from his exhausted soul
The fire of youth is gone,
She drops her dole into his cap,
And coldly passes on.
"Was not his zealous service *due*
To one of her degree?"—
Oh! blessings on thy thankful heart,
Old, cordial Germany!

A MIDNIGHT STORY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

It was nearly twelve o'clock, and bright moonlight, as I rode across the common, in the direction of my father's house; I had been dining with Sir Gregory Mallet, in the neighbouring town of W——. I had somewhat outstayed my usual time of returning home, and, anxious to reach it as quickly as possible, and knowing my road well, I took the shortest cut across the moor; this was a bridle-path, leading directly under the gibbet where the murderer hung in chains. The bones were those of one who had once been in a respectable line of life, having, for many years, tenanted a farm on my father's estate; he had, however, fallen into wild courses, and in the year '45 had suddenly disappeared, it was supposed, to join the Pretender. Nor was he again heard of, until a murder, accompanied with robbery, having taken place on the highway adjoining the common, strict search was made for the criminal, who was discovered lurking in the suburbs of W——: the watch and purse of the murdered gentleman were found in his possession; he was tried, condemned, and executed.

Before his execution,he discovered himself to be our late tenant, and received permission to send for his only brother (my father's steward), and bid him farewell.

Our steward was a strange character, though much respected and beloved by my father. He had long been suspected of an attachment to the losing cause. He and his brother were the last of an old and respectable family, the members of which had lost their substance during the civil wars, by their loyalty to the house of Stuart. He was of a gloomy, reserved turn of mind—singularly handsome in face, and almost gigantic in stature—but he wanted urbanity of manner and goodness of expression.

Notwithstanding the guilt of his brother and the rumours of his own connexion with the rebels, my father continued to retain him in his service, and to entrust him implicitly with all his affairs.

About a month after the execution, our steward died—some said, by his own hand; but my father would not allow of this interpretation, and gave out that his death was the result of an apoplectic fit. All *I* know upon the subject is, that going one evening into the room where the corpse was laid, during the absence of the watcher I raised the napkin from the face, and saw, that though the features still retained their beauty of outline and pride of expression, the complexion, naturally dark, had become quite black in colour. . . . . .

I rode at a sharp pace, but as I neared the gibbet, I heard footsteps behind me, and just as I came beneath it, a tall man strode to my side, and laid his hand upon my bridle.

"You have ridden fast!" he said; "but I think I am in time." My horse stopped instantly, trembling in every limb; I urged with whip and spur, but nothing would induce him to pass the gibbet; the man had taken his hand from the rein the moment the horse ceased to move. He carried across his shoulder a staff, to the end of which was attached an iron hook; with this instrument he endeavoured to dis-

engage the corpse from the gibbet. My blood froze in my veins as I recognised the bold profile and black complexion of my father's late steward. "You need not urge your horse—I have need of him to-night;" and as he spoke, the body fell from the tree; he received it, chains and all, in his arms! "Dismount!" he said.

"Dismount!—never!" And I raised my heavy riding-whip, and struck with all my force at the black face of the steward; the blow passed through air, and fell harmlessly upon the chains round the felon, and I, deprived of sense by some invisible power, fell forwards from my saddle.

When I recovered myself, it was broad daylight; I was lying beneath the gibbet, the corpse swung slowly in the wind above my head, but my horse was gone. I arose, and walked quickly home. As I reached the gates, I met two of my father's servants, coming in search of me: they had found my horse fastened to the stable-door, and bearing marks of having been hard ridden.

In answer to their inquiries, I made some excuse of his having stumbled and thrown me, and that I had been stunned by the fall. Charging them not to mention the circumstance to my father, I entered the hall. I told my story to none of my family; but immediately after breakfast, I proceeded to Chester House, to inform my friend, George Chester, of the events of the preceding night.

George Chester was as brave, as handsome, as gallant, and as true a friend, as ever trod this earth. We were sworn brothers in love, and hoped soon to be brothers by the nearest and dearest ties; for George was already engaged to my beautiful sister Rebecca, and I was paying assiduous court to the gentle Mary Chester.

George laughed heartily at my story. "Come, come, Tom, you have been dreaming: confess you were a little elevated by Sir Gregory's claret, and would fain make some creditable excuse for your tumble from Brown Robin."

"George," I said, "you love a jest; but this is none. Will you ride with me to-morrow night, at the same hour, and in the same direction?"

"That will I, most valiant Tom," laughed George; "and if this black man be civil, I will ask him to supper."

"George," said I, solemnly, "you will not laugh in this way at this time to-morrow."

This redoubled his mirth: however, he promised to keep my adventure secret. We agreed to dine together at the neighbouring town, and to pass across the moor in the same direction, and at the same hour, as I had done the night previous.

Accordingly, twelve o'clock found us turning from the highway on to the path over the common: before doing so, we looked searchingly in every direction, but saw signs of nothing living; yet we had not been upon the moor one minute, when, on again looking back, we perceived a tall black figure following us, carrying on his shoulder a long staff.

"There he is, George, with the identical hook!"

"There surely is some one, Tom! Now let us give him some exercise;" and we put spurs to our horses.

Five minutes at a hand-gallop brought us to the gibbet; but the

black man was there as soon, and laying his hand on Chester's rein, he said,—"You ride hard, gentlemen! but I think I am in time."

"We ride apace, old boy; but *you* fly."

"Mr. Chester, I shall want your horse," said the man, as he commenced the work of hooking down the corpse.

George laughed scornfully. "Shall *I* walk, that you may ride?"

"Nay, then, ride also, if you will!" And the man, as he said these words, strove to lift the body (which had fallen into his arms) on the horse before George Chester.

George drew his pistol, and fired right in the steward's face. My horse, frightened by the report, fled across the common; in a few moments, I had reined him in and returned to the gibbet, beneath which I found my friend extended, senseless—the man, the body, and the horse, were gone!

Some time elapsed before George recovered his consciousness; when he did so, I could not induce him to proceed home: he would wait and see the return of the body, for we doubted not it *would* return. We paced backwards and forwards beneath the gibbet for some hours, and then seated ourselves on the grass, and leaned against its foot, keeping a sharp look-out to the right and the left. We remained in this position until the first streaks of dawn, when we were startled by a low neigh from my horse (whom I held by the bridle), and a slight noise of chains behind;—both rose at once—the corpse was swinging violently overhead, as if from the impulse of a sudden jerk. George's horse, all reeking with sweat and foam, stood close behind him; but the black man was nowhere to be seen!

As we rode slowly home, we agreed to tell no one of our enterprise, and to pursue it on the following evening.

In the course of the day we went secretly to a priest in the town of W——, a priest of the old faith, and we asked him for a charm to charm evil spirits from the corpse of one who died in sin, and holy water to preserve the watchers from the assaults of the fiend; we obtained what we desired, and when evening fell, we proceeded to the gibbet on the common.

We first sprinkled ourselves, our horses, and their furniture, plentifully with the holy water; we performed the same operation on the corpse and the gibbet, and in addition, George climbed the latter, and attached the chain securely to the neck of the felon.

We then returned to the town, and again, at the hour of twelve, we entered on the moor, and again, on looking back, we saw the black man, and again he overtook us, and again, laying his hand on George's rein, he said, "Gentlemen, you ride hard! but I think I am in time—but how is this?" for he found he could not check the horse.

We drew up by the gibbet, and watched his proceedings: his face was full of rage; he tried, ineffectually, to lower the corpse. It was a frightful sight; the black man pushed and hooked with all his strength, the whole gibbet shook with his efforts, but the corpse remained immovable.

"Good night, old boy!" shouted Chester. "Ha! ha! ha! you have met your match, I think."

The black man turned to Chester; he shook his clenched fist at him, with a slow, yet angry motion, and muttered,—"We shall meet again."

"I am glad to hear it, old fellow; any civility I can shew you, pray command. If not engaged, will you sup with us to-night?—or will you borrow my roan hunter, and ride with us to cover to-morrow?"

"I will borrow your roan hunter, but not to-morrow. Fear me not; we shall meet again." And he was gone.

As George and I rode home, we agreed to name our adventure to no one, not even to our loves, and to take notes of the whole affair.

About a month after these occurrences, we rode together to cover; it was the last day we should hunt that season. George was in high spirits, for the beautiful Rebecca had at last named the period for their marriage. I, too, was happy, for Mary had half-promised to make it a double wedding. George talked about the black man.

"He must make haste, if he wishes to ride my roan hunter this season."

"George, George, don't jest on that subject." But George only laughed.

We had a gallant run, towards the close of which we found ourselves leading the field with one other rider (a stranger on a roan horse) over a break-neck country.

The stranger took the shortest cuts after the hounds, and we felt bound to follow wherever he dared to lead. So we dashed over many a rugged bank, and took many a desperate leap, until at last we came to ground nearly level, but rising from us in a gentle slope. The stranger led, George and I rode abreast.

We gained the summit of this gentle slope, and then we saw our danger: we were on the edge of a precipice, some thirty feet in height; but so sudden was the descent, we saw it not till too late. Over went the stranger, and as his figure stood for the moment clear and defined against the open sky, I saw the features, not to be mistaken, and the long staff in his hand.

George leaped down the precipice. I checked my horse, but it was too late; he fell over, flinging me from the saddle. As I fell, I saw George's horse fly wildly away, George himself lying pale and bleeding, while the black huntsman, the dogs, and the fox, went gallantly up the opposite ascent—I saw no more. When I came to my senses, they were bearing me through my father's gate, and on a litter by my side lay my friend.

I learned afterwards that my horse was killed by the fall, that George had never moved after he had been first found, and that none of the field had seen the black huntsman, though the roan hunter had been abstracted from the stable, hard-ridden, and left at the gate in an almost dying state.

Rebecca died within the year, and it was a long time before I was able, spite of the tender nursing of my gentle Mary, to stir from my couch of pain. I have been, as you know, a cripple all my life, but I have been happy with my beloved Mary. I gave Rebecca and poor George a splendid tomb in our parish church. As for the felon, I procured leave to bury his body in consecrated ground, and the gibbet was removed.

ELSBETH OF CALW.

(From the German of Gustav Schwab.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

"Girl, thou hast loved a menial base,
Girl, thou hast shamed my noble race,
Yet none shall e'er the wound discover,
For in the dungeon pines thy lover."

Said Elsbeth, "Lowly is his race,
Yet is his soul above disgrace,
In battle nobly has he borne him;
So, dearest father, do not scorn him."

"Soon shall he die"—the Count replied,
"And thou shalt be the noble's bride;
Quick to betroth thee must I hasten,
E'er scandal on our name shall fasten.

"This, Elsbeth, is the dungeon-key,
Take it, weak girl, I give it thee;
To thee alone can I confide it,
From all my servants would I hide it.

"Yet, Elsbeth, thou must swear to this,
That by thy hope of heav'nly bliss,
Nor light nor food thou wilt afford him,
Nor flight by horse or foot accord him."

She takes the key, entranced she stands,
As though all heav'n were in her hands;
Her glance to yonder door is stealing,
She speaks the words,—her mind is reeling.

Content, the Count his horse bestrides,
And with his vassals off he rides:
In dust the train is disappearing,
The tramp of steeds is out of hearing.

And now the maiden stood alone,
The golden sun upon her shone;
Heav'n, as if truth and love defending,
Its deep blue arch was o'er her bending.

Haste, haste, to yonder tow'r on high!
How in the breeze her garments fly!
The wind, it seems, is whispering near her,
Asks, when to freedom it may bear her.

Now from the door she looks below,
She sees the world in sunshine glow,
Sees walls and forts their summits raising,
And feels a thrill of hope while gazing.

Now wishfully her arms are spread,
And now she lets them fall with dread;
On the faint ear a sound is breaking,
For at the door the maid is speaking.

"Oh Godfrey, Godfrey, ever dear,
I come—I come—the key I bear.
Belov'd, I can descend to see thee;
But yet, alas! I may not free thee."

"Oh, dearest, if the key be thine,
Bid light within my dungeon shine;
Haste, to my lips refreshment bringing,
For hunger to my throat is clinging."

"Nay, nay, my vow forbids me, love—
My vow by hope of joy above;
Nor food nor drink may I afford thee,
Nor light nor liberty accord thee."

"Then lady, lady, leave this place,
Nor gaze upon my dying face;
Why should thy heart in vain be broken?"—
With failing voice these words are spoken.

Now joyously she speaks again—
"No, I have not the key in vain:
Though life and freedom are denied thee,
'Tis left for me to die beside thee."

Loud rings the key, the portal creaks,
And daylight on the dungeon breaks,
Upon his pallid features shining—
At once her arms are round him twining.

Oh, yes—those loving arms enfold,
A body, which as death is cold:
He feeds on kisses warmly glowing,
He drinks her tears, in torrents flowing.

His spirit now has fled content,
The bond that held her soul is rent;
The heart from all its pains retreating,
Upon his breast is wildly beating.

The dust is rising in a cloud,
The horse's hoofs again are loud;
The Count, with all his men appearing,
The bridal ring is proudly bearing.

COUSIN EMILY.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

PART II.

My fourth visit—it was my *last*—was prefaced by a slight circumstance, to which I paid no attention until subsequent events caused me to reconsider every link in their chain. I wrote from Oxford to announce my coming; and, as I had often done before, I addressed my letter to my little friend Louisa, who could not, of course, trace even a syllable of its contents, but in whose name her mother had sometimes been accustomed to reply. I thought no more of the trifling playfulness, until the answer came, written by Algernon himself. His invitation was warm as usual, but, to my surprise, the following postscript was added:—

"*Why do you write to one in every respect so far beneath you?*"

I was much amused with this curious piece of didactic remonstrance, and was soon at the door of the Rectory. Algernon came out to meet me, and seemed anxious to speak to me before any of the servants should approach. He gave hasty orders for the care of my travelling-boxes, and then, taking my arm, begged me to walk with him into the garden. I pleaded that I ought first to speak to Emily, but he made some plausible excuse, and led me through a shrubbery. Suddenly turning upon me, he said in a strange, harsh voice—

"This is an odd affair—is it not?"

"What is?—what do you mean?"

"Ah!—true, true,—you haven't heard! Why, we've lost Miss Parke."

"Good heavens! you don't mean—you can't mean Louisa?" I said.

"Ay, I mean her!" he replied, contorting his mouth into a frightful smile.

"What!—*dead!* I am—why not have told me—why did you allow me to intrude on you?" I gasped out, hardly knowing whether to express astonishment or sympathy, so strange was his manner.

"No intrusion—no intrusion!" he cried, in a high, but husky voice, —"no intrusion at all. No—and she's not dead either—that's the best of it, as it seems to me."

"Lost, and not dead, Mr. Parke! For Heaven's sake, tell me what all this means!"

"*I* tell *you!—I!*" said he, very coldly, but, instantly altering his manner, said, "I am wrong—you are my guest. At dinner, then, if you please, I shall have much pleasure in answering any question you may ask." He turned upon his heel, and actually ran from me. I was too much stupified to follow him for some moments, but when I did, I believe my pace was as rapid as his own. A domestic, however, appeared at the end of the shrubbery, and stopped me.

"Oh, sir! we suppose master has told you something?"

"Yes, yes, Anderson; Miss Louisa—he says she is lost. What is it all?—quick!"

"It's all true, sir—she *is* lost, and the grief has turned master's head."

"*Grief?*" I repeated, in much perplexity. I proceeded to question the servant, who told me that, about five days before, and in the middle of the afternoon, Louisa had disappeared. The instant she was missed, the closest search was commenced, and every nook and corner of the

house visited. It was of course supposed that she had strayed into some of the unused apartments, access to which, however, had been usually prevented since the children had been old enough to wander. On examination, it was found that to one floor only could the child have gained admission, the doors leading to the other floors being all locked, and the keys being actually hanging in Algernon's study. That floor had been searched until the searchers were weary; shouting, calling, even firing a pistol, had been tried, on the chance of Louisa's having fallen asleep in some mysterious corner. All was in vain. The researches outside the house had been equally useless. Gates, neither over nor under which a child could climb nor crawl, cut off all egress from the garden, and it was proved that they had not been opened. No gipsies or other suspicious persons had approached the house; and the agonizing conclusion to all exertions was, that Louisa was *lost*. I found, upon questioning Anderson further, that Mr. Parke had led the servants on their quest, and had been as energetic in his pursuit as it became a father to be in so dreadful an emergency. Had the domestics no conjectures of any kind? Anderson said they had none. And Mrs. Parke?

I entered the house, and in the drawing-room I found Emily—but how changed from the sunshiny being I had left her a few weeks before! She was pale as ashes, and her beautiful black hair hung wildly about her face. She was obviously under the influence of extreme terror. In her arms she held her son, of whom she appeared resolved not to relinquish her hold for a moment. On my entrance, she glanced nervously round, and instead of rising or speaking, she clasped the child convulsively to her breast, and looked in my face with such a piteous expression, that I turned in pain from her gaze.

"I am so glad that you have come!" she murmured, the tears rolling fast from her eyes.

A terrible thought came over me at that moment, but I indignantly rejected it. Algernon entered hastily, and again I saw that convulsive clasping of the child by the mother. He spoke with his usual cordiality, and invited me to retire for the purpose of dressing. I assented; and he conducted me to my apartment, — apparently resolved not to leave me for a moment. This constant attendance he pursued for the remainder of the day, vigilantly preventing my holding conversation with Emily, who indeed sat through the long hours in a state of comparative stupor, but never for one instant parting with the child. As night drew on, that terrible thought returned; and at length its pressure became unbearable. I pleaded indisposition, and begged leave to go early to rest. Algernon followed me to my room; and as I went in, I observed that the key was *outside* the door. I took it quietly from the lock, and into the room. Parke watched my movement, but made no remark, and speedily left me, to solitude—and *that thought*.

I now had leisure to weigh the occurrences of the day; and as I did so, my mind underwent alternate visitations of stupifying bewilderment and of harrowing excitement. But I will not trouble you with more than a rapid detail of what followed. I listened until I heard the door of Algernon's bed-room close, and the lock turn. Knowing that he had then retired for the night, I stole softly down to the apartment occupied by Anderson. In reply to my whisper, he opened the door, and seemed relieved by finding that I was his visitor.

"Anderson," I said, "get me those keys which you said hung in your master's study."

He looked startled; but promised to do so, and to bring them to my room. I returned as softly as possible, and waited his arrival. In a few minutes he came to the door.

"Sir, *they are not there now.*"

My sensations now became maddening; I paced the room furiously, and at length sat down on the bed in a state of positive fever. The house was still as the tomb, and the only sound I heard was the deep tone of the church clock, which struck at long intervals. My frenzied restlessness finally urged me to go and seek the keys for myself, and taking the candle, I stepped stealthily forth for that purpose. As I reached the foot of the stairs, and was peering through the darkness in quest of the study-door, one long and frightful scream rang through the upper part of the house. I rushed up the stairs like a guilty thing, and at the first turning I suddenly encountered Algernon. He was half-dressed, and held a light.

"In God's name, tell me whose scream was that!" I exclaimed.

"It was nothing," he said. "H——, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Sometimes—sometimes; but that scream!"

"Have you ever read," he asked, very sternly, "the fearful Book with which it ends—the Book of Revelations?"

"I have," said I; "but, Mr. Parke, I *insist* upon knowing——"

"Do you remember what is said there about the Bottomless Pit being opened for a little while?—the *Bottomless Pit*—ha! ha!" And he rushed from me, and entered his own room, double-locking the door.

I, too, returned to my apartment, and watched intently. But there was no further alarm, and at last the blessed morning came; never was it so welcome. As the light began to render objects half visible, there came a low tap at my door. It was Anderson.

"Sir," he said, in faltering accents, "I thought I would go again and search for the keys, and they were *there*. I will swear, sir, that they have been replaced since midnight. They are here, sir."

I snatched them from him, and motioned him to follow me. The light was now coming fast upon us, as I unlocked the door leading to the unused apartments on the floor on which I stood. Need I weary you by saying, that perhaps such a search was never made for concealed gold or escaped captive as that I made through those dreary rooms, and those above them. There was yet a third floor to search; and through that third floor I searched in like manner, and in vain. I hardly knew, indeed, what I was expecting to discover.

We were standing in a large and low-roofed room, lighted by a single window, and entirely empty. It was the last room, as we believed, on the upper floor. I have said that the house was a very lofty one; and as I stood at the window I was struck by its distance from the ground below. I turned away, and the next moment one of my dogs came leaping into the room, manifesting the utmost joy at seeing me. It suddenly occurred to me to put him in quest of a scent—and, wild as was the idea, in the excited state of my feelings, I made him the necessary signal. In an instant he was at work, sniffing in all the delighted energy of his race. Twice he crossed the room, and twice recrossed it, and returned to my feet, as if wondering at the new task I had set him. I saw that he could discover nothing, and was about to retire, when the dog uttered a cry, and clung to me in manifest

terror. What he saw or felt I know not to this hour; *but I believe that there are secrets, dreadful secrets in nature, which should make the wisest and best of us tremble.* I gazed in wonder, when the good hound, disengaging himself from me, rushed with a furious yell towards the opposite wall. It was of boards, and I could trace no sign of a door or opening; but what was that to me? I desired Anderson to fetch me a chisel and hammer, while I ran for a crow-bar, which I had seen in one of the lower apartments.

In a few minutes I re-entered the room—but ghastly tenants were there before me. If the sixty years which have followed that hideous moment could be made six hundred, it could never pass from my recollection. A large and gaping chasm appeared in the wall, opening, as it seemed, into a black abyss which the eye could not fathom. But eyes *had* fathomed it, and in that gaze their intelligence was lost for ever. Emily Parke had been dragged from her bed to the edge of that hideous pit, and the fierce grasp of her husband was upon her wrist, while his other hand pointed down the dreadful well, into which he had flung some blazing substance. The mother's eye had followed its fiery career down—down—down, until it rested, glaring brightly.

At the bottom of that pit (until then an untold mystery of that strange house) lay two little corpses. One had lain there for days —the other had newly been hurled thither—both the children had gone down *alive*, as their father afterwards exultingly declared. There lay Louisa and her brother, eighty feet below the chamber where an Idiot was staring at a Maniac!

FORGIVE! FORGIVE!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

Conscious thy suff'rings, how could I aggrieve
The spirit worn—oh! worn unto the grave!
Which, instant supplicates, alas! to leave
A world, whose shafts it can no longer brave?

Oh! how remorseful feel I, when I think
That each reproachful word I breathed to thee
Assisted the frail vessel still to sink,
Submerged already in grief's stormy sea!

How could I wound such meekness? how oppress
The gentle heart that ne'er resentment feels,
But which, to each unmerited distress,
A pious resignation humbly yields?

Forgive! forgive!—vain prayer! I need not ask.
Pardon abideth in thy gracious mind;
For universal mercy was the task
Thy Heav'nly Master *here* for thee design'd.

Above earth's anger thou, conversing only
With the bright things, inhabitants of light,
Feeling below companionless and lonely,
As guideless wand'rer in the darksome night!

Thou doest well thus with *them* to commune,
Familiar growing with the just and blest;
For thither to thine *home* thou wilt be soon
Recall'd, for recompence—for joy—for rest!

THE ANSARIANS.

(THE "ASSASSINS" OF THE CRUSADERS.)

BY W. F. AINSWORTH.

SOME years ago I made an excursion, accompanied only by a muleteer, into the country of the Ansarians or Nusariyeh, who inhabit the mountainous districts of Syria, which separate the upper valley of the Orontes from the sea. I penetrated into these mountains by the route from Latakiyeh, and gained the valley of the Orontes at Djesser el Shoger, or the Bridge of Sugar, a line of road in part followed, a century ago, by the old and eccentric traveller, Maundrel. The habits and manners, and the religious tenets of these mountaineers, had so long been a matter of discussion, and had been the subject of so many manifest exaggerations and misrepresentations on the part of previous travellers, that my curiosity to know something about them was very great. At this moment they had been driven by the arms of Ibrahim Pasha from their principal residence at Keblis, and even the mountains of Kulbi no longer afforded a haunt to these mysterious ritualists; who either clang in subjection or thraldom to the remote and rocky villages of the Jebil Kraad, and their prolongation, designated after the tribe, the Ansarian mountains; or they sought for occupation in cities, where difference of religious persuasion was not often made the subject of minute inquiry. It had been my good fortune, while residing at Antioch, to have a servant, an intelligent, well-conducted young man, who belonged to the tribe, and it was from conversation with him that I obtained most information upon the habits of feeling and thought, and the traditional faith of his countrymen.

The scenery of the littoral mountains in Syria in no way resembles those districts of Western Asia to which I have before had occasion to introduce my readers. Mild breezes and genial rains soften the climate, and relieve the aridity of a limestone soil and the heats of summer by an abundant vegetation of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants. The tobacco of Latakiyeh is almost as celebrated in the East as the tambac of Shiraz; the vine luxuriates, and the gathering of scammony for European markets is one of the chief employments of the Ansarians. The first incident that happened to me, on entering the mountains, was of a character that left a most lively impression. I was sauntering up a hill, leading my mule by his bridle, when I met an old man with grey hairs, but still full of bodily vigour, and with a particularly free and open countenance, having that manly, good-natured expression, which is so characteristic of true courage. He approached me with a degree of activity and free-will, so uncommon among the punctilious Orientals, that I was a moment puzzled at his intentions, but when he stretched forth his hand to be shaken, I willingly gave him a grasp, in expression of the fellowship of humanity, and he then turned round to be my guide to a neighbouring village. I at first thought that this mode of salutation—which I met with nowhere else, not even among the Chaldeans—had been learnt at some of the Syrian sea-ports, but I soon found reason to be satisfied that it was peculiar to these mountaineers, and not in common, but still in frequent use, among them. A carpet having been laid for me on the roof of a cottage, I was soon

surrounded by a host of curious men and women, the latter with faces uncovered, in picturesque dresses, and the hue of health. They vied in shewing me attentions, and the milk and eggs, and bread and sweet juice of the grape, that were spread before me, would have been sufficient for half-a-dozen persons. Our conversation over the social chibuk was as interesting as the want of an interpreter would allow it to be; and not to excite their apprehensions, it was only as questions here and there interposed between their long reiterated complaints of the severity of the Egyptian ruler, their losses and poverty, that I could venture upon the subjects of their own faith and persuasions. When leading questions were put to them, they answered them, however, openly and candidly; and when, to arrive at some particular fact, I inquired indirectly if there were not men of their tribe, or mountaineers in the neighbourhood, or even some discarded of their race, who practised such and such rites, they clamoured all at once and together against the supposition.

From what I could gather from this, and other repeated conversations with these people, it appears that they consider themselves as Syrian aborigines of the districts which they still inhabit; that they received the light of Christianity from the early apostles, but that they had their patriarch, independent of that of Antioch. This is evidenced in a peculiar manner by a passage in Pliny, "*Cœle habet Apamiam Marsyâ amne divisam à Nazerinorum Tetrarchiâ,*" Plin. v. 23; from which it would appear, that even under the Romans this ancient people preserved their tetrarchs, or peculiar chieftain, and who seems, as with the Chaldeans, to have combined the spiritual with the temporal power. They attribute to themselves, at these early times, a numerous population and extended possessions, embracing many important points on the coast; and it is evident that the Ansari, or Nusariyeh, as they are now called, must have been formerly of numerical and political importance, or they would never have given their name to so extensive a range of country as that which comprises the irregular hilly country called the Jebil Kraad, or the more rectilinear Ansarian mountains, stretching from a little south of the valley of Antioch to the snow-clad summits of the Lebanon. The description of Pliny is perfectly correct: these mountains are separated by the valley of the Marsyas, or upper Orontes, from the district of Apania, where there still exist many beautiful vestiges of that once favoured site of the Antiochidæ.

This fact of their pristine distinction among the early Christian churches, and their separation from the see of Antioch, appears to have been the cause of their downfal. It was upon the dissensions of the early church, that Mohammed founded his great system of impostorship; and his followers, while acknowledging the divinity of Christ, hastened to superimpose by the sword, or by argument, the power of the Arabian self-created prophet. It appears that those secluded mountaineers, with few churches, and still fewer teachers, and detached from communion with the learning and fidelity of Antioch, submitted readily to the Shibboleth of Mohammedanism, as at first inculcated. Unlike the kings of Hira, and the Gassanite princes—the Roman viceroys of the Syrian Arabs—they waited not for the swords of the Islamites, but engrafted upon a lukewarm and unspiritual faith, doc-

trines which subserviency to the powers that be, and a long-neglected condition, have alone been able to perpetuate.

With such a latitudinarian belief as the divinity of one God, and the prophetic inspiration of Christ and of Mohammed, the Ansari fell into most of the superstitions by which they were surrounded. Many were not to be distinguished from the Druses. They believed in the carnal deification of the Khalif Hakim, as the Shiites do in the divinity of Ali—in his future re-appearance, and in the transmigration of souls. It was when they became Mohammedans, that they obtained their present name, but I could not gather distinctly how. Tychsen, in a memoir on the Nassarians, as he calls them, says that the most versed in Oriental literature consider the name as derived from their first conversion to Islamism in the seventh century, by a certain Nassar; while Volney penned a tradition of an old man, canonized by his fastings, prayers, and self-denial, in the village of Nasar, near Kufa, in A.D. 891, which would give to the name a Christian origin.

The date of this event is clearly fictitious, and the story of the old man is quite at variance with some of the particulars given by Niebuhr respecting the opinions of this sect. This latter accurate and careful traveller, but who, on this occasion, derives his authority from a Jesuitical manuscript, says that the Nusariyeh, or Nassarians, were seduced from their belief in the Khalif Hakim, and led to substitute in his place Ali Ibn Abu Taleb, son-in-law of Mohammed, whom they adored as a god; that this impostor, moreover, taught them, that the divinity had resided in twelve imaums, or chief priests of the house of Ali, (a singular mode of representing our own idea of apostolic succession,) but that having disappeared with Mohammed-el-Mochdi, the last of these imaums, it had now taken up its residence in the sun. To any one who is acquainted with the infinite number of forms to which the faith of Asiatics has attached the holiness of incarnation of divinity, these extremes of superstitious belief have nothing in them that is uncommon or extraordinary. There is a tribe of Kurds living east of the Tigris, who worship in the present day an existing incarnation, like the lama of Thibet; and this person was, upon one occasion, induced to pay a visit to the British residency at Bagdad.

Burckhardt and Volney interested themselves in seeking out how much there was that was Syrian-pagan still remaining amid these Christian-Mohammedan doctrines. The solar apotheosis of their chief prophet was certainly a pagan dream, but how far the doctrine of metempsychosis is grafted on the worship of Baal, or what affinity exists between Baal-Phezor and the Juggernaut of India, appear to be questions but remotely connected with the Nusariyeh, whose doctrines were formerly little better than oral communications and surmises; and concerning which the tribe itself, without books or learning, has no definite conception, and would be ready to embrace the truths and knowledge that should be vouchsafed to it almost at any moment.

The Ansarians have been calumniated with the Ismaelites, or Ismaelis, the Kadmusiyeh of Volney, and the Izedis, or Yezidees, Kurd worshippers of Ized, the evil spirit, as performing rites of an infamous description, similar to what was charged to the ancient Gnostics. While aimed at these unfortunate, remote, and defenceless people, there is not a greater calumny against human nature gene-

rally, than the easy belief that this injurious statement has everywhere met with. Without entering into particulars, after careful inquiry, both among the Izedis and the Nusariyeh, I am thoroughly convinced that no such rites ever existed, excepting in the scandal-loving brains of opposing sects, who originally imposed those defamatory histories upon credulous travellers.

There is one more feature of interest connected with the Ansarians, which is, their generally admitted identity with the "Assassins" of the Crusaders. This, however, is by no means a satisfactorily established point. With regard to the term "Old Man of the Mountain," it is a simple version of the word Sheik, which at once signifies lord or chieftain, and old man, and is applied indifferently to the leader of a tribe, to the head of a village, or to a holy man. The term assassin is now generally admitted to be derived from these people, and from the Arabic haschish, or hemp, which they were in the habit of using. I will not enter here into the long discussion as to whether the tribe who used this inebriating herb in the time of the Crusaders came from Eastern Kurdistan; it is sufficient, that at that time they lay on the way of the Crusaders. But the use of this herb is very common in the present day throughout the East, and thus it may have equally well been indulged in by other tribes, as well as the Ansarians. Under the name of Churrus in Persia, and Gunjah in India, this powerful substance is extensively used by the dissipated and depraved, as the ready agent of a pleasing intoxication. The Arabic, Persian, and Indian physicians and authors, treat of it in their works. Makrizi, an Arabian writer, particularly describes in glowing terms certain pleasure-grounds, by name Djoneina, in the vicinity of Cairo, which were famous above all for the sale of haschish, or hashiha. It is said, in a work by Hasan, to have been first used in 658 of the Hegira, by a Sheik of the order of Haider. An Arab poet sings of Haider's emerald cup, an evident allusion to the rich green colour of the tincture of the drug. The Sheik only survived the discovery ten years, and subsisted chiefly on this herb, and on his death, his disciples, by his desire, planted it in an arbour about his tomb—a fit emblem of his death.

In their effects, the different kinds of hemp at first exhilarate the spirits, cause cheerfulness, give colour to the complexion, bring on intoxication, excite the imagination into the most rapturous ideas, produce thirst, and increase the appetite. Afterwards, the sedative effects begin to dominate, the spirits sink, the vision darkens and weakens, and madness and fearfulness are the sequel; the animal secretions dry up, body and mind are enfeebled, and, in the words of an Arab writer, "Nobility of form alone remains to these infatuated beings."

This plant, then, which was so extensively used in the gardens of Djoneina, as to lead to severe ordinances being enacted in 780 Heg. against the practice, is much more likely to have been used as a stimulus to war, and an excitement to deeds of valour and courage, in the chivalrous times of the Crusades, by the Saracens themselves, than by the inoffensive Ansarians. It is true that we have a statement by William of Tyre, identifying the Assassins with these mountaineers; but there are, in the laborious works which have been compiled upon the subject, as much to be gathered on the opposite side, and to this we add our mite of argument.

THE TWIN GIANTS.

A LEGEND OF THE CLIFTON ROCKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PORCELAIN TOWER."

PART THE THIRD.

VINCENT thought what to do with the corse of his ill-fated twin,
Where he should dig a deep hollow to bury him in;
And he look'd at the trench that Goram himself had hollow'd,
And thought for a moment of that, but another thought follow'd,
Which would not permit him his brother's works so to obliterate,
And possibly thus in the next world excite him to bitter hate.
And if he should dig a new grave, this drawback would attend it here,
It would need both of time and of labour so great an expenditure;
Thus Vincent was lost for a time in this difficult doubt,
But puzzling long for a plan he puzzled one out.
He decided to throw both body and limb
Into the Severn sea,
Where they might sink, or where they might swim,
Just as the case might be.
If they should sink, the mud and the ooze
Would form a mound o'er them as fast as you choose;
If they should swim, they would float on the ocean,
And perhaps gain the prize for perpetual motion,
Whilst rock'd by the waves to perpetual repose—
Vincent was mightily pleased at the notion.
"That's the plan!" exclaim'd he; "no other
Would so perfectly well suit my brother:
And mers, gulls, and sea-mews, will scream round his nose,
So that he will have music wherever he goes."
So he took the body, Falstaff-wise,
Over his shoulders, and dragg'd it along—

Which seem'd to him a slight *impresa*—
As though it had been but the gates of Gaza,—
For the Titans were less than himself in size,
And Milton's devils were not so strong.
He stalk'd away o'er the neighbouring parts
More huge than the spectre renown'd on the Hartz,
And sat down to rest on
A spot near Kingsweston,*
Where the corpse of his brother beside him he threw,
There to wait for a while, whilst he look'd at the view.

The tide was out—or, a bard should say,
The old Atlantic had stolen away
From fair Sabrina's bed—
Vincent's eye the river scann'd,
And noted the rocks and ridges of sand
That mark'd its channel on either hand;
And he thought if he threw the dead
Among such shoals, it might not swim,
But, spite of the flood,
Be held in the mud,
And peer above water so gaunt and grim.
This was a case,
That if it took place,
Would not be certainly pleasant to him.
"No," said Vincent—"the sight
Were not proper and right;
And the con-sideration that chiefly must damp us is,
Were Goram a dish,
Thus exposed to the fish,
I could not touch salmon as sauce to my grampuses."

So he went again
To his brother's glen,
And brought great rocks, and piled them together,
One upon t'other,
All over his brother,
And clay'd them to keep out the wind and wet weather.
Thence rose a mound,
Which is still renown'd,
Where rock and clay are mingled still:
Its eminent top with a lodge is crown'd,
And Goram's grave is Penpole Hill.†

Oh, many be they that come thereto
For an airy drive, and a lovely view;
And having look'd southward and westward and nor'ward,
Have fairer visions from that day forward!
It teaches them dreams of golden streams,
Where soft-voiced sea-maids dwell,
It makes them trace the fairy race
Through many a grove and dell.
They are glad of a grant of ground, to plant
In a realm so rich and rare;
And fancy comes, with fingers and thumbs,
To build fine castles there.
Thus though whilst Goram was living, *shall* you
Call him a worthless lout—
He became a giant of infinite value
As soon as his brains were out.

* Kingsweston, now the seat of P. M. Miles, Esq., one of the present members for Bristol, is situated on a hill near the confluence of the Avon and Severn, and commands one of the finest views in the west of England. The house was built by the architect Vanbrugh, and is a good specimen of his style.

† About four miles and a half from Bristol—between Kingsweston and the delightful village of Shirehampton.

On the south of the hill is yet to be seen
A large and upright stone,
Which ancient tradition declares to have been
A splinter thrown
From Vincent's axe
When it made such cracks
In the craniological bone.
And towards the north, a few years past,
In forming a quarry, with axe and blast,
To get some stone for the Bristol Dock,
The workmen discover'd a hole in the rock.
'Twas arch'd within and arch'd without—
About seven feet wide and high;
And, as scarcely would seem to admit of a doubt,
Was the socket of Goram's eye:
Yet a surgeon I took, to examine the spot,
Look'd wise, and assured me, "Decidedly not."

Soon Vincent return'd to his old pioneering,
With more than his old assiduity;
And spent several months in detaching and clearing
The masses and fragments, and saw his toil nearing
Its finish at last; and the prospect appearing
Of profits to recompense such persevering,
Which he hoped to retain,
Long as life should remain,
Besides fame in a perpetuity.

But no sooner his labours had come to an end,
Than his memory went back to his brother and friend;
And it proved such a source
Of regret and remorse,
That, do what he will, he couldn't stay still;
So he wander'd away over river and hill,
And sought in fresh efforts of force and of skill,
Of skill and of force,
A new channel and course
For his feelings and thoughts to get into, instead
Of still running on him whom he knock'd on the head.

With such a view it was he threw,
The stones together at Stanton Drew;
And ranged in rank, on Salisbury plain,
Those wondrous piles that yet remain,
Which have been the cause of a hundred and twenty queries,
And as many attempts to explain the mystery,
Being propounded by learned antiquaries,
Who never had met with this true history.

On Staffa's shore he lived awhile,
And form'd its cave with skill and care;
Then swam across to the Emerald Isle,
And built the giant's causeway there.
Moreover, as an idle freak,
(For works like this could hardly tend
To any profitable end,)
He scoop'd the caverns in the Peak,
And several that have not been penn'd.
And Mr. Beard, of Banwell, owes*
His cave of bones to Vincent's cares,
Who lived there for a time, and chose
The cavern as a sty for bears.
He gave them blood to whet their whistles,
And joints himself had partly clear'd;
They gnaw'd away the meats and gristles,
But left the bones for Mr. Beard.

* Mr. Beard is the *genus loci* of the Banwell Caves; a man of bones, bony. Enthusiasm flows sometimes in odd channels. His, through caverns, amid osseous relics of diluvian, or antediluvian periods.

But giants must die, and Vincent fell sick,
And a lively idea came into his head
That he quickly must cease to be one of the quick,
And begin to be one of the dead.
And he thought to himself he should like to die
Near the scene of those labours, that by-and-by
Were likely to raise his fame so high,
So back to his rocks he sped.
And he sat on the edge of a stony ledge,
And look'd in the river's bed;
And the stream was reduced from its primal force,
And wound along in a gentle course,
For the lake had all run out.
And the scene had grown a lovelier scene,
For the banks of the river were clothed with green,
And from every fissure, the cliffs between,
Fair trees began to sprout.
The rocks were tinted with lichens and moss,
And their brows were green with ferns and goss;
With ferns arborescent,
Not like those at present;
And the tall equiseta drew so much rich saps
From the ooze left in all the deep hollows and gaps,
That they grew up as high, and as thick in the stem,
As the ash-trees that there have succeeded to them.

He look'd with a look reverse of gruff
On the glens with all their greenery,
For he was a giant with taste enough
To appreciate such sweet scenery.
And he felt a thrill of pleasure and pride,
As thus with an inward voice he cried,—
"Thou hast done a great work, and all that set eye on't,
Shall call thee a good and magnipotent giant;
Therefore thou good, therefore thou wise,
On fame reliant, of death defiant,
Hold thy breath, and close thine eyes."
As thus he said, his senses fled
Like five small clouds from a mountain's head,
He did not utter another word;
And his eyes—like pools when the mud is stirr'd,
Which cease to shew
The pebbles below—
Grew dull,—the giant was dead—was dead!

But just at that moment a matter took place,
Which was very near spoiling
The fruit of his toiling,
And proving a method his works to efface;
For as his head sunk,
It o'erbalanced his trunk,
So that into the channel head-foremost it fell,
And barr'd up the course of the stream through the dell.
The sand and the slime
In a very small time
Would have made it fast, and cover'd it o'er.
And the river, because its
Gradual deposits
Must raise up a dam ever higher and higher,
Would have spoil'd the channel we so much admire,
And form'd the lake as it was before.

But, by very good luck, it fell out so
That, about that time, the rain and snow
So deepen'd the stream, that it rush'd with force,
And carried the giant along in its course.
Its course was so swift, and its force so strong,
That it carried the corpse of the giant along,

Until it came to the marshy place,
Where into the Severn its waters gush;
And there it met with a wider space,
Which, giving it vent, reduced its rush.
The giant was borne till the currents met,
And then kept still between the pair;
The Avon push'd him forward yet,
But the Severn as often push'd him there.
The waters parting north and south,
Served mud around the corse to wash,—
Whence came the bar at the river's mouth,
By Bristowe's mariners call'd the "Swash."

And often, when waiting for hogsheads and bales,
Do the merchants of Bristowe wish
That the giant, whose tumulus stops their sails,
Had been eaten away by fish.
And landsmen, drinking of Neptune's cup,
Who are quite cast down with casting up,
Oft maledict, in terms splenetic,
The corpse, who is cause of more emetic;
And many a sailor whose keel hath cleft
Long tracts of "the dark-blue main,"
Who thinks of the girl of his heart he left
In the Pithay,* or Limekiln Lane;
As the pilot orders the anchor down
On the outer side the shoal,
Clenches his brows in a lamp-black frown,
And utters a curse, a good deal worse
Than I hold it fit to record in verse,
Against poor Vincent's soul.

But let Bristowe's merchants who wait for goods,
And the sea-sick wretches who come from Cork,
And the sailors, who left the girls of their hearts,
In Limekiln Lane, or the neighbouring parts,
Look at Clifton's rock, and the opposite woods,
And remember that Vincent's work
Furnish'd them these, and the river also,
By which their vessels may come and go.
This thought should render impatience tame—
This thought should banish their fretful gloom—
Should make them venerate Vincent's name,
And honour the "Swash" as Vincent's tomb!

HANDLEY CROSS; OR, THE SPA-HUNT.

THERE was a fear, on the eve of publication, that this story (in three volumes) would be mistaken for a mere common-place fashionable tale — scene, a watering-place;—a guess about as wide of the mark as would be the blunder of confounding Scrub with Sir Charles Grandison—or what is more in keeping and to the point, mistaking the immortal 'Squire Western for my Lord Fellamar.

Since the appearance of the 'Squire just mentioned, we are not aware that we have had anything much more real, and assuredly nothing more veritable and positive, in the shape of fox-hunting flesh and blood, than the hero of this sporting tale, Mr. John Jorrocks, grocer in St. Botolph's-lane, gentleman in Great Coram-street, and Master of the Fox-hounds in the vicinity of Handley Cross Spa.

* The Pithay is the Monmouth Street of ancient Bristowe, and Limekiln Lane is a no less classical locality.

The author was besought, and at first sight with a little show of reason, to "prune down the old fox-hunter's coarseness;" but he peremptorily declined running the smallest risk of mixing up the plain gentleman with the sporting grocer; he despaired of taming and trimming Mr. Jorrocks, without converting that personage into somebody absurdly unlike himself; he found that his hero, an actual living specimen of his order, was nothing, and less than that, if not "wulgar"—and with a profound scorn of the genteel, he printed him at full-length.

There may be—or, rather, there must be—for are there not people of all sorts?—some who are shocked at a famous old rollicking pantomime, and who cannot stand the fun of a broad, rattling, modern farce, half burlesque upon human life, and the rest travestie. So, beyond a doubt, there will be people to whom Mr. Jorrocks and his pack of dogs and drolls will never succeed in making themselves acceptable, even for the space of a twentieth part of the three volumes through which the bold, roaring, dare-devil sport is kept up. But then though these may like virtue, others may like cakes and ale; and by more than the large, though not unlimited class, to whom fox-hunting is the grand duty as well as diversion of life, will the adventures of the M.F.H. of Handley Cross be met with a jovial welcome. Albeit, we must own that the ladies are not likely to be amongst them; for they must be jolly dogs who like a constant fire of farcicality, flinch from no repetition of cockneyism, and scruple not to widen their own grins at every increase of breadth given to the colouring and the design.

Readers of this stamp, with a taste not over nice, will heartily relish Mr. J.'s exploits with the hounds, when, after the wettest and weariest of rides, he lodges himself under the great lord's roof just at the dinner-hour, and seizes upon the fine dry clothes of the expected visitor, for whom he had been mistaken: his other dining-scene with the nice Mr. Mulleygrubs, with his audible comments upon the grand dishes and shabby fare, and his breakfast in the morning, when he lets in his pack, to the entire upset of the table and the demolition of the remaining delicacies of the dinner: nay, his own dinner—speeches, lectures, and all. For the same order of readers, is the scene at the country inn-fire, admirable in its way, where Mr. J.'s crack lad, Binjimin—a superb specimen of real character—is drying his boots, discoursing upon life in London, and "poking his fun," which is of the free and impudent sort, at a pet victim, a great fiery-headed flunky, big enough to eat him. Then, for a similar class, there are developments of dog-fighting in the metropolis, that leave every kind of country contest at a hopeless distance of brutality; together with numerous picturings of sporting-life, which exhibit very edifying combinations of the knowing and the humorous.

Other portions of the scene and other characters take a wide range, and will amuse all lovers of the ridiculous; such is the correspondence on the great subject of the Handley Cross hounds, between Mr. Jorrocks and the M.C., Capt. Doleful, a knight of the rueful countenance, whom we always meet with a merry face; such is Mrs. Barnington, her establishment, her conversation, her dinner-table, and her husband. Mrs. Barnington, indeed, is delightful, and exhibits one of several proofs contained in these wild, original, and very out-of-the-way volumes, that their author is not only a keen sportsman but a close observer of general life—not merely a whimsical caricaturist, but, when it suits him, a painter of character.

A DEFENCE OF LONDON:

ON HEARING SURPRISE EXPRESSED THAT POETS SHOULD LIVE THERE.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

Not live in London! Wherefore not? come tell.
Think ye that Poesy alone can dwell
Within a rustic cot, where zephyr brings,
Upon his treasure-laden, perfumed wings,
Tribute from every flower; or where the sky
Seems, in its ether's clear intensity,
A loftier arch than spans our populous town,
Whose age is poetry?—A well so vast
That ever self-supplying, it has grown
Exhaustless in its wealth. Present and Past
(And a bright Future, that to poets' eyes
Doth as a poet's glorious vision rise,)
Alike impregnate London's "cloud-capp'd towers"
With Poesy's own soul. Swiftly the hours
Bring death to us, but this immortal is
Even on earth:—let mighty man o'erthrow
Each monumental fane, it is not his
To find oblivion's fount,—nor does he know
The secret to destroy;—even as now,
Each broken stone a ready tongue would find,
Wherewith to wisely charm all those who will
With open ears to listen. Oh! not blind
To nature's loveliness are they who still
May love the regal city;—and perchance,
Contrast may so a rural scene enhance,
That they most feel it, and best mark the links
Which bind in one bright, universal chain,
All Poesy:—from the parched blade that drinks
The welcome dew, through the vast myriad train
Of things and thoughts, till at the best he feels
Most rich the lore the city's haunt reveals.
"Man made it!" True: but caught by tripping speech,
Ye do forget the Greater Architect
Who formed his workman, man. I do beseech
Ye, marvel not that Poets should select
Old London for a home;—true bards will own
The inspiration of the busy town.
Have not the greatest dwelt within her walls—
Mix'd with their fellow men—obey'd the calls
Of such good fellowship? Ay, even they,
The IMPERIAL TWO, who jointly sway
The realms of Mind! (as in the Roman world,
Two eagle banners were at once unfurl'd.)
The PEERLESS BARD, whose wise and deathless strain
Was wealth the richest of the Maiden's reign—
Who in the town not only learn'd to read
The book of human nature through and through,
But painted sunny clime, or flowery mead,
And sprite, or fay, with Poesy's own hue.
And HE OF PARADISE, who 'mid the strife
Of civil discord led the student's life;
When none there seem'd with wings that e'en could dare
To track the soarings of his pinions rare;
The mighty mind its own defence and shield,
'Mid all the ills that "evil days" could yield!
These were the denizens of our great town—
They trod familiar paths that we have known:
So let them sanctify the place, and teach
A wise rejoinder to your thoughtless speech!

THE COUSINS.

BY THE BARONESS DE CALABRELLA.

PART THE FOURTH.

Some weeks after this occurrence, Mr. Hamilton received letters from Sir Gerald, announcing his intention to return and take up his abode at Rashleigh. He requested him to give directions for proper servants to be engaged; adding that he did not wish any change made in the furniture of the castle, as he should prefer superintending that himself. The latter part of his letter Mr. Hamilton read aloud to Agnes, saying that it concerned her, but was beyond his power to comprehend. Sir Gerald mentioned that he should be accompanied by a little boy, whom he had adopted, and intended to rear as his own; that the child was a stranger to any tongue but the Italian, and was both shy and sickly. "My recollection," continued he, "of Miss Hamilton's kind and feeling heart makes me anxious to bespeak her regard for this motherless boy."

"What can he mean?—Who can he be bringing home?—What business has he to be adopting children in a strange country and bringing them up as his own?—If he don't choose to marry, his property will by right become Harry's and Harry's children's;" and a thought that it might in this way become his own great-grandchildren's, made Mr. Hamilton add, rather pettishly, "and what has he to do with strangers' children, I wonder? But Sir Gerald always was a puzzle to me. He is a very good and honourable young man—there's no gainsaying that—but he has not, and never had, the happy way of making people love goodness that dear Harry has."

Agnes said but little; this time she felt flattered by Sir Gerald's appeal to her as one capable of yielding comfort to the afflicted; but she knew her grandfather would best gain his equanimity of temper by being left uncontradicted.

Next day she went to the vicarage; and on her saying, "My grandfather has heard from Sir Gerald—he is coming home," Mrs. Stanley replied, "Oh, yes; I forgot to mention it when you were last here: I heard from him about it ten days ago." Agnes longed to know if he had mentioned the child, but would not ask; and no further mention was made of Sir Gerald's return, which did not take place for nearly three months after the time he had announced; and the winter having set in, Mr. Hamilton's family were settled in London. He, however, went down alone to meet his former ward, and returned with a sad account of his altered looks; at the same time, observing, that his whole mind and affections seemed engrossed by the sallow-faced Italian boy he had brought with him. "You will have an opportunity of judging for yourself, Agnes," continued he; "for Sir Gerald will be in town on business next week, and will of course bring this prodigy with him."

Sir Gerald did arrive; and Agnes was so struck by his changed appearance, that she could hardly turn her eyes from his care-worn countenance to look at the boy, whose hand remained firmly clasping his, as though fearful of the reception he might meet with; but when she did fix her glance on his large, dark, and lustrous eyes, she thought that never had she beheld such an expressive face. Mr. Hamilton's

remark of the sallow complexion was just; but its want of more brilliant colour was favourable to the expression of the eye. Agnes addressed him in Italian; and her gentle voice seemed to create at once an interest and awake some recollection in the child's mind;—for he said something too low for her to hear to Sir Gerald, which seemed to startle him; but in a few minutes restraint was gone, and Agnes and Sir Gerald talked together as in former days.

If Agnes had been struck by Sir Gerald's altered looks, he had been still more so with the change which had taken place in her. Twelve months before, he had left her in personal appearance almost a child; but now she looked a young and lovely woman: the same frank and ingenuous manner, the same singleness of heart, the same freshness of feeling visible in all she said and did; but something of womanly reserve was added, and served to heighten rather than diminish the charm her presence had formerly imparted.

Mr. Hamilton's long-established habits led him every day to the city for several hours; and soon after he left his home, each morning did Sir Gerald conduct his little Giulio (for so he was called), and leave him with Agnes, while he proceeded to transact the business which had brought him to London. As soon as this was completed, he prepared to return with his young charge to Rashleigh, wisely judging that the damp and heavy atmosphere of London in the winter months could not be congenial to a child born and nurtured in the sunny clime of Naples. They left London; and Agnes was, for the first time in her life, sensible of a feeling of loneliness. Hitherto, her mornings had never appeared dull; but now, even her favourite pursuit of drawing seemed tedious. She looked at the many unfinished sketches she had made of the Italian boy; but he was no longer there, to express pleasure or disappointment, as she attempted to transfer to paper the expression of his dark and wondrously-beautiful eye: nor would Sir Gerald be there at a certain hour to criticise or praise her labours; and with a heavy sigh, Agnes each day replaced them untouched in her portfolio.

About this time, Harry Danvers became a daily visitor at Mr. Hamilton's; and as Agnes appeared to be the magnet of attraction, people began to conclude that a matrimonial alliance would certainly take place between them. Mr. Hamilton, though he might not at first positively assert his belief that it would be so, gave every encouragement by his manner to the report. To Agnes herself, there appeared nothing extraordinary in his being with them more frequently than at a former period; she concluded that he had fewer engagements to occupy his time; in fact, her regard for him was of that quiet, passionless character, which rendered it not likely she should reflect much on the subject; nor did she remark any difference in his manner to her; but she did remark a change in his feelings towards his cousin, which pained and astonished her. He no longer sought to make Sir Gerald the subject of their conversation; and when his name was mentioned, there was an expression of envious feeling, of jealous fretfulness in his manner, which it was disagreeable to witness. Formerly, Harry had been loud in the expression of his gratitude and his affection towards his cousin; now, he rather insinuated that the once-generous boy had grown into a cynical man, and his adoption of and attachment to the little Giulio, he deemed an infringement on his *rights*.

What a change must have come over the mind of that high-spirited youth, who, five years ago, could not brook dependence on his cousin's generous affection—who, while he contemned the idea of sharing his wealth in idleness, still acknowledged with warmth and feeling his unbounded kindness and disinterested affection! Now the scenes of boyhood were forgotten, or their remembrance discoloured; now an insatiable craving for means to supply the wanton extravagances of a reckless life poisoned the noble current of his early feelings, and taught him by degrees to assume that the wealth he had refused from a motive of independence was his by right, and that these rights were infringed on by the child of his cousin's adoption. Alas! to what ignoble feelings, to what disgraceful practices, will not an undue desire for money lead its votaries!

Sir Gerald himself became sensible of a change in his cousin, and often reflected on his early prejudice against Harry's entering on a commercial life. Some of the dangers he had foreseen were now likely to accrue from it; doubtless, they were manifesting themselves under a form he had not anticipated,—for he had not believed Harry's affection towards him could ever become changed,—but so it evidently was. Twice since his return to England, his cousin had borrowed from him large sums of money; and about this time he made a third appeal, but it was no longer in the frank and open-hearted tone in which all former requests had been urged—it sounded more like a demand from one claiming what he considered his due. The whole style of Harry's letter surprised Sir Gerald; and an allusion to his young charge Giulio both distressed and offended him. He could not bring himself to refuse the loan his cousin requested, but he took occasion to remark on the expression, which he considered unkind and uncourteous; and this remonstrance was taken so ill by Harry, that a total silence was maintained on his part—Sir Gerald every day hoping that his cousin's better nature would impel him to repair the hasty and captious feelings he had betrayed, and each day more satisfied, by his not doing so, that the occupations of Harry's life were fast fading the bright sunshine of his character. But while reflecting on this sad confirmation of his early fears, he was suddenly awakened to another cause for sorrow: the little Giulio became weak and languid, and, without any positive malady, was evidently declining. Alarmed and distressed to the greatest possible degree, Sir Gerald quickly decided on bearing him back to his native country, hoping that its genial clime would effect a cure the faculty in England seemed doubtful about. For some weeks after their arrival at Naples, the amiable and affectionate boy appeared to revive; his smile was less sickly—his little hands less feverish—his form became more erect, and again Sir Gerald looked on him with the glad feeling of hope. Alas! it was but short-lived. A cough came on; all the amended symptoms disappeared; and half-mad with disappointment and renewed alarm, Sir Gerald again returned with him to England, to put him under the care of a young and intelligent physician, who had appeared before to consider his case not so desperate as the other physicians declared it to be. On arriving at Rashleigh, Sir Gerald found this gentleman (to whom he had written, imploring his aid and advice,) awaiting them. The change which had occurred in the youth's appearance left no doubt in the medical man's mind of the result to be anticipated at no distant time,

but devoting himself entirely to his charge, he endeavoured to render his remaining days as free from suffering as might be; and while he and Sir Gerald watched by his couch, the invalid appeared so cheerful, and his mind so busy on the pursuits of future years, that to the latter at least it was difficult to believe he would be so soon removed from the power of mingling in them. Giulio had seldom during his illness spoken of anything near at hand; his imagination seemed always carried forward; but now he began to interest himself about the near approach of Christmas, and would take pleasure in listening to the steward's account of the good old English fare always bountifully provided for the dependents on Sir Gerald's estate. He entreated to be removed into another part of the castle, whence he might obtain a view of the bonfires, &c.; which was accordingly done. Sir Gerald, but too happy to gratify the feeble being he so tenderly loved, bore him in his arms on the Christmas eve to an apartment commanding a view of that part of the park where the bonfires were always lighted. But the removal, carefully and tenderly as it was effected, was too much for the weak and emaciated frame of the little sufferer: his night was one of fever and delirium; and the morning's sun rose on the corpse of poor Giulio.

Sir Gerald sincerely mourned the early death of this child of his adoption. His orphan state, and the deep interest in which all that pertained to his mother was held by Sir Gerald, had served to strengthen an attachment which the child's nature was alone sufficient to inspire. Cold and distressingly timid before strangers, he was loving and familiar with those he knew; his mind was richly stored for his age; his imagination was so vivid, and his feelings so intense, that often had Sir Gerald asked himself how such a weak and delicately wrought frame could enshrine such strong passions. But he was gone, and his adopted father left alone to mourn his loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley had returned home from a protracted journey on the evening before his death, and neither of them had seen him since his return from Italy. Mr. Hamilton and Agnes were in London; and Harry Danvers, supposed to be her accepted lover. He embraced every opportunity of making this apparent to the world; and Mr. Hamilton took it for granted. Agnes was the only one free from this impression; she alone knew that he was not, and never could be, such. When alone with her, he would throw off the mask he wore to all beside, and indulge in fearful fits of abstraction and melancholy. It was only with her that he really was himself; and then his fictitious spirits gave way, and he would often, in deep anguish, wring the hand she had perhaps gently laid on his arm, in her attempt to soothe his sorrows. But in an instant, the entrance of a third person would call back the loud laugh, the gay unconcern, of which the world believed his character to be composed. He had never written to his cousin since the remonstrance which had offended him; but now Giulio's death apparently inclined him again to seek his confidence, and he therefore addressed a letter to him.

During the little orphan's life, Harry's conduct to him had been so unkind, that Sir Gerald would scarcely have admitted his right to express any sorrow for his loss; but he was ill prepared to find in his letter a coarse and sneering allusion to the child whose loss he still mourned. "How must he be changed!" exclaimed Sir Gerald, as he

threw down the letter. "Is it possible that the once high-minded and generous youth can have derogated into the suspicious, interested, covetous man? Formerly, Harry's greatest failing was his carelessness; now his whole mind seems absorbed in selfishness. And is this," continued he, "to be the husband of that pure and gentle being, that kind and single-hearted girl?" Sir Gerald paused. Latterly, he had tried to avoid all thought of Agnes. It was at Naples that he had first heard of her engagement to his cousin. He was sensible of an uneasy feeling at its mention; and whenever it was recurred to by people coming from England, he became peevish and uncomfortable. At the period of his being suddenly called to Italy, while residing at the vicarage, Agnes was but a girl; and though he loved her quiet, gentle ways, and traced in her young mind the germs of deep and passionate feeling, his own heart was so steeped in sorrow and disappointment, that had they never again met, no warmer recollection of her, than as a kind, warm-hearted girl, would have lingered in his mind: but within the last six months he had again beheld her, and found the young girl grown into a charming and interesting woman. The tender sympathy she had manifested for his orphan charge had made a deep impression on him. Mrs. Stanley's reception of the child had disappointed him; and when he beheld Agnes intent on amusing him, or watching with pleased admiration his speaking eyes, as they were fixed on something she had pointed out to him, he was sensible of a feeling to which he had believed his heart for ever closed; and though he tore himself from her society, to remove Giulio from the unhealthy atmosphere of London, it was with a pleased and joyous feeling that he remembered how soon spring would bring her to Fairlands, when they might again be together; for, unlike the present world of fashion, Mr. Hamilton still persevered in the seasons for town and country to which he had been habituated in his youth, and the first days of early spring found him making preparations for his return to the country; but this year he had been detained in London by an attack of gout till the spring was gone, and even summer had reached its zenith, and thus, before they arrived at Fairlands, Sir Gerald's alarm for Giulio's health had sent him to Naples. While there, as we have before said, the report of his cousin's engagement to Miss Hamilton reached him, and by the shock it occasioned, made him sensible how deeply he had become interested in her. But Sir Gerald's mind had been trained to sorrow; and though early disappointment will too often reduce to bankruptcy the warmest feelings, it carries this one good with its painful lesson,—it teaches the mind on which it deals its withering blow, submission, if not resignation, to the future ills of life. Sir Gerald had suffered severely; for five years his life had been one unceasing train of anxiety and dread. In its early and darkest period, Agnes had shot across his path like a bright star, twinkling for an instant, and then lost in the surrounding gloom; and since he had again seen her in later days, she had frequently appeared to his fancy as the harbinger of future peace. But now all such thoughts must be banished; at the very moment they had begun to assume a distinct form, they must be resolutely chased from that weary heart which they had almost unknowingly cheered. Agnes must be no more thought of but as the affianced wife of his cousin.

Sir Gerald waited some days ere he replied to Harry's ill-judged letter; and when he did so, it was more in sorrow than in anger that he wrote. Alas! it seemed to him as though his affections were on every side to be wrecked. His cousin, who had been during their years of boyhood, indeed till within the last two years, all that the fondest brother could have been, now all but reproached him with injustice. "I no longer know you, dear Harry," he wrote; "the style of your letter is so unlike the friend and companion of former years, that I again and again ask myself, what can it all mean? and then my early repugnance to seeing you enter on your present career seems justified. Better, far better, would it have been for us both, had you remained poor in the world's wealth—your heart and mind their own rich treasury—than to have gained the dross you may now possess, with your once warm and affectionate feelings turned to low and sordid slavery. In what had the poor orphan boy given you offence, that you should now presume to cast a stain on his memory? This is unmanly, Harry; and you must have been under some evil inspiration when you allowed such a sarcasm to flow from your pen. But, that you may not repeat it in ignorance of its untruth, learn from me that the poor Giulio was highly born and nobly portioned, and had he lived, would have been one of the wealthiest as well as the noblest in the Neapolitan dominions. My adoption of him was but the adoption of the heart; it was my affection only of which the orphan stood in need."

After much more in the same strain, Sir Gerald added—"I hear that Mr. Hamilton and his granddaughter are shortly expected at Fairlands. You will of course soon follow them; and I beseech you, Harry, to come to me in the same spirit of candour and singleness of heart which formerly marked our intercourse, and to depend on an affection which never has ceased, or been, as you would insinuate, transferred to another."

Harry could not but feel that his cousin's answer was kinder than his petulant letter deserved; but not even to Agnes would he acknowledge this; and on her defending Sir Gerald's conduct against his attacks, he asked her suddenly, as though the possibility had just occurred to him, "Agnes, do you love my cousin?"

THE KNIGHT OF VARRE.

A LEGEND OF WINDERMERE.*

BY MISS SKELTON.

THE Knight of Varre and his lady bright are to the greenwood gone,
And the woodland echoes wake and die with the bugle's swelling tone;
And a gallant train of knights and dames is gather'd from afar,
To hunt the deer at morning-tide with the valiant Knight of Varre.

And foremost in that courtly band rides the valiant Knight of Varre,
So true in love, so firm in fight,—the first in peace and war;
A form to please a maiden's eyes, an arm to smite or save—
The noblest of a noble race—the bravest of the brave.

* These circumstances *really* happened, within twenty years, in Westmoreland.

And next, Sir Albert spurs his steed, close to his comrade's side,
In camp, or court, or battle-field, the friend so true and tried;
With the long dark tresses floating free—the sunny, open smile—
The princely brow, so crown'd with truth—the look, so free from guile.

Ah, who can match the Knight of Varre! and who so blest as he,
With the fairest bride, and the broadest lands, in all the west countree—
The fairest bride, the truest friend, bright gold, and brighter fame,
Beauty, and wealth, and power, and youth, high birth, and spotless name!

On sweeps that gallant hunter train, swift as the mountain wind,
But Sir Albert and the Dame of Varre are lingering far behind;
And oft they pause in earnest talk, their whisper'd words are low,
And fill'd with tears *her* azure eyes, and dark *his* thoughtful brow.

"Oh, woe to us, who love so well, and yet must love in vain!
Oh, would that we had never met, or ne'er might part again!
Oh, would that we were free, though poor, and born of low degree,
Or sleeping in one quiet grave, beneath the churchyard tree!"

'Twas thus the gentle lady spake, and sore she wept and sigh'd;
And thus Sir Albert's loving voice in tender tones replied,—
"Oh, gentle lady! weep not thus, but trust the words I say:
A future yet shall dawn for us—for us, a brighter day;

"And thou and I be blest, at last, with none to fear or hate—
And thou be free to wed again, and choose a fitter mate."
'Twas thus Sir Albert's loving voice in tender tones did say,
While the hunter train o'er hill and plain are sweeping far away.

Around the stately halls of Varre dark falls the closing night,
Within the stately walls of Varre a hundred lamps burn bright;
The old towers shake, the echoes wake, to the shouts of boisterous glee,
For the board is spread, and the wine flows red, and the guests are feasting free.

Around the stately towers of Varre how dark the deep midnight!
But in one solitary room a single lamp burns bright;
And stealing from that lonely room, with looks of doubt and dread,
Sir Albert through the corridor hurries with stealthy tread.

And sleeping in that lonely room, oh, ne'er to wake again!
Behold the valiant Knight of Varre—lord of this wide domain;
And all that was so fair and good, so gallant and so gay,
So brave, so proud, so beautiful, is nothing now but clay.

Sir Albert through the corridor hurries with stealthy tread,
To where the gentle dame awaits in darkness and in dread;
How eager seems their earnest talk!—their whisper'd words how low!
How wild and wan *her* lovely face!—how dark *his* thoughtful brow!

And morning comes, the bugle sounds, the steeds are at the gate,
Sir Albert, and the lady bright, and the hunter guests await;
But where is he was wont to be the foremost of the train?
Oh! the Knight of Varre is sleeping sound, and ne'er shall wake again!

Oh! many an eye is dim with grief, and many a cheek is pale—
Sir Albert kneels beside the dead, loud swells the widow's wail;
Around that couch of early doom his kindred weeping stand,
They wet with tears that marble brow—they kiss that clay-cold hand.

Alas! how died he?—none can tell, and none shall ever know:
All saw him stricken to his grave, but none might guess the blow.
"It is the hand of God," they said, "that thus hath snatch'd away
Our darling from our loving eyes to darkness and decay."

Now many a year hath pass'd and gone—low lies that valiant knight;
Sir Albert rules the halls of Varre, and weds that lady bright.
And let us pray, while we have breath, that fate may keep us far
From a bride like thine or a friend like thine, oh, valiant Knight of Varre!

NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

ROME.

I.

The Jews in this city have a certain quarter assigned to them, which is locked up every night at a particular hour. Many among them are said to believe that the Messiah is destined to arrive in Rome on a Saturday, and to enter by the Porta del Popolo, the ancient Via Cassia. A singular anecdote is related of a high dignitary of the church in illustration.

A few years ago, a wealthy Jew, who had been converted to the Christian faith, played his cards so well as to be elevated to the rank of cardinal. Some of his colleagues, however, doubted the sincerity of his conversion, and a wager was laid by one, engaging to prove that, with all his seeming reverence for his new faith, the proselyte still cherished the old belief respecting the Messiah. In pursuance of his design, the cardinal invited them all, including the ex-Jew, to a grand banquet on a Saturday at his villa, situated about a mile from the city on the Via Cassia. Shortly after dusk, a loud rattling of carriages and cracking of whips was heard, accompanied by shouts and hurrahs from the postillions, who had, of course, been previously instructed in their respective parts. The poor convert, on whom all eyes were fixed, was observed to turn very pale, and mutter something inaudibly, when a servant rushing in, exclaimed that the Messiah was on the point of entering Rome by the Porta del Popolo. This was too much for the Jew, for Jew he still was in heart; throwing down his cap, and rending his clothes, he cried, "Oh, had I known of this day, never, never would I have become a Christian!"

This was proof sufficient for his colleagues, by whom the whole story was reported to the Pope. As may be supposed, the unfortunate victim was speedily degraded from his holy office, but whether he once more relapsed to his ancient faith, or still adhered to the Christian doctrine, tradition does not mention.

II.

So weak is the executive government of Rome, that murders are of frequent occurrence, and justice rarely overtakes the criminal. Revenge is with the hot-blooded natives the first and ruling principle, and the slightest insult is never forgotten. Instances are numerous of harmless individuals being stabbed, on account of some ancient grudge between their ancestors and those of the assassin. Not only are the police afraid of pursuing a criminal, but even unwilling to interfere between a murderer and his victim, as the following anecdote will shew:—A young woman ascending the steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Pincian Hill, was followed by a man, who stabbed her with a knife and fled. She staggered faintly on towards the spot where the sentinel was posted, and cried, "Pursue the murderer!" He made no reply. She then besought him for aid, but he coolly answered, "*Che vuole? non mi fa nulla*"—(What do you want? it is no business of mine,)—and left her to die.

III.

Murder, when instigated by vengeance, is called a *colpa*, a mere act of manslaughter: so little interest is excited on behalf of the sufferer, that though an individual be stilettoed in the public streets, not a single person (unless it be a stranger) will think of either pursuing the criminal, or succouring the wounded man. For instance, a woman who had two admirers, gave one the preference, and married him. The other, enraged at his rejection, followed her constantly, to prevent which she threatened to apply to the police. That very night he concealed himself behind her house-door, and, as she came out, stabbed her in the throat. She ran to a neighbouring apothecary, and entreated his assistance; but he refused, saying he dared not a mit her into his house, as it would be risking his own life. The wound was slight, but she died in the night from loss of blood.

IV.

A woman, whose husband, a bookbinder in the Via della Croce, was in the habit, when intoxicated, of beating her, vowed to be revenged. One night, he came home in his usual state, and fell asleep; she is said to have sewn a sheet entirely round him, and to have then beaten him to death with a cudgel.

Another is reported to have avenged an insult, by running her netting needle through the ears of her husband.

People quarrelling are seldom interfered with, as the person of a mediator is by no means held sacred. A friend endeavoured to make peace between two brothers, but in vain: one, alarmed at the threats of his unnatural opponent, fled to the mountains, and the other, in his fury, immediately slew the mediator.

V.

During the time of the cholera, the English were detested by the lower orders in Rome, who believed that the disease was brought by the heretics. A young Englishman, passing a church, which was illuminated in order to excite the Madonna's compassion, saw a little child among the crowd, and patting its head, said, "*Che belle candele, piccino!*"—("What pretty candles, little one!") This was overheard by some of the mob, and a cry arose that the *forestiere* had cast an evil spell on the child; they instantly rushed upon him, and severely wounded him. He was at length rescued, but died on the following night. The British consul, alarmed at the tumult, was obliged to solicit the government for a detachment of soldiers and two pieces of cannon, to protect the body to the grave.

VI.

So lately as the year 1839, an ancient tomb was discovered on the lands of Count Losani, outside the Porta Pia. It was covered by vines, some of which dying, their roots, when pulled up, disclosed this curious memorial of olden time. It contains three marble sarcophagi of remarkable workmanship, in excellent preservation, and beautifully embellished with bas-reliefs. They were filled with bones and skulls, probably the relics of about ten or twelve bodies, but from the absence of any inscription, the names of the persons interred are unknown. Although it is a common thing in Rome to see sarcophagi preserved in public and private galleries, yet the very circumstance of these being kept in the place where they were originally deposited, adds to the interest excited by the classical purity of their execution.

VII.

The figure of the angel on the top of the castle of St. Angelo, is said to have been placed there by Gregory the First, as a mark of gratitude for the deliverance of Rome from a pestilence during his pontificate. Finding all other means to avert the scourge ineffectual, the Pope, as a last resource, had commanded a solemn procession through the city, at which he attended, with the entire body of clergy. Passing over the bridge of St. Angelo, (or, as it was then called, Ponte Elio,) he beheld, on the summit of Adrian's mausoleum, an angel in the act of replacing in its sheath a bloody sword. By this the Pope was made to understand that the wrath of Heaven was appeased; and on the pestilence ceasing shortly after, he caused the present statue to be erected on the spot where he had seen the divine messenger.

VIII.

Though the immediate neighbourhood of Rome is now seldom infested by brigands, yet, three or four years ago, a small band of desperadoes for a long time successfully baffled the vigilance of the police, changing their quarters from one part of the Campagna to another, but especially frequenting the heights about Baccano. Some of the ringleaders were betrayed into the hands of justice by the following simple stratagem. A man who had been taken up and imprisoned for a mere quarrel, was brought before the judge, who asked him the usual question, "Do you know why you are here?" The prisoner (who, though the judge had no suspicion of the fact, was a *bonâ fide* brigand,) turned pale, and stammered out, "I swear *I* had no hand in the robbery on such a night," (mentioning the date.) "Who had, then?" said the judge, without changing countenance. The man, not seeing his error, reiterated his protestations of innocence, and (being cleverly drawn out by the judge) concluded by giving a list of his accomplices, in number upwards of thirty, many of whom, in consequence of his information, were eventually taken.

IX.

Flaminio Vacca, in his "*Memorie di varie antichità trovate in diversi luoghi della citta di Roma*," published in 1594, says, "Near the Palazzo di Cancellaria, in the time of Pope Julius III., there was found, on excavating the ground beneath a cellar, a statue of Pompey, fifteen palms high. Immediately above the cellar stood a party wall, separating two houses: on the discovery being made known, the proprietors of both houses claimed the statue. Not being able to settle the dispute among themselves, they had recourse to the law; the one pleading that the largest part—i. e., the body, being under his house, he had the best right to the whole; and the other maintaining that the body was of no value without the head, which was under *his* house, and therefore *he* ought to have the whole. The judge decided that the head should be cut off, and each claimant receive his own portion. Alas, poor Pompey! it was not enough for thee to lose thine own head, but even thy marble effigy was doomed to undergo the same fate! Luckily, Cardinal Capodiferro heard of this sentence, and, before it could be carried into execution, reported the whole story to the Pope; his Holiness sent five hundred *scudi* to be divided between the disputants, and gave the statue still unmutilated to the cardinal."

X.

The same author also relates the following anecdote:—"Many years ago, rambling beyond the Porta San Sebastiano, I entered a small inn for shelter from the rain, and falling into conversation with the host, he told me that a few months before, a man, followed by three others, came to sup at his house. One acted as spokesman for the rest, who maintained an unbroken silence; at the conclusion of the meal the whole party withdrew. This continued for six successive evenings; until the host, curious to know whither they went after leaving the inn, resolved to follow them. He did so, and traced them as far as the entrance of the Circus of Caracalla; next day he communicated his suspicions to the court, by whose orders a strict search was immediately made throughout the circus. In one of the caverns a deep hole was discovered, around which the earth, which had been dug out, was scattered; in it, several broken vases were lying; and on a further examination, the tools which had been used were found buried in the soil. I, myself," adds Flaminio, "have seen the relics of them. It is supposed the four men were Goths, who, by the aid of some ancient description, had succeeded in obtaining possession of a treasure."

BLARNEY.

A NEW VERSION. BY A CORK-MAN.

SHALL I sing to you now of sweet blarney,
More famous by far than Killarney—
Whose wonderful stone,
'Tis very well known,
The high-road to kissing will *larn* ye!

How lofty its ivy-grown turrets!
How far-spread and famed are its merits!
And oh, what a heap,
In its old feudal keep,
Of grain might be made into *spirits!*

Its lord is the sainted John Jeffryes,*
Well-known for his spirited efforts
In draining his land,
And raising a band—
Of bulls and most beautiful heifers!

With the pile is connected a legend
Of Cromwell, the round-headed regent,
Who batter'd its walls,
And ruin'd its halls,
And left it, as now, at the siege end.

Another queer story they tell us
Of old Lady Jeffryes the jealous,
Who danced by the hour,†
On yonder grey tower,
In sight of a host of odd fellows.‡

But the wonder of all sure the stone is,
Well worth a few lines it alone is—
One kiss, and your tongue
With honey is hung;
But *this* secret to very few known is.

Another strange fact for the curious—
Catarrhs it will cure most injurious—
Just bite a piece off,
And you banish your cough,
However long settled, or furious.

A third; and a hint for the doctors,
And nostrum-for-toothache concocters,
Only touch it, your ache
Will subside in a shake,
And you'll sleep like a child on a rock'd horse.

And here, though 'tis somewhat a pity,
Must end this historical ditty,
Which, greatly I fear,
Will scarcely appear,
Either clever, or funny, or witty.

* Saint John Jeffryes, Esq., (pronounced by the peasantry, Jeffurs,) the lord of the soil, farms his own estate, which is in the highest state of cultivation.

† It is said of a maternal ancestor of the present proprietor, a woman of masculine spirit, that she has more than once stood and turned round upon a very lofty projection of the tower, to the terror of those who beheld her.

‡ The statues, perhaps, which once graced the "rock-close."

THE NINETY-NINE GOOD TURNS.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"Blessed are they who have favours to bestow, for they shall be shunned of no man!"

Thus spoke my cynical friend the other day, when he had just vainly sought an audience of some great personage, who, besieged with suppliants, was unapproachable accordingly.

My cynical friend knew little of mankind. People who have favours to bestow will always be shunned by two classes. By those, first—who, out of a false pride and an enormous self-conceit, regard every acceptance of a favour as a compromise of independence; and who associate the instinct of gratitude for kindness rendered, with a degrading admission of inferiority. Next by those, who having been laden with bounties and services, freely bestowed, on ninety-nine occasions, are refused the expected and customary boon upon the hundredth.

As the malignant nature can never forgive the innocent being it has injured, so the ungrateful nature cannot forgive the generous man who has served it. Strange, that among the inconsistencies of which we are made up, one so gross as ingratitude should be found; seeing that the grateful feeling implies, not a sense of inferiority, but the conviction that somebody has thought us worthy of sympathy, and entitled by desert to kindness.

Not less strangely inconsistent is it, that one who is thankful in his heart for a single service, should be ungrateful for a long-continued series. Such, too frequently, is he who fails to obtain the hundredth favour.

Shew him, at the outset of your acquaintance, a little courtesy—offer him your opera-glass or your snuff-box—write him what is called a civil note when there is no absolute necessity for doing so, and he will trumpet your praises as one of the most gracious of mankind. Proceed from small civilities to essential benefits; heap favour upon favour on him; go out of your way to evince an anxiety for the promotion of his interests, the gratification of his desires; extend your disinterested kindness from himself to his family; get an appointment for his eldest boy, and reconcile a high family to a match with his daughter; invent a new hair-dye expressly to accommodate his wife, and lose a guinea a night to him at whist, the whole season round; bind him more and more tightly in obligations to you, and hear him proclaim you, nine times a day, for nine years, the best friend he ever had in the world—the most generous of mortals, the noblest of benefactors; and then, at the very moment when he is your own for ever, only just refuse to lend him your gun, or your horse—or tell him that you could not think of writing to the Review to solicit a puff of his new pamphlet—that's all!

How, in such a case, will the grateful fellow, to whom you have rendered the ninety-nine good turns, turn round upon you! He will teach you, in no time, a curious lesson—that it takes years to confer obligations, but only moments to forget them. Why, he will undertake to forget, on the very spot, all that you have done for him—all that he has said of you. He will, at the shortest notice, recollect nothing concerning you but your refusal to oblige him in the very trifling matter wherein he had calculated upon your assistance.

You dragged him out of the river once, saving his life at the risk of your own; you lent him a thousand pounds; you introduced him to

all the connexions in which he finds the best charms of society. Does he remember one of these little incidents? No; he only recollects that you yesterday refused to buy a share or two in the crazy speculation he was so rashly concerned in.

You snatched him out of a gambler's nest, just in time to save him from ruin; you chivalrously upheld him when he was traduced, and effected his admission into the club, when an extra blackball would have had a damaging effect upon his reputation. Does he now bear these little services vividly in mind? No; he only bears in mind that you positively declined to take his three gawky nieces to the opera, and distinctly refused to ask that most inveterate of bores, his wife's brother, to stay a fortnight with you in the country.

You have all but fed and clothed him from infancy—does he, all on a sudden, forget this slight obligation? Yes, utterly;—you have had a dinner-party that did not include him.

And what tone does he adopt now, when he speaks of the "most generous of men," of the "best friend he ever had in the world?" Oh, the tone of an injured man, to be sure—of a man slow to resent, reluctant to speak out, but deeply injured! "Ah! my dear madam," he remarks to Mrs. Blab, "I thought as you do once; I would have staked my honour on that man's friendshipand liberality; but the mean mind, you know, *will* betray itself. Only think of his refusing to give young Scamp (a relation of mine by marriage), who wants a few suits of clothes, such a simple thing as an introduction to his tailor!" "Shame!" cries Mrs. Blab, on the part of the whole town; "this to you, too, who have been such a friend to him—who have ever spoken of him so highly—to whom he is under so many obligations!"

The receiver of the ninety-nine good turns is not ungrateful at an earlier stage of the obligation. His gratitude never breaks down until it is past the point where the demand for it is higher than ever.

He has been so long accustomed to receive favours, that a temporary stoppage stuns him; and he recovers his senses only to feel that he has been cruelly ill-treated. Hitherto, to ask has been to have; the denial, therefore, seems so strange, so wanton, so unprovoked, that it cancels the recollection of every debt, and turns honey into gall.

When we hear one, with malice and disappointment breathing in every word, imputing to an absent person every disobliging quality, it is not uncharitable to surmise that the absentee had done him many good turns and then stopped. When we have listened a long hour to a fierce railer, who, having fastened his teeth on the character of an old acquaintance, tears it to tatters—who is ready to swear that no particle of kindliness or generosity lurks within the man—who rates him as the impersonation of all meanness and covetousness—it is not always unfair to ask, "How long is it since you first began to borrow of him? and on what day this week did he decline to lend you the guinea?"

Whenever I find any one unusually bitter and boisterous in his denunciations of "man's inhumanity to man," exhibited in a case of personal experience, the declaimer appearing as the victim, I am apt enough to think, "Now, here is a gentleman who wanted the hundredth good turn, but could not get it."

It behoves us surely to take care, when we censure another as incapable of rendering a single service, that we do not mean the hundredth. Many honest natures, that would blush to be deficient in the acknowledgment of kindness, have been precipitated, by an unexpected

refusal, into a total unconsciousness of countless benefits received. There is, it must be owned, something exasperating in this sudden turning-off at the hundredth turn. One is uneasy at receiving ninety-nine obligations and a point-blank denial. Custom has become our second nature, and a repulse seems a wrong. We feel that our benefactor ought to have no will in the matter—that he has a *right* to comply with our modest little application to give a large party expressly to please a few particular friends of ours whom he is to ask. Non-compliance dashes us down from the high ladder, when we have attained the last stave but one. Just at the top of the steep ascent, we slip and roll to the bottom when we least dream of it. We had made sure, and feel sore. *Et tu, Brute*, we cry. The well that was always brim-full—to find not a drop in it at last! The tree that dropped its ripe fruits for us as we approached, to be barren suddenly! Why, the well that was always empty, the tree that never bore at all, are taken into favour in preference. There is forgiveness for the man who refused at first to stir a foot in our cause, and kept his word; but there is none for him who, having walked a thousand miles to serve us, now declines to move an inch at the bidding of our caprice. Our self-love is wounded by the discovery that we cannot dictate to him; and with pride hurt, we inconsistently humble ourselves to the dust—degraded by the disavowal of obligations we can no longer command.

Even when the spirit of exaction, defeated after many victories, expresses its sense of disappointment in a milder and less revengeful form, it still fails not to draw a distinction between the one who was never obliging, and the one who was always obliging till now, to the prejudice of the last. A favour is received from an unexpected quarter:—"This," we cry, "is most kind, most generous, most noble; *he never did me a good turn before.*" A favour is withheld in a quarter where it was anticipated:—"This," we cry, "is unkind to the last degree, most unworthy, most pitiful; *he never hesitated to render me a kindness before.*" Non-desert in the one case makes the single good deed lustrous; desert in the other gives to the solitary refusal the blackness of an irreparable injury.

No man can be perfectly sure that he has not within him the seeds of an ungrateful scoundrel, until he has been refused the hundredth good turn. If true there, he is a true man.

CONTRAST.—No. IV.

BY M. Y. W.

"I awoke one morning, and found myself famous."
BYRON.

THAT fame, which men have striven for in vain
Or hardly earn'd, the Poet won with ease
And careless strength—so matchless seem'd his strain,
So true to changeful life—not breathing peace
Or calm content, but stirring joy or pain.
And oft at variance with itself it is,
Like its own theme—the ever-restless main,
Whose waves tear up for us, from its abyss,
Treasures, and wrecks, and weeds in their caprice—
And now 'tis chafed to storm, but soon again
Plays in the sunshine with the idle breeze—
Here—mirrors back the shore, and the green trees;
And there—far distant from the homes of men,
Rejoices in its wild and lonely reign.

"Oh, might my name be number'd but with theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days!"
WORDSWORTH.

THE crowd was dull to hear, and slow to prize
That low and touching song, which moves us not
By farsought scenes from common life remote;
But wins us to perceive the charm that lies
In common things, familiar to our eyes,
Which in our haste we miss'd, or soon forgot.
And now we pause, while even those shades of thought
Or circumstance (which, as the moment flies,
Change like the fleeting clouds) before us rise
With lingering fondness dwelt upon and wrought.
And as when some clear lake reflects the skies,
Through its most secret depths the light is brought,
Thus there is here no variance or disguise,
But calm, deep truth, on which the heart relies.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

"Wits are game-cocks to one another."—GAY.

XV.

AT the close of the Haymarket season, in September 1802, Colman writes to Elliston as follows:—

"Accident has snapped our intercourse, which I hope may become more sound by splicing. I can truly say, my wishes for the increase of your professional prosperity and private happiness have never abated. My present purpose is to offer you an engagement at the Haymarket; but to suit *me*, it must be for a longer duration than any of our former agreements—and such, I trust, may suit *you*. In short, we must meet on the Haymarket ground next year for four months, or not at all. It is my intention to open the house on the 15th of May, with an independent company, which I am confident I can procure from the provinces, to support the new efforts of my pen which has been so long smoke-dried in London. As I know not what may be your own views for the future, or what sacrifices you might make in coming to me, take, for the present, the following general outline of agreement—articles, if you please, for *three years*; a weekly salary of 12*l*., and a benefit. Your business will be that of a performer of the first rank in the company. Remember, you have eight months of the year at your own disposal, during which you will, of course, not be idle."

To this, a long correspondence succeeded on the subject. Elliston, like the paper on which he wrote, was "Bath superfine;" but his line of argument was business-like. "Had I," he says, "voluntarily offered you a commodity for purchase, I might have been expected, perhaps, to accept the terms you have named; but as you come to me, who am no willing seller, on your own exigencies, you have no right to complain of my demands, even should you fancy they exceed the real value of the article. Such an understanding is always allowed in the positions we hold to one another. It is like money—money is more valuable at one time than another, to a certain party, and if this be your case, and you will have it, why you must pay for it. I have already invested the capital of my professional attraction here with 'Bath, Bristol, and Co.,' and 'I must sell out at an amazing loss' to satisfy you. This is usurious language; but I cannot apply the metaphor to one who will better understand its force than George Colman."

Again, he says,—"The terms you have offered me are liberal; and when I object, I do it, not from a belief that I am a better actor than some you have hitherto engaged, but that circumstances have made me more attractive. If that attraction were a mop-stick without a head, still the mutilated piece of furniture would be worthy its results. Some years since, you gave me a clear benefit and twenty guineas per week, for my eight weeks—I am now to come to you, with more experience and greater fame, on a less remuneration. I shall take all the risk, while you grow fat upon the cream of the dairy." He concluded by asking twenty pounds per week and a clear benefit.

The "mop-stick" produced the following rejoinder. "You tell me I have made you a liberal offer, and yet you demand a great deal more—now a pace beyond liberality seems to me a stride beyond common sense; and he who demands such a stride, takes no less than a hop, step, and a jump. I cannot call you a mop-stick, and I am quite sure you are not without a head; but while you were with me, as a new broom, you never swept money into my treasury in proportion to the price with which you have ticketed yourself. If you should again take a brush in the Haymarket, what you carried off before, is nothing to the present business, or rather, is an argument against your proposal. That you have more fame is undeniable; but it is that country fame of which the good London people know and care as little as may be. But it is past a doubt that you would have left the metropolis with a currency of fame, payable on demand everywhere, had you kept your account in the Haymarket instead of going to Covent Garden. If I, in a new and hazardous speculation, accede to your lofty terms, I cannot conceive how you will take all the risk, nor (since at Covent Garden you kicked down a little of the milk) how I am to get all the cream of the dairy. Did it never occur to you that as some of your reasons for swelling your demands were grounded on the fear of future loss, if that loss did not occur, you should refund something of your profits in the Haymarket? This, my good friend, I fear, has never entered that head which you certainly have. Let us now go to work again; I want you, and have fairly told you so—the following is my ultimatum. Fourteen pounds per week, and a clear benefit as a performer; a benefit, for your assistance in the business relating to the stage—to cease after one season, or proceed for three, at *my* option, not *yours*."

To this Elliston sur-rejoins:—

"It is the privilege of wit to trifle with the understanding, but it is the part of plain reason to deal with it fairly. To the former I have no pretensions, but to the other I have some little—quite enough to enter on the field against George Colman.

"I deny that the refusal of a liberal offer is an inconsistency, or your stepping further would be a stride beyond common sense. May not an offer be liberal, and yet not equal to the just claims of the party to whom it is made? This is neither stride nor stretch, but certainly so clear that he who runs may read. Since, with that harlequinade for which you are so famous, you have turned the mop into a broom, I shall beg to take the birch in hand, and for your chastisement observe, that you should have thought twice before uttering so strange a declaration, as country fame being neither known nor cared for by the Londoners. Pray what was the substance of your own address at the close of your season? That you would make application in all the principal provincial theatrical towns for the best talent they could produce, on the *very fact* of these precise places being the long acknowledged nursery for English actors!"

After sundry other recapitulations, Elliston concludes his letter by accepting the terms which Colman had offered in his last; "but," says he, "I still maintain my right of choice at the end of the first season; it is only just. Let this treaty follow that of *Amiens* in March last, and I will sign with 'George,' in London! One word further—on the day of our contract, a bottle of Madeira and a beef-steak;—mem.

the latter, like our women here, delicately dressed, and extremely tender."

In the meantime, Elliston took occasion earnestly to recommend Blissett to Colman's attention; "be assured," says he, "you ought not to miss sight of him; he is a sterling actor. His *Falstaff*, *Lord Duberly*, *Old Rapid*, and *Lope Tocho*, are all inimitable; the former would, I think, be highly attractive."

Of this "sterling actor" and eccentric man, we will beg to give some account, as he was but little known during his day in the metropolis, Bath having been *literally* the great theatre of his action.

William Wyatt Dimond and Francis Blissett originally tramped into the city of Bath together, which by the time they had reached, they were nearly barefooted. Like *Roderick Random* and his friend *Strap*, they got an occasional lift by some waggon, and on a certain stock of patience, their only resources, commenced the work of their future fortunes. Blissett was quite an eccentric, but his eccentricities were harmless, and gave an additional interest to a character otherwise meritorious. When Dimond, in after days, had become the director of the theatre, and Blissett himself in the way of prosperity, the latter invited his manager to a little entertainment at his lodgings, and in the course of the evening observed, "This day, friend, is the anniversary of our entering Bath together; it was bleak and chilly as our prospects—I well remember it; and to-day is likewise cheerful as our prosperity. I'll introduce you to an old acquaintance"—saying which, he produced a pair of old shoes, literally worn through. "See! here they are," cried he, "the only friends I had at the time, save yourself; they bore me safely here, and I shall keep them till I die. I could almost wish to be buried in these shoes."

Sometime after this, he took occasion to intimate to his manager, in terms sufficiently positive, that it was his intention of withdrawing from the company, unless he had an increase of salary.

"Nay, nay, my old friend," replied Dimond; "not so, I trust. You already receive the highest salary which is given in Bath—three pounds a week; we cannot exceed it, and I am happy in knowing you do not want it."

"It may be so," answered Blissett, doggedly; "but unless I am complied with, I quit the theatre!"

"You are somewhat abrupt," responded Dimond, evidently nettled; "the season is already——"

"—— I'll have it!" interrupted Blissett, striking the table with his hand.

"What, then, do you demand?" asked the manager.

"*Three guineas!*" exclaimed the actor, with an energy irresistibly humorous. "I'll have them, or I go."

"And so you shall," rejoined Dimond, not a little amused,—"and in consideration of our new piece last week, the increase shall begin from that time," saying which, he drew three shillings from his pocket, and paid them over to his peremptory friend.

Blissett was a kind of amateur chapman, and had a great fancy for cheapening small articles on sale, of whatever description they might be. He would, in fact, buy or sell anything within his reach, and as not unfrequently his personal chattels became objects of sudden transfer or alienation, the effect was as often ludicrous enough.

He would leave his abode at the early part of the day in one coat, and return in another, which second he had picked up in exchange during his ramble. A dozen pair of knee-buckles have passed through his hands in the course of a single month; and he has even been known to part with the very brass buttons off his coat, whose places have been supplied by less pretending mother-of-pearl. On one occasion, he arrived at the theatre without a hat, having sold his only one in the course of his walk, and had not yet selected another. Everything appertaining to him was open to a bargain, except his good name, and a certain pair of old shoes, which last, like "Sir Oliver's" picture, "he would keep as long as he had a room to hang them in." Elliston himself accidentally crossed him in one of these fanciful expeditions; meeting the humorist in the neighbourhood of Milsom-street, with a tea-caddy under one arm, and "Dodsley's Poems," together with an oil-skin umbrella, tucked under the other; these, it appears, he had bartered, giving in exchange a pair of pistols and a punch-bowl.

William Woodfall, who had been one of Blissett's earliest friends, negotiated an engagement for him at Covent Garden Theatre, about the year 1770, but which Blissett deemed it prudent to decline. In 1777, he accepted an offer at the Haymarket, where he continued for above four seasons, and on the 18th of May, 1803, by the earnest recommendation of Elliston (as we have seen), Blissett, after an estrangement of so many years, appeared at the same theatre in the character of *Falstaff*. During the season, he played many of his favourite parts, but once only repeated *Falstaff*. He was now upwards of sixty years of age, and the bustle of a metropolitan theatre ill agreeing with one so long accustomed to the quietude and routine of the Bath system, he made his final bow in London at the close of this single season, and returned, with unfeigned satisfaction, to his original friends. In 1812, Blissett retired altogether from the stage, closing his career with the unsullied character of an honest man, and with the good wishes of all who resembled himself. He died at Bath in 1824.

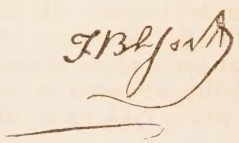
To this slight notice of an actor, who was so eminent a favourite in that place, where he was chiefly known, we will beg leave to subjoin a letter, addressed by him to a leading comedian of the present day. It will be read, we are assured, with much interest.

"My Good Friend,—You wish some historical account of the Bath theatre, from which place, for me, 'there is but one stage more,' (in the words of Bishop Juxon to Charles the Martyr,) nor shall I repine, unless it be the regret that I might have fulfilled my duty better.

"Who the first Bath manager was I cannot pretend to say, but I believe '*Gentleman*,' alias '*Copper Captain*' Brown. Mr. Griffith, of the Norwich theatre, followed. Next came Arthur, who was a great comic actor, and to him succeeded Keasberry. Henderson arrived under this reign, thirty years ago—a clumsy Dutch figure, but with a very strong understanding. He went by the name of *Courtney*, and was a most stickling imitator of Garrick. Yet with all his disadvantages, I think he read and played *Hamlet* better than your present *king*.* His salary was the trifling sum of one guinea per week; so

* Kemble.

that he was wont jokingly to say to his friends, he should certainly grow rich, as he had a guinea a week, a benefit in the dog days, and Keasberry to teach him acting! But his good sense soon freed him from the Garrick trammels, and, like a discreet painter, who had too long copied the ancients with pedantry, retained at last only their beauties, to which he added a fancy and manner of his own. Mr. Dimond came soon after this gentleman; he had acted at Drury Lane the part of *Romeo*, under the direction of Garrick. His respectability and gentle behaviour soon gained him many friends at Bath, in which place he became quite as great a favourite as Elliston is at present. Mr. Dimond was lucky in marrying a lady with a good estate, with which he purchased a part of the theatre, and there is not an actor who can sit uneasy under the sweet shade of his government. *Blissett*, who was born at Reading, was thrust upon the world at the age of thirteen. He *would* be an actor, and came out under the management of Bobby Bates, at Shepton Mallett, but was soon after shipped off by Little Derrick, the then *M. C.* of Bath, to Smock Alley. This was the period in which Mr. and Mrs. Didier, Mr. Edwin, Mr. Richards, (the present Mrs. Edwin's father,) Miss Catley, and several others, made their debût in Dublin. Much could I say of Mossop, but he would occupy more time than I can just now afford. We literally starved the whole season. I am quite sure, that had we been put into the scales at the end of it, we should not have weighed half our original ounces—and we never were a sleek company at best. I then followed the fortunes of an itinerant manager, the famous Fisher, who went to Russia. From him I went to Edinburgh, with Ross—thence to Birmingham, and at length to Bath. And now, with something less than an annual sum of £200, I quit the chequered scene of a player's life—a woof in which, if there be but few bright colours, I have found some threads of friendship and attachment which are yet strong and binding. If you think my experience can yield you anything useful, command me, my good friend."



XVI.

Elliston's heavy professional duties at Bath, his occasional acting in other theatres, and the prospect of fresh labours awaiting him at the Haymarket, in London, might have satisfied him, it would be thought, for the present. But no such thing—the comedian, like the sentimental young lady, was formed "to shine in adversity," and yearned for the sweets of martyrdom. His engagements were many, but their current was too smooth, too unruffled, for his sense of the picturesque; and having just learnt of the many fruitless attempts which had been made by dramatic managers for permission to import plays and players into the University of Oxford, he determined at once to enter himself on the hazard, and to carry with success a point in which all his predecessors had failed. To Lord Harcourt he applies, as usual, and, as

usual, the Earl responds in the most condescending and friendly manner:—

"Harcourt House, Feb. 19, 1803.

"Sir,—You may have formed a higher notion of my influence in the University of Oxford than I possess; for although my family has for six centuries been settled in its neighbourhood, I received no part of my education in that place. Having, however, many friends resident there, I may be of some assistance in the promotion of your plan. I have already endeavoured to interest in your favour a leading member of the University, who will be informed of your family connexions, and of the manner in which you have been educated, as well as the correctness of your private conduct; and, if it be necessary, I will add my testimony to your excellence in that profession by which you are publicly known. But should your application meet with success, I do not see how you can carry on your project, with certain other engagements which you tell me you have entered into. Every man knows, or is supposed to know, his own affairs best; and although I am well aware you can perform many parts by your single talent, I cannot see how you can be in two places at once, with all your ability." "Harcourt.

"Mr. Elliston, Milsom-street, Bath."

In this respect, as in all his promises, the earl was as good as his word; but the importation of modern stage plays into the bosom of this antique seat of learning, was not so easy an experiment. The Universities have ever looked with prescriptive awe on the acting drama; and however inconsistent this may be, remembering their extreme tenderness in respect of many usages, which so holy and vigilant a body might have been roused to suppress, yet with them, usage has a high authority, and great is the respect to the laying on of hands of Time.

The negotiation being opened, Elliston received the following notice:—

"Oxford, Pembroke College, 19 Feb. 1803.

"Sir,—The Vice-Chancellor having lately lost his mother, prevented me from conversing with him on the subject of your letter till yesterday. His reply is, that no plays will be allowed to be acted in the University next summer. He told me that he had received several applications on the same subject, previous to yours, and if it were possible to grant permission on this occasion, the preference would be given to your respectability and professional talents.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"John Vinicombe."

This announcement from Pembroke appears by no means to have settled the question with Elliston. He still follows up his object; and in consequence of a second attempt, receives the annexed gentle rebuke from the Vice-Chancellor himself:—

"Worcester College, Oxford, March 5th, 1803.

"Sir,—I am sorry you should have taken the trouble of repeating your application to me, after the reasons which I thought it my duty to give to Mr. Vinicombe for declining to comply with your request.

The manner in which Mr. Vinicombe spoke of you, could leave me no room to doubt of the respectability of your character. It is not, therefore, for want of confidence in that, that I did then, and still must, withhold my consent to the coming of any persons to this place for the purpose of making theatrical exhibitions. If I could consent to any, I should not object to your application; but it is my determination to consent to none.

"I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

W. Landon
Vice Chancellor of Oxford

And thus terminated the Oxford experiment. The introduction of theatrical amusements into our Universities appears as forbidding as theatrical speculations were once deemed hazardous in Scotland; for we remember to have heard that, in the year 1726, one Tony Aston spoke a prologue in that country, written by Allan Ramsay, in which he compared himself to "Columbus," in the danger of so great an enterprise.

Mr. Gore, in his fondness for the drama, had, from time to time, collected much theatrical anecdote with many biographical notices of performers—the greater part, perhaps, of which, the public, through other channels, are already in possession of. The following incident, however, which may not be so generally known, we take the occasion which now presents itself of relating.

Escourt was a celebrated player in the latter day of the seventeenth century. When quite a boy, he decamped from paternal authority, and enlisted under the banners of a theatrical leader. He was but fifteen years of age, when, at Worcester, he acted the part of *Roxana*, in the play of "Alexander the Great;" his feminine appearance being at that time a greater recommendation than his immature skill as an actor. To this place he was traced by his enraged parent, who would evidently have commuted his dramatic salary into a sound whipping, but the manager's wife taking compassion on him, furnished him with an entire suit of her own clothes, and thus equipped, he escaped for the second time.

Arriving at Chipping Norton, he entered an inn. Fear and fatigue induced him to seek an early bed, to which, in a remote attic, he had not long retired, when the busy landlady, abruptly entering, begged that, as the house was full of travellers, "the young gentlewoman" would accept a companion for the night. Poor Escourt hereupon gave consent in that language which is said always to imply it—namely, silence—which the hostess deeming quite sufficient, handed up a third personage, and hastily quitted the apartment to attend on far more profitable customers below. Dread, rather than delight, occupied the young runaway—dread, soon converted into utter dismay, when, on stealthily raising his eyes from the bed-covering, he descried a toothless, beetle-eyed antique, "swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean." The lad could have crept into a very nutshell, and rolling himself into as small a compass as possible, withdrew to the edge of the bed, still counterfeiting sleep. After a laborious fit of coughing and ventriloquizing, the distempered crone approached the

bed, and loosening by degrees portions of her attire, scrambled on that division of the couch which the trembling boy had so liberally allotted her. With a heavy groan down she lay, whilst deeper horrors than the tyranny of *Mezentius* ever devised, filled the thoughts of her companion. The wheeze was soon lost in more distinct accents of sleep, which, though but little grateful to the ear of him who watched so near, yet somewhat relieved him from the terrors of detection and consequent punishment.

But terror—pain itself—will yield to fatigue, and as Damiens himself is said to have even slept upon the rack, so, as the morning approached, exhausted by long suffering, the younger of the twain fell also into a profound slumber. But the grey-eyed morn had scarcely winked on the denizens of earth, when the *couchant* travellers of the "Rampant Lion" were roused to a sense of alarm by a shriek hoarser than the raven; and, at the same moment, a sudden overthrow of a water-butt and pewter vessel on the staircase, which presently set the whole establishment into the wildest commotion. Young Escourt, it may be well supposed, was startled with no less affright, and in confused recollection of the late events, missing his *belle affiancée* of the over night, was about springing from his bed, when renewed accents bursting through the bondage of a well-remembered wheeze, exclaimed, "Abomination on your house! help! help! I say. You nest of rogues and varlets! help! help! I say!"

It was now clear, that by some strange accident the poor youth had been discovered, and totally unconscious of the ludicrous evidence of moral turpitude fixed upon him, recollecting only his filial disobedience and its probable consequences, he fell on his knees just as the landlady, followed by half the household, entered the apartment, avowing himself a most guilty wretch, but claiming pity and protection. The good hostess mistaking the nature both of his distress and confession, as well she might, burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which she was joined by the whole *possé* at her heels. Further explanations, however, took place; the unconscious libertine was acquitted, and provided with fresh disguise, was again forwarded on his flight.

[Henry Twisleton Elliston, born Jan. 14th, 1802—godfather, Hon. Charles James Twisleton.]

COUNTRY SONG.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN OF SLEPOUSHKIN.)

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

What pleasure 'tis, dear neighbours,
To labour in the field;
What joy the seed to scatter
That shall our harvest yield!

We have in holy Russia*
A father and a Czar!
Whose royal grace and bounty
Like glorious sunbeams are.

Whene'er our country meadows
The sun's bright rays illume,
The buds shoot forth with gladness,
And ripen into bloom.

So our Czar's gifts flow on us
Like waters from a spring,
And so his radiant bounty
Joy to our hearts doth bring.

Then turn, dear friends, when daylight
First gilds the east afar,
And pray with me that Heaven
May bless our Father Czar!

* The epithet *sviatii*, holy, is often applied by Russian writers to their country.

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T. C. Savill, Printer, 107, St. Martin's Lane.